ARC004
Public Enemy

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PUBLIC
ENEMY
YO! BUM RUSH THE SHOW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"You're Gonna Get Yours"

Ooh Chuck, they outta get us man
Yo, we gotta dust these boys off

In this corner with the 98
Subject of suckers - object of hate
Who's the one some think is great
I'm that one - son of a gun
Drivin' by - wavin' my fist
Makin' 'em mad when I'm goin' like this
Top gun - never on the run
They know not to come cause they all get some
Goin' quicker in the speedin' lane
Jealous can't do it and it's causin' them pain

Caught in my smoke - all they did was choke
Look at my spokes - you know I'm no joke
Out that window - middle finger for all
Jealous at my ride, stereo and blackwalls
Suckers they got the nerve and gall
To talk 'bout the car when they're walkin' tall

[Chorus:]
Suckers to tha side
I know you hate my 98
You gonna get yours *[x2]*

Pullin' away - every day
Leavin' you in the dust
So you know I get paid - on the mile ego trip
And 5-o tailin' on my tip
Watch me burn rubber - fall in my flame
This episode is always the same
Seein' no comp comin' like I'm blind
All left back - trailin' my behind
I go faster cops try to shoot me
They'll get theirs when they try to get me
I'll let it go - my turbo
Run, I'm in the river cause they're movin' too slow
Laughin' hard at their attempt
So what if the judge charged me contempt
I'd rub my boomerang - 'cause I'm feelin' proud
And I wouldn't even hear them cause my radio's loud

[Chorus (x2)]

Cruisin' down the boulevard
I treated like some superstar
You know the time so don't look hard

Get with it - the ultimate homeboy car
All you suckers in the other ride
Wherever I'm comin' get you my side
My 98 is tough to chase
If you're on my tail - better watch your face
Smoke is comin' when I burn
Rubber when my wheels turn
A tinted window - so super bad
Lookin' like the car the Green Hornet had
It's the reason I'm ahead of the pack
It's the reason I left them back
It's the reason all the people say
My 98-O blows 'em all away

My 98 Oldsmobile is...
My 98 Oldsmobile's so...
My 98 Oldsmobile is...
My 98 Oldsmobile's like...

[Chorus (x2)]

Understand - I don't drive drunk
My 98's fly - I don't drive no junk
No cop gotta a right to call me a punk
Take this ticket - go to hell and stick it
Put me on a kick butt - line up, times up
This government needs a tune up
I don't know what's happenin' - what's up
Gun in my chest - I'm under arrest
Sidewalk suckers wanted to spill me
So I got my crew and posse
Took their girls and got them to thrill me
Stepped outside - got in my ride
Drove them around an' I looked around town
Caught 'em out there cold - ran 'em over and down
They didn't get me and that's the truth
Cause the 98-O is bullet proof

My 98 Oldsmobile's so...
My 98 Oldsmobile is...
My 98 Oldsmobile's so...
My 98 Oldsmobile's like...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sophisticated Bitch"

That woman in the corner - cold playin' the role
Leave her ass in the corner till her feet get cold
Knowin' for a fact - that girl is whacked
If you hold your hand out - she'll turn her back
Better walk, don't talk - she's all pretend
Can't be her friend unless you spend
Wall to wall - after all
Get ready to throw only money at the bitch

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Peekin' an' seekin' inside a book
Her demands for a man with a chemical look
Wishes an' desires - gettin worse with age
She doesn't want a man - all she wants is a pay
Ain't got a man so she goes to a club
She thinks it's classy but it's really a pub
But that's the kind of place where she likes to go
The bitch got a problem

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Jackets, shoes, everyday ties
The girl only wants one of those guys
Suckers who front it like it ain't no thang
Pretend to be friends and don't want that thang
Talk like this - don't talk slang
Do anything to get that thang

Tries to be chic and playin' it off
Peekin' through the window - saw her take her clothes off
Nasty girl - a stone cold freak
Stayin' in the bed a whole goddamn week
Comin' and leavin' guys servin' up storms
From execs with checks - boys from the dorms
Never kept a name - never seen a face
She could pass 'em in the street like it never took place
I know she's a ho so I'm a go
Expose the funky bitch

Cause she thinks she's so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Now she wants a sucker boy with an attache
And if you ain't got it - she'll turn you away
You can smile with style as you profile
Cause you got a gold tooth an' she thinks you're wild
She don't want a brother that's true and black
If you're light, you're alright - better you stay back
Cause the sucker with the bag is out to catch
With something in his bag keepin' her attached
The man's got a plan - it's IBM
The devil at her level - yes it is him
His Audi she rides - his gold and clothes
The ill base method - turning up her nose
A lack a lack a lack - cold beaming her up
She's still got the nerve to turn her fuckin' nose up
Her status looks at us from down below
Now the bitch is in trouble

Cause she was so-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

So-
phisticated

Little is known about her past

So listen to me cause I know her ass
Used to steal money out her boyfriends clothes
Never got caught - so the story goes
She kept doin' that to all her men
Found the wrong man when she did it again
And still to this day people wonder why
He didn't beat the bitch down till she almost died

phisticated

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Miuzi Weighs A Ton"

Yo Chuck, run a power move on them

Yeeaahh *[x3]*

Yeeaahh

Step back, get away - give the brother some room
You got to all turn me up when the beat goes boom
Lyric to lyric - line to line
Then you y'all understand my reputation for rhyme
Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what
Style of record my DJ cuts
His slice an' dice - super mix so nice
So bad, you won't dispute the price
Cause it's plain to see - it's a strain to be
Number one in the public I enemy
Cause I'm wanted in 50 - almost 51
States where the posse got me on the run
It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under
Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder
A fugitive missin' all types of hell
All this because I talk so well
When I,

[Chorus:]
Rock - get up - get down
Miuzi weighs a ton
Hold it *[x4]*

The match up title - the expression of thrill
For elite to compete and attempt to get ill
If looks could kill - I'd chill until
All the public catches on to my material - you know
The ducks criticize my every phase of rapture
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture
Accused of assault - a 1st degree crime
Cause I beat competitors with my rhyme
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped
Coocked from the hold of my Kung Fu grip
And if you want my title - it would be suicidal
From my end - it would be homicidal
When I do work - you get destroyed
All the paranoid - know to avoid
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed
This is no kid and I'm not no toy boy

[Chorus (x4)]

I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks
My style is supreme - number one is my rank
And I got more power than the New York Yanks
If Miuzi wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate
If they made me a King - I would be a tyrant
If you want to get me - go ahead and try it
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a
Instead of takin' me out - take a girl to dinner
The level of comp has never been thinner
It's a runaway race where I'm the winner
It's unreal - they call the law
And claimed I had started a war
It was war they wanted and war they got
But they wilted in the heat when Miuzi got hot

[Chorus (x4)]

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me an' on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder - seein' what I write
Hearin' what I say - then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Superstar status is my domain
Understand my rhythm - my pattern of lecture
And then you'll know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choise but to destroy
Soloists, groups and what they say
And all that try to cross my way
When I,

[Chorus (x4)]

Yeah, that's right
Public Enemy number one in New York
Public Enemy number one in Philly
Public Enemy number one in DC
Public Enemy number one in Cleveland, Ohio
Also where Public Enemy number one in St. Louis
Public Enemy number one in New Jersey
And bust it
Where also, Public Enemy number one in Cincinnati
In Atlanta

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Timebomb"

Hey Chuck, we got some non-believers out there

Yo, we gotta do somethin' about that man
Yo, we gotta get stupid
Yo, we gotta let 'em know what time it is

You go ooh and ahh when I jump in my car
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
No matter who you are - when I'm up to par
I betcha go hip hop - hurray or hurrah
But the ahhs and ohhs is my kind of news
Pop your tape in - put your car in cruise
I never heard the boos - I never drank booze
Cause I just rock the rhythm - left alone the blues
The L.I. mystique - you sneak to peek
A look and then you know that we're never weak
I know you can't wait - it's never too late
No fear I'm here - and everything is straight
Cycles, cycles - life runs in cycles
New is old - no I'm not no psycho
The monkey on the back makes the best excel
The people in the crowd makes the best rock well
The people in the back lets you know who's whack
And those who lack - the odds are stacked
The one who makes the money is white not black
You might not believe it but it is like that
When you come to my show - watch me throw
Down with the other brothers toe to toe
When you make a move - new not used
And watch the bro here just bust a groove
A fat lady soprano - loads my ammo
Hear my jam - with a funky piano
Easy on the wall but hard on the panel
A fool smokes Kools cause he chokes on Camels
In effect - the crew's in check
Run by the posse with the gold around the neck
Homeboys in heat - lookin' for sweet
Ladies in the crowd so they can meet
Somebody to body - makin' a baby
Givin' it to grandma an' makin' her crazy
I'm a MC protector - U.S. defector
South African government wrecker
Panther power - you can feel it in my arm
Lookout y'all I'm a timebomb
Tickin', tockin', all about rockin'
Makin' much dollars while the crazy one's clockin'
The rhythm - to shake the house downy down
Bounce to the ounce is sound the crown

The man - the enemy - Public King - no thing
All fall to the force of my swing
Like Ali - Frazier - Thriller in Manila
A pinpoint point blank microphone killer am I
No need to lie - got the Flavor Flave
To prove I'll win and if not the save
I'll pick up, rack up - put your whole shack up
Just choose to lose the bet - emcee stick up
This is the wiz - but the mike's not his, it's mine
One time let the star shine
And I'm tellin' you - yelling at you you're through
Don't think you're grown cause your moustache grew
I'm number one - you know it weighs a ton
And I'll be the burger - you can be the bun, girl
Surroundin' - my steady poundin'
Get on down to my funky sound
And rock the rhythm rhyme - one time your mind
Rhythm roll - two times control
The mauler and the caller of your doom
And when I'm ready to leave - you're gonna know I go boom
Three times y'all - rhythm rhyme and rock
Then you'll that the D is on the block
Four times y'all and never ever the whack
It's the hour to the minute - time to blow BLACK

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Too Much Posse"

All right party people, bust a groove
It's guaranteed to shake your butt and make you move
I got a little something fly ass, gonna kick you high *[?]*
It's not a drive from my little rut
It's not for your earhole that we call a bug
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Now bust it out
There is a lot of people out there
That's building up a force
Of course that we call a posse
None will be grown when you got to cope and you gall *[?]*
You start up with two
And you end up with two thousands by the millions
You dig what I'm sayin'
Now there's a lot of posses out there
Trying to take over posses
And trying to turn those possses
Into their posse
But when you got too much
Like the gear grabbin' such and such *[?]*
Nobody can take yours
So they'll be sweatin' from the paws *[?]*
Trying to take whatcha got
They're so hot from the pot
Do they get the bad cold
An' those riding with the *[?]*
Ya know what I'm sayin'

What do you got to say about this
A force so strong that you can't resist
You may as well join 'em - you know you can't beat 'em
Pack a hundred people - ya know ya gonna need 'em
Straight with the system is down by law
Cause every half hour they get nine more
They run all the dollars that come in town
So either join the crew or get beat down
I watched all the guys be so damn cruel
Try to get fast - you must be a fool
Blood through and through - the boys don't play
I seen 'em tax and run an operation today
They got too - too - too much posse

Yeah, I had a party - much people came by
I'm talking to a 'g' cause the 'g' real fly
Chillin' in my room - chewin' off her ear
Chillin' stypid fly - cause I got stupid gear
My door kicked open by her man and crew
The 'g' turned to me and said, "Who're you?"

I said, "Yo fly. Yeah the 'g' lied."
Stuck in the corner while the 'g' cried
And then from the back - my homeboys came
Wear Uzis and knives and said, "Go blame." *[?]*
Ya lying ass girl with the fake tears
We got a big posse and we show no fears
We got too - too - too much posse
We got too - too - too much posse

Yeah, that's right
And I'm get ready to step off
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And all you posses out there
That's trying to help posse to posse
Yo, we gotta stop that as
Scatter your brain from here to White Plains
Ya know what I'm sayin'
We got the shit that you just can't fuck with

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Righstarter (Message To A Black Man)"

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

You spend a buck in the 80's - whatcha you get is a preacher
Forgivin' this torture of the system that brought 'cha
I'm on a mission and you got that right
Addin' fuel to the fire - punch to the fight
Many have forgotten what we came here for
Never knew or had a clue - so you're on the floor
Just growin not knowin about your past
now you're lookin' pretty stupid while you're shakin' your ass

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Some people fear me when I talk this way
Some come near me - some run away
Some people take heed to every word I say
Some wanna build a posse - some stay away
Some people think that we plan to fail
Wonder why we go under or we go to jail
Some ask us why we act the way we act
Without lookin' how long they kept us back

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Yes you if I bore you - I won't ignore you
I'm sayin things that they say I'm not supposed to
Give you pride that you may not find
If you're blind about your past then I'll point behind
Kings, Queens, warriors, lovers
People proud - sisters and brothers
Their biggest fear - suckers get tears
When we can top their best idea

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Mind revolution - our solution

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Corners don't sell it - no you can't buy it
Defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Our solution - mind revolution
Can't sell it - no you can't buy it in a potion
You lie about the life that you wanted to try
Tellin' me about a head - you decided to fly
Another brother with the same woes that you face
But you shot with the same hands - you fall from grace
Every brother should be every brother's keeper
But you shot with your left while your right was on your beeper

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

As the world turns - it's a terrible waste
To see the stupid look stuck on your face
Timebomb alarm for the world - just try it
Known to all zones as the one man riot
I'm on a mission to set you straight
Children - it's not too late
Explain to the world when it's plain to see
To be what the world doesn't want us to be

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
Let's start this
Right

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy No. 1"

Yo Chuck, bust a move man
I was on my way up here to the studio
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And this brother stop me and axe me
"Yo wassup with that brother Chuckie D, he swear he nice"
I said
"Yo the brother don't swear he's nice, he knows he's nice"
Ya know what I'm sayin'
So Chuck, we gotta fill in
You turn him into a Public Enemy man
Now remeber that line you was kicking to me
On the way out to LA *[?]*
While we was in the car on our way to the Shot *[?]*
Well yo right now kick the bass for them brothers
And let them know
What goes on

What goes on

Well I'm all in - put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
1-2-3 down for the count
The result of my lyrics - oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap - 49er supreme
Is what I choose and I use - I never lose to a team
Cause I can can go solo - like a Tyson bolo
Make the fly girls wanna have my photo
Run in their room - hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid - so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My rap's red hot - 110 degrees
So don't start bassin' I'll start placin'
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind from a beatin' from my rhymes
A time for a crime that I can't find
I'll show you my gun - my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One *[x7]*

You got no rap - but you want to battle
It's like havin' a boat - but you got no paddle
Cause I never pause - I say it because
I don't break in stores - but I break all laws
Written while sittin' - all fittin' not bitten
Givin' me the juice that your not gettin'

I'm not a law obeyer - so you can tell your mayor
I'm a non-stop, rhythm rock poetry sayer
I'm the rhyme player - the ozone layer
A battle what? Here's a bible start your prayer
This word to the wise is justified
If they ask you what happened - just admit you lied
You just got caught a - for going out of order
And now you're servin' football teams their water
You messed with the master, word to Chuck
And I'll wax cold tax, made sure you got dome *[?]*
You just got dissed - all but dismissed
Sucker duck emcees - you get me pissed
It's no fun - being on the run
Because they got me - Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One

Don't you know, don't you know
I got a posse over force to back me up
Watch out, we got never the match
Ambush attack on my back - doubleteamin', get creamed
So we have us *[?]*
Wanna hear it again
We got a force - enemy down
The L.I. circuit sound
Ain't it Chuckie D, myself and KG - Flavor, DJ Melody
Oh yes, I presume it's the tunes - that make us groom
To make all the ladies swoom *[?]*
But it's also the words from outer region - a goldboy session
Kickin' like Bruce Lee's chinese connection
On stereo - never ever *[?]*
All wax - yes I'm talkin' about vinyl
They said stop freeze
I got froze up
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

For all you suckers - liars, your cheap amplifiers
You crossed up wires are always starting fires
You grown up criers - now here's a pair of pliers
Get a job like your mother - I heard she fixes old dryers
You have no desires - your father fixes tires
You try to sell ya equipment - but you get no buyers
It's you they never hire - you're never on flyers
Cause you and your crew - is only known as good triers
Known as the poetic political lyrical son
I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One

One - One - One
One - One - One

Yeah, that's right Chuck man
That's what you gotta do
You gotta tell them just like that
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Cause yo man, let me tell you a little somethin' man
These brothers runnin' around - hard headed
Makin' a little jealous
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Just like that, ya know
They try to bring you down with 'em
But yo Chuck, you gotta let 'em know who's who in the world of beat
You gotta let 'em know that this is the 80's
And we can get all the ladies
And in the backyard we got a fly Mercedes
And that's the way the story goes
That's just the way the story goes
Let me tell you a little somethin' man

Public Enemy Lyrics

"MPE"

Public Enemy

I'm cold gettin' busy while I'm shakin' you down
I'm on the air - you're on the ground
Chuck D - the enemy - words you heed
Build for speed - but what you need is
Funky fresh lyrics fallin' down on time
Your enemy poppin' it - droppin' dime
Comin' out rockin' a tomahawk jam
And still gettin' fly with the mike in my hand
I'm cold coolin' out - layin in the shade
Dealers buggin cause they're gonna get sprayed
Their intimidator - your Scarface
What's goin' on (huh) what's takin' place
I don't wear gold but I clock ducats
Cause I have the money overflowing out of buckets
You want crazy dollars - I make people holler
You stick 'em up stupid and I'm snatching biters collars
Cause I'm

Public Enemy

I'll rebuild your mine to alleviate
Unnecessary pressures that can recreate
The sting that stung Yama-Goochie Foo Yung
He bit the Public Enemy he nearly got hung
His brain was gettin' bigger than a pregnant toad
His heartbeat stopped cause of overload
See, I made the beat that broke his back
I cut his circulation - made his world turn back
I find things out like E.S.P.
I've got Kreskin's brain velocity
Like Alexander Munday - I'm in like Flint
Mercedes limousine with a hardcore tint
I'm captain of the ships - I make 'em walk the planks
Riding round the world - hundred sixty million francs
Not like the kind that you put on the grill
Cause I only do it like that when I'm on a chill hill
I'm the

Public Enemy

I'm goin' for the money that man ever made
Gettin' thrills from orders that the suckers obeyed
It's gettin' late and I can't wait
To drive by the bus and rock my tape
My car is movin' fast, like a train
Never skiddin' off the road, not even in the rain

I'm cold dodgin' tickets, rockin' all the jams
Makin' biters step back and understand
I got to the beach, the ground was so sandy
Girls on my jock like ants on candy
Checking out the fellas with the girls on the side
Put ya boat in the water, let's take a ride
to the land of party people rocking shocking to the beat
Keep ya eyes on ya girl cause ya know I'm gonna cheat
I'm gonna max and relax and chill my will
Body rockin', brain shockin' makes your heart stand still
Where's the

Public Enemy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Yo! Bumrush The Show"

Yo! Bum rush the show

I am taking no prisoners, taking no shorts
Breakin' with the metal of a couple of forts
While we're hearin' that boom supplement the mix
Gonna rush 'em like the Bears in the 46
Homeboys I don't know but they're part of the pack
In the plan against the man, bum rush attack
For the suckers at the door, if you're up and around
For the suckers at the door, we're gonna knock you back down

[Chorus:]
Yo! Bum rush the show *[x4]*

Yo, *[?]* around *[?]*
You're gonna tell us, man
That we can't get inside your spot?
Yo man, let me tell you somethin', man
We came all the way down here from the Welch
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Yo man, you're talkin' about gettin' busy
Yo, you wanna get busy?
Come on, let's step to the back
Ya know what I'm sayin'
I take you to the back and show you some of my techniques
And I'll stomp a mud hole in your ass
Bitch

Searchin my body for fuckin' what
My gun's just for fun and my knife don't cut
How can I make you understand
I get ill on a posse with my goddamn hands
Troubles, not me, I don't mean to cause
But you took one look and began to pause
Didn't hoolar at the dollar we was willin' to spend
But you took one look, wouldn't let our ass in

[Chorus (x4)]

Yo homes, I don't know what you're talkin' about, man
But yo, bust a move man
Yo, me and my crew, we were in a four limo over last night
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And they are on their way my crib, man
Now yo, when you feel a *[?]*
[?] talkin' that garbage
Yo, me and my crew got cold crash this side of the door
Ya know what I'm sayin'

Talkin' about a nine?
Yo, a nine ain't gonna stop the bum rush, homes

[Chorus (x4)]

Cold bum rushin' doors like at first it's something
All we realize that the show ain't nuthin'
For the stunts and the blunts, whole world inside
The reason that the mighty used force supplied
No comp, we'll stomp all in our way
Gave me static so I don't pay
It might be a trick that you don't like
Comin' in the side door then I'm grabbin' the mike
Walkin' and talkin' - fist full in the air
It might seem like that we don't care
A ho for an oh, a pow for an ow
Girls start screamin' all I say is wow
Get that sucker who shot that gun
Whip his monkey ass till it ain't no fun
5-O showed and wouldn't you know
They blamed it on the kid cause all I said was...

[Chorus (x4)]

Yeeaah man, yo
I was at the park last night
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Gold clocks for megadollars, man
An' these brothers, man
Walked up to me talkin' about they was gonna stick me up
Yo, man, let me tell you somethin', man
These are the same brothers, man, that tried to stick up *[?]*
Ya know what I'm sayin'
But yo, I got a posse, man
That wouldn't let them bum rush my operation
Ya know what I'm sayin'

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Raise The Roof"

Testing - one - two
Testing - one - two
The house is now on fire
Spread the walls ya'll
Everybody get somebody we don't want anybody let fuck nobody
Cause you know what time it is
It's time to get busy
And when it's time to get busy
You know what you gotta do

You gotta
Raise the roof because it's all on fire
Not done by the sun or electrical wire
Not done by sons stricking matches with daughters
But done by scratches so save that water
This jam is packed so I just figure
All we need is the house to get bigger
So startin' with the roof down to the base
We're at your service to burn the place

Come on
Come on
Come on Raise the roof
That's right
Raise the roof
Come on

With the spot as hot as it can get
An' the roof's on fire - you're soaked and wet
The puzzle on your face shows as you sweat
But your body keeps movin' with no regrets
Chandeliers shake, swing from front to back
Left to right all night - and the lights don't crack
Your minds on the time - hopin' it don't end
Cause it's time to get stupid - here we go again

Come on
Come on
Come on raise the roof
Come on
Raise the roof ya'll
Come on

Stare at the strope - pull your earlobe
For the sights and sounds clear across the globe
This jam might hit or miss the charts
But the style gets wild as state of the art
Dazzling in science - bold in nerve

But givin' my house what it deserves
Served on the floor cause I get payed
Make the fans that left, wished they had'a stayed
Realize my friend - ain't this a trip
As your body gets railed when you do the flip
And your mind gets rocked when we're on the roll
Then the freak of the week makes you lose control
A Swatch for a watch - so you'll know the time
Your crowd gets loud and you clock my rhyme
The messiah's on fire and I'm living proof
I'll quench your desire and raise your roof

Come on
Come on raise the roof
Come on
Raise the roof
Come on

In school I'm cool throughout the week
When the weekend comes - I'm down with the Greeks
Frat brothers known across the seven seas
Fly ladies of the 80's - sororities
The Zetas, Deltas, AKA's
Women that keep me in a daze
The A-Phi-A - Sigma boys on the move
With the Kappas and the Ques and of course the groove
And for real it's the deal and the actual fact
Takes a nation of millions to hold me back
Rejected and accepted as a communist
Claimin' fame to my name as a terrorist
Makin' money in corners that you'll never see
Dodgin' judges and the lawyers and the third degree
Nothin' wrong with a song to make the strong survive
Realize gave me five cause I kept 'em alive
Mislead what you read about my devilish deeds
Mislead what I said so you're better off dead
Make 'em hear it and see it for the deaf and blind
And command it and we'll plan it for incapable minds
Take for granted and demand it from the wave of my hand
Make the jealous understand it and just say damn
When they see me ask a question - "How the hell can it be?"
When they watch me pull a serpent straight out of the sea
Turn the winter into summer - then from hot to cold
Expand my power on the hour - make you all behold
From the slammer swing a hammer like the mighty Thor
God of thunder, you'll go under - then you'll all applaud
And fathom that distance, that the mad must reap
Meet Namor sea lord - Prince of the deep
Here for you to fear at any cost
Tellin you to get busy or you better get lost
Livin' lives civilized from the lessons I taught
Cities buried underground just because I went off
My friends, enemies - better be my friend

Is the question people guessin' is this the end?
End of the world - are you guessin' yes?
Just say and don't delay it - get it off your chest
Houses of crack - I've seen too much
I go ready - aim - fire - then I'll blow 'em up

Public Enemy Lyrics

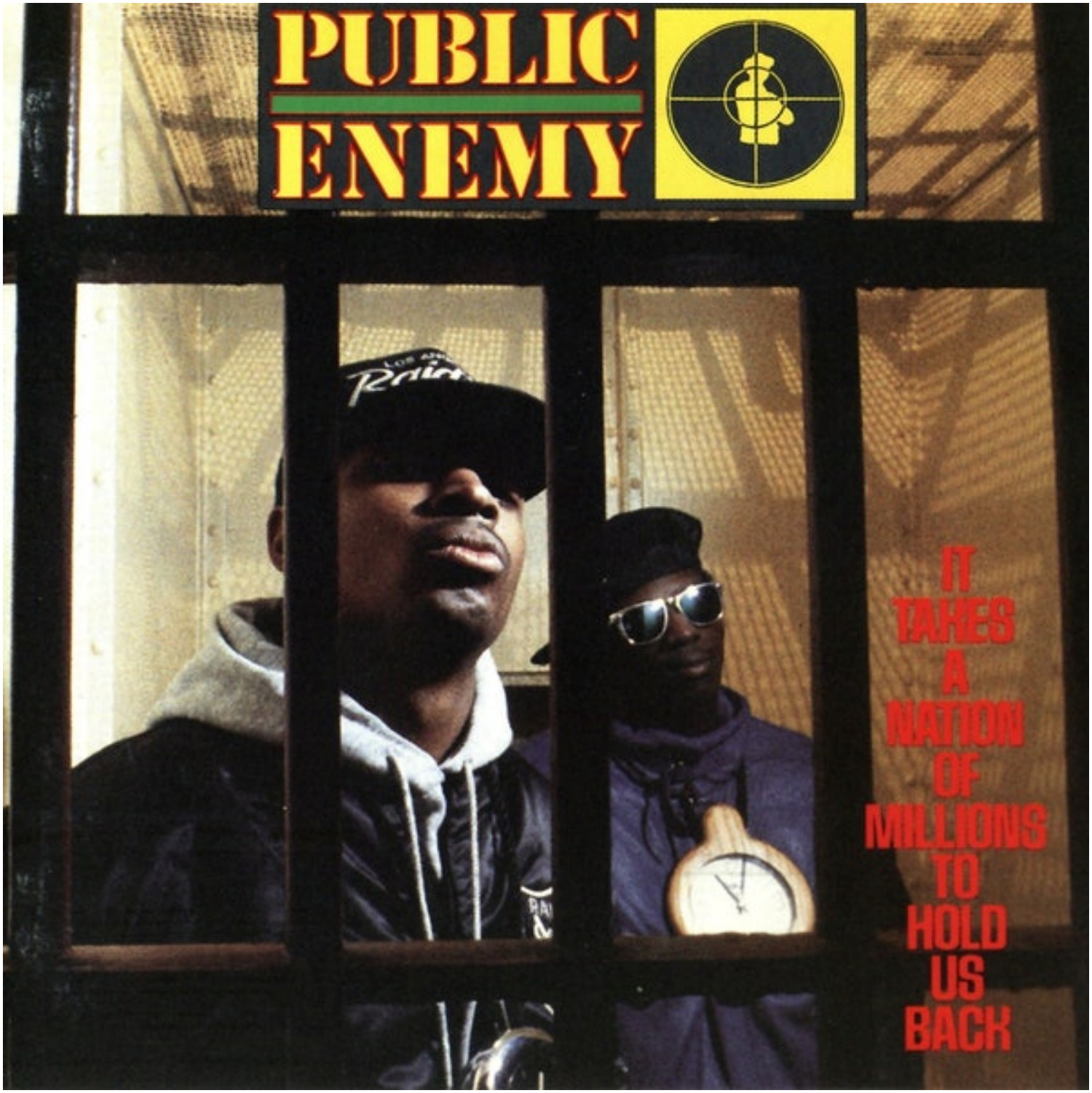
"Megablast"

Time is gettin' crazy - people clockin' out
They're robbin' all the cribs on death wish route
Breakin' into cars trying to steal their system
20 pounds on the bar, betcha can't lift 'em
Ya throw two punches, now you got no wind
Hittin' mega pipes, gettin' super stupid thin
Smokin' all the squares and crying all the tears
Cause you're workin' for ya boy, came short and full of swears
Ya couldn't make the money cause ya smoked up all the product
Walkin' round town, skeptalepsy illaroduct
Can't be trusted cause you're living in the past
Ya should have kept yo ass away from that blast
MEGABLAST!
Oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please
Just give me just one more hit *[x8]*
I got a homeboy who is out on the block
He sells mo crack than they sell fish at the dock
He runs to every car, thinkin' he's a star
He gets his product snatched by some people in a car
The car pulls off as he hungs onto the side
Of the car that is in motion, guess his product took a ride
He tried to sell a demon for a thirty dollar bill
Fake gold plate on the back, no frills
Fake Hawaiian suit, scratched up knees
In his fridgerator, bread, water, cheese
An antique fork, how long will it last?
We'll see in twelve minutes when he wants the blast
MEGABLAST!
Oh please, oh please, oh please, oh please
Just give me just one more hit *[x8]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terminator X Speaks With His Hands"

Terminator X Speaks With His Hands...


PUBLIC
ENEMY
IT
TAKES
A
NATION
OF
MILLIONS
TO
HOLD
US
BACK

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring The Noise"

Too black, too strong
Too black, too strong

[Flavor Flav:]
Yo, Chuck
These honey drippers are still frontin' on us
Show 'em that we can do this
'Cause we always knew this, ha ha
Yeah, boy!

[Chuck D.:]
Bass! How low can you go?
Death row, what a brother know
Once again, back is the incredible
rhyme animal, the uncannable D

Public Enemy number one
"Five-O" said, "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun

Now they got me in a cell
'Cause my records, they sell
'Cause a brother like me said, Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you" What you ought to do

Is follow for now, power of the people, say,
"Make a miracle, D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, We're gonna win
Check it out

[Flavor Flav:]
Yeah, y'all, c'mon

[Chuck D.:]
Here we go again

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]
Hey yo, Chuck, they're sayin' we too black, man
Yo, I don't understand what they're saying
But little do they know they can get a smack for that, man

[Chuck D.:]

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt like a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope

Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music
That the critics are all blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters
Now across the country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now
They're gonna have to wait 'til we get it right
Radio stations, I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they'll play this

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]
Hey yo, Chuck, they're illin', we chillin'
Yo, PE in the house, top billing
Yo, Chuck, show 'em what you can do, boy

[Chuck D.:]
Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
My DJ is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, y'know
He can cut a record from side to side
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide

Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, y'know
You call 'em demos

[Flavor Flav:]
But we ride limos, too

[Chuck D.:]
Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
Beat is for Sonny Bono

[Flavor Flav:]
Beat is for Yoko Ono

[Chuck D.:]
Run-DMC first said a DJ could be a band
Stand on its own feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B. and LL, as well, hell
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
Ever forever, universal, it will sell
Time for me to exit, Terminator X it

Turn it up! Bring the noise!
Turn it up! Bring the noise!

[Flavor Flav:]
Yo, they should know by now that they can't stop this bum rush
Word up, better keep tellin' me to turn it down
But yo, Flavor Flav ain't going out like that

Come on
Come on
Come on, now
Come on

[Chuck D.:]
From coast to coast, so used to being like a comatose
Stand, my man, the beat's the same with a boast toast
Rock with some pizzazz, it will last. Why you ask?
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as

We got to plead the Fifth, you can investigate
Don't need to wait, get the record straight
Hey, posse in effect, got Flavor, Terminator
X to sign checks, play to get paid

You got to check it out down on the avenue
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
Yeah, I'm telling you...

[Flavor Flav:]
Hey yo, Griff, get thirty S1W
We got to handle this
We ain't goin' out like that
Yo man, straight up on the Columbo tip
We can do this, like Brutus
'Cause we always knew this
You know what I'm sayin'
There's just one thing that puzzles me, my brother
What's wrong with all these people around here, man
Is they clocking? Is they rocking? Is they shocking?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Don't Believe The Hype"

Back
Caught you lookin' for the same thing
It's a new thing - check out this I bring
Uh Oh the roll below the level
'Cause I'm livin' low next to the bass, C'mon
Turn up the radio
They claim that I'm a criminal
By now I wonder how
Some people never know
The enemy could be their friend, guardian
I'm not a hooligan
I rock the party and
Clear all the madness, I'm not a racist
Preach to teach to all
'Cause some they never had this
Number one, not born to run
About the gun...
I wasn't licensed to have one
The minute they see me, fear me
I'm the epitome - a public enemy
Used, abused without clues
I refused to blow a fuse
They even had it on the news
Don't believe the hype...

Yes
Was the start of my last jam
So here it is again, another def jam
But since I gave you all a little something
That we knew you lacked
They still consider me a new jack
All the critics you can hang'em
I'll hold the rope
But they hope to the pope
And pray it ain't dope
The follower of Farrakhan
Don't tell me that you understand
Until you hear the man
The book of the new school rap game
Writers treat me like Coltrane, insane
Yes to them, but to me I'm a different kind
We're brothers of the same mind, unblind
Caught in the middle and
Not surrenderin'
I don't rhyme for the sake of of riddlin'
Some claim that I'm a smuggler
Some say I never heard of 'ya

A rap burglar, false media
We don't need it do we?
It's fake that's what it be to 'ya, dig me?
Don't believe the hype...

Don't believe the hype - its a sequel
As an equal, can I get this through to you
My 98's boomin' with a trunk of funk
All the jealous punks can't stop the dunk
Comin' from the school of hard knocks
Some perpetrate, they drink Clorox
Attack the black, cause I know they lack exact
The cold facts, and still they try to Xerox
Leader of the new school, uncool
Never played the fool, just made the rules
Remember there's a need to get alarmed
Again I said I was a timebomb
In the daytime the radio's scared of me
'Cause I'm mad, plus I'm the enemy
They can't c'mon and play with me in primetime
'Cause I know the time, plus I'm gettin' mine
I get on the mix late in the night
They know I'm livin' right, so here go the mike, sike
Before I let it go, don't rush my show
You try to reach and grab and get elbowed
Word to herb, yo if you can't swing this
Learn the words, you might sing this
Just a little bit of the taste of the bass for you
As you get up and dance at the LQ
When some deny it, defy if I swing bolos
Then they clear the lane I go solo
The meaning of all of that
Some media is the whack
You believe it's true, it blows me through the roof
Suckers, liars get me a shovel
Some writers I know are damn devils
For them I say don't believe the hype
Yo Chuck, they must be on a pipe, right?
Their pens and pads I'll snatch
'Cause I've had it
I'm not an addict fiendin' for static
I'll see their tape recorder and grab it
No, you can't have it back silly rabbit
I'm going' to my media assassin
Harry Allen, I gotta ask him
Yo Harry, you're a writer, are we that type?
Don't believe the hype
I got flavor and all those things you know
Yeah boy, part two bum rush and show
Yo Griff, get the green black red and
Gold down countdown to Armageddon
-88 you wait the S1Ws will
Rock the hard jams - treat it like a seminar

Teach the bourgeoisie, and rock the boulevard
Some say I'm negative
But they're not positive
But what I got to give...
The media says this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Cold Lampin' With Flavor"

Um lampin, um lampin, um cole cole lampin
I got loowies boy, um not trampin
I just came from Da-crib ya know
Um on da go-throw ya tank into metro
Live lyrics from the bank of reality
I kick da flyest dope maneuver technicality
To a dope track, you wanna hike git out ya backpack
Um in my Flav-mobile cole lampin
I took dis g upstate cole lampin
Ta da poke-a-nose, we call da hide-a-ways
A pack of franks and a big bag of Frito Lays

Flavor-Flav on a hype tip
Um ya hype drink, come take a big sip
Um in position, you can't play me out da pocket
I'll take da dopest beat yougot and I'll rock-it
Like chocolate, even vanilla - chocolate, strawberry, saperella
Flavors are electric - try me - get a shock-a
Didn't I tell you to leave Flavor Flav alone knock-a
A clock on my chest proves I don't fess
I'm a clock-a, rock-a rockin' wit-da-rest
Flavor in da house by Chuck-D's side
Chuck got da Flavor-Flav don't hide
P.E. crazy, Crazy P.E. - makin' crazy loowies for the shoppin spree

Ya eatin death cause ya like gittin dirt from da graveyard - ya put gravy on it
Den ya pick ya teeth with tomb stone chips
And casket cover clips - dead women hips ya do da bump with - bones
Nutin but love bones
Lifestyles of the Live-en-dead
First ya live den ya dead - died trying ta clock what I said
Now I got a murder rap cause I bust ya cap with Flavor - pure Flavor
We got Magnum Brown, Shoothki - Valoothki
Super-calafraga-hestik-alagoothki
You could put dat in ya don't know what I said book
Took-look-yuk-duk-wuk
Shinavative ill factors by da Flavor Flav
Come an ride da Flavor wave
In any year on any givin day
What a brova know - what do Flavor say
Why do dis record play dat way
Prime time merrily in da day
Right now dis radio station is busy - brainknowledgeably wizzy
Honey drippers, you say you got it
You ain't got no flavor and I can prove it
Flavor Flav the flav all of flavors
Onion an garlic french fried potatas

Make ya breath stink, breath fire
Makes any onion da best crier

I know it sounds crazy but it fits perfect
Peter perfect pimped a perfect Peter
Honey dripper - sucker sipper - big dipper - sucker dipper
Drippin suckers like its goin out-a-style
Creatin flavors for da Flavor Flav pile
Lampin booyee madina style

Kickin da flavor gittin busy
Ya goin ouut, I think ya dizzy
I think ya hungry, cause ya starvin fa Flavor
Flavor most, put it on toast
Eat it-en taste it en swallow it down
Imperial Flavor gives you da crown
Of the king called Flavor, da king of all flavors
Rolls an rolls an rolls life savers
Flavor Flav is in everything ya eat cause everything ya eat got flavor
Flavor Flav is da first taste ya git in da mornin - ya breakfast is da flavor
In between dat ta lunch - in between dat dinner - in between dat ta midnight flavor
Yeah, das right I got somethin fa all da fandangoes of damangoes of da fandangoes of da mangoes

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terminator X To The Edge Of Panic"

Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go
Take A look at his style
Take A check of the sound
Off the record people keep him down
Trick a chick in Miami
Terminator X packs the jams
Whow gives a fuck about a Goddamn Grammy
Anyway and I say the D's defending the mike
Yeah, who gives a fuck about what they like
Right the power is bold, the rhymes politically cold
No judge can ever budge or ever handle his load
Yes the coming is near and he's about to become
The one and only missionary lord son of a gun
Going on and on back trackin' the whack
Explain the knack y'all for the actual fact, c'mon

Terminator X Go off *[4X]*
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

He goes on and on 'till he reaches the coast
Tired, wired of his own race playing him close
Understand his type of music kills the
Plan of the klan
You know the pack attack the man
With the palm of his hands
Police, wild beasts, dogs on a leash
No peace to reach - thats why he's packin' his black piece
Terminator X yellin' with his hands
Damn almighty rulin ready to jam
But his cuts drive against the belt
Sheet...he's bad by his damn self
Yeah, his one job cold threatens the crowd
The loud sound pound to make brothers proud

Terminator X Go off *[4X]*
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

Gettin' small makin' room for it all
Flavors on the phone so he can...
Make the call
I know you're clockin' the enemy
You should be clockin' the time
Checkin' records I'm wreckin' you
For defecting my rhyme
No provokin', no jokin', you know the stage is set
If you're thinkin' I'm breakin'
He ain't rocked it yet

My education is takin' you for a long ride
I'll have you brain slip and do the slide
Glide into infinity, it's infinite
With your hands in your pockets
I know your money is spent
Like this, like that, butter for the fat
If you kill my dog, I'ma slay your cat
It's like that y'all, can you handle it son
I'm public enemy number one

Terminator X Go off *[4X]*
Go, Go, Go, Go, Go, Go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Mind Terrorist"

Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, best, best for your face
Best for your face, best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face
Take that, ha ha, yeah boy
Best for your face

Take that, ha ha, take that
Take that, ha ha, take that
Take that, ha ha, take that
Best, best, best, best for your face

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Louder Than A Bomb"

This style seems wild
Wait before you treat me like a stepchild
Let me tell you why they got me on file
'Cause I give you what you lack
Come right and exact
Our status is the saddest
So I care where you at, black
And at home I got a call from Tony Rome
The FBI was tappin' my telephone
I never live alone
I never walk alone
My posses always ready, and they're waitin' in my zone
Although I live the life that of a resident
But I be knowin' the scheme that of the president
Tappin' my phone whose crews abused
I stand accused of doing harm
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb
C'mon C'mon louder etc...

I am the rock hard trooper
To the bone, the bone, the bone
Full grown - consider me - stone
Once again and
I say it for you to know
The troop is always ready, I yell 'geronimo'
Your CIA, you see I ain't kiddin'
Both King and X they got ridda' both
A story untold, true, but unknown
Professor Griff knows...
"I ain't no toast"
And not the braggin' or boastin' and plus
It ain't no secret why they're tappin' my phone, although
I can't keep it a secret
So I decided to kick it, yo
And yes it weighs a ton
I say it once again
I'm called the enemy - I'll never be a friend
Of those with closed minds, don't know I'm rapid
The way that I rap it
Is makin' 'em tap it, yeah
Never servin 'em well, 'cause I'm an un-Tom
It's no secret at all
Cause I'm louder than a bomb

Cold holdin' the load
The burden breakin' the mold
I ain't lyin' denyin', 'cause they're checkin' my code

Am I buggin' 'cause they're buggin' my phone - for information
No tellin' who's sellin' out - power buildin' the nation so...
Joinin' the set, the point blank target
Every brothers inside - so least not, you forget, no
Takin' the blame is not a waste, here taste
A bit of the song so you can never be wrong
Just a bit of advice, 'cause we be payin' the price
'Cause every brother mans life
Is like swingin' the dice, right?
Here it is, once again this is
The brother to brother
The Terminator, the cutter

Goin' on an' on - leave alone the grown
Get it straight in '88, an' I'll troop it to demonstrate
The posse always ready - 98 at 98
My posse come quick, because my posse got velocity
Tappin' my phone, they never leave me alone
I'm even lethal when I'm unarmed
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb

'Cause the D is for dangerous
You can come and get some of this
I teach and speak
So when its spoke, it's no joke
The voice of choice
The place shakes with bass
Called one for the treble
The rhythm is the rebel
Here's a funky rhyme that they're tappin' on
Just thinkin' I'm breakin' the beats I'm rappin' on
CIA FBI
All they tell us is lies
And when I say it they get alarmed
'Cause I'm louder than a bomb

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Caught, Can We Get A Witness?"

Caught, now in court 'cause I stole a beat
This is a sampling sport
But I'm giving it a new name
What you hear is mine
P.E. you know the time
Now, what in the heaven does a jury know about hell
If I took it, but but they just look at me
Like, Hey I'm on a mission
I'm talkin' 'bout conditions
Ain't right sittin' like dynamite
Gonna blow you up and it just might
Blow up the bench and
Judge, the courtroom plus I gotta mention
This court is dismissed when I grab the mike
Yo Flave...What is this?

Get hyped, c'mon we gotta
Gather around - gotcha
Mail from the courts and jail
Claims I stole the beats that I rail
Look at how I'm livin' like
And they're gonna check the mike, right? - Sike
Look at how I'm livin' now, lower than low
What a sucker know
I found this mineral that I call a beat
I paid zero
I packed my load 'cause it's better than gold
People don't ask the price, but its sold
They say that I sample, but they should
Sample this my bit bull
We ain't goin' for this
They say that I stole this
Can I get a witness?

Understand where we're goin
Then listen to this, plus my Roland
Comin' from way down below
Rebound c'mon boost up the stereo
Snakes in the morning
Wake up, scared afraid of my warning
They claim that I'm violent
Now I choose to be silent
Can I get a witness?

C'mon get wit' it
Something ain't right, I got to admit it
Made me mad when I was on tour

That I declared war on black radio
They say that I planned this
On the radio most of you will demand this
Won't be on a playlist
Bust the way that I say this: No Sell Out

You singers are spineless
As you sing your senseless songs to the mindless
Your general subject love is minimal
Its sex for profit
Scream that I sample
For example, Tom you ran to the federal
Court in U.S. it don't mean you
Yeah, 'cause they fronted on you
The posses ready, Terminator X yes he's ready
The S1Ws, Griff are you ready?

They say that I stole this
I rebel with a raised fist, can we get a witness?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Show Em Whatcha Got"

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master
Buck boom buck another
Neighborhood disaster
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz
A muther fuckin gun
But an organized side
Keep a sellout niga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid
Step on the rest of the hood
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Where you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go dere wit dat rap
Guns drugs an money
All you know how
So whatcha gonna do now?
I'm bout ready to bounce
Trouble on the corner of blunt ave
An 40 ounce
Madd uncivilized lifestyles
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild
I'm raisin my child
I'm steppin to da curb
Wit a sign do not disturb
Too much dont give a fuck
Or a damn thing
But choose what the other man bring
I sing a song cause I see wrong
I'm not down with the fe fi fo
Where I come from

See, the brothers aint dumb
Sense goes over nonsense
When it makes no sense
I'm throwin up da fence
Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit
Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Were you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go there wit dat rap
Guns drugs & money
All you know how
So whatcha gone do now?

[Break]

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man
Gotta use a trigga
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home
Ungrown & now they on they own
Now check yourself cool
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"She Watch Channel Zero?!"

The woman makes the men all pause
And if you got a woman
She might make you forget yours
There's a 5 letter word
To describe her character
But her brains being washed by an actor
And every real man that tries to approach
Come the closer he comes
He gets dissed like a roach

[REFRAIN:]
I don't think I can handle
She goes channel to channel
Cold lookin' for that hero
She watch channel zero

[CHORUS:]
She watch, She watch *[4x]*
(Flavor *[ad lib]*)

2, 7, 5, 4, 8 she watched she said
All added up to zero
And nothing in her head
She turns and turns
And she hopes the soaps
Are for real - she learns
Is that it ain't true, nope
But she won't survive
And rather die and lie
Falls a fool - for some dude - on a tube

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[CHORUS]

Trouble vision for a sister
Because I know she don't know, I quote
Her brains retrained
By a 24 inch remote
Revolution a solution
For all our children
But all her children
Don't mean as much as the show, I mean
Watch her worship the screen, and fiend
For a TV ad
And it just makes me mad

[REPEAT REFRAIN]

[CHORUS]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Night Of The Living Basheads"

Here it is
BAMMM
And you say, Goddamn
This is the dope jam
But lets define the term called dope
And you think it mean funky now, no
Here is a true tale
Of the ones that deal
Are the ones that fail
Yeah
You can move if you wanna move
What it prove
It's here like the groove
The problem is this - we gotta' fix it
Check out the justice - and how they run it
Sellin', smellin'
Sniffin', riffin'
And brothers try to get swift an'
Sell to their own, rob a home
While some shrivel to bone
Like comatose walkin' around
Please don't confuse this with the sound
I'm talking about...BASS

I put this together to...
Rock the bells of those that
Boost the dose
Of lack a lack
And those that sell to Black
Shame on a brother when he dealin'
The same block where my 98 be wheelin'
And everybody know
Another kilo
From a corner from a brother to keep another -
Below
Stop illin' and killin'
Stop grillin'
Yo, black, yo (we are willin')
4, 5 o'clock in the mornin'
Wait a minute y'all
The fiends are fiendin'
Day to day they say no other way
This stuff...
Is really bad
I'm talkin' 'bout...BASS

Yo, listen

I see it on their faces
(First come first serve basis)
Standin' in line
Checkin' the time
Homeboys playin' the curb
The same ones that used to do herb
Now they're gone
Passin' it on
Poison attack - the Black word bond
Daddy-O
Once said to me
He knew a brother who stayed all day in his jeep
And at night he went to sleep
And in the mornin' all he had was
The sneakers on his feet
The culprit used to jam and rock the mike, yo
He stripped the jeep to fill his pipe
And wander around to find a place
Where they rocked to a different kind of...BASS

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Black Steel In The Hour Of Chaos"

I got a letter from the government
The other day
I opened and read it
It said they were suckers
They wanted me for their army or whatever
Picture me given' a damn - I said never
Here is a land that never gave a damn
About a brother like me and myself
Because they never did
I wasn't wit' it, but just that very minute...
It occured to me
The suckers had authority
Cold sweatin' as I dwell in my cell
How long has it been?
They got me sittin' in the state pen
I gotta get out - but that thought was thought before
I contemplated a plan on the cell floor
I'm not a fugitive on the run
But a brother like me begun - to be another one
Public enemy servin' time - they drew the line y'all
To criticize me some crime - never the less
They could not understand that I'm a Black man
And I could never be a veteran
On the strength, the situation's unreal
I got a raw deal, so I'm goin' for the steel

They got me rottin' in the time that I'm servin'
Tellin' you what happened the same time they're throwin'
4 of us packed in a cell like slaves - oh well
The same motherfucker got us livin' is his hell
You have to realize - what its a form of slavery
Organized under a swarm of devils
Straight up - word'em up on the level
The reasons are several, most of them federal
Here is my plan anyway and I say
I got gusto, but only some I can trust - yo
Some do a bid from 1 to 10
And I never did, and plus I never been
I'm on a tier where no tears should ever fall
Cell block and locked - I never clock it y'all
'Cause time and time again time
They got me servin' to those and to them
I'm not a citizen
But ever when I catch a C-O
Sleepin' on the job - my plan is on go-ahead
On the strength, I'ma tell you the deal
I got nothin' to lose

'Cause I'm goin' for the steel

You know I caught a C-O
Fallin' asleep on death row
I grabbed his gun - then he did what I said so
And everyman's got served
Along with the time they served
Decency was deserved
To understand my demands
I gave a warnin' - I wanted the governor, y'all
And plus the warden to know
That I was innocent -
Because I'm militant
Posing a threat, you bet it's fuckin' up the government
My plan said I had to get out and break north
Just like with Oliver's neck
I had to get off - my boys had the feds in check
They couldn't do nuthin'
We had a force to instigate a prison riot
This is what it takes for peace
So I just took the piece
Black for Black inside time to cut the leash
Freedom to get out - to the ghetto - no sell out
6 C-Os we got we ought to put their head out
But I'll give 'em a chance, cause I'm civilized
As for the rest of the world, they can't realize
A cell is hell - I'm a rebel so I rebel
Between bars, got me thinkin' like an animal
Got a woman C-O to call me a copter
She tried to get away, and I popped her
Twice, right
Now who wanna get nice?
I had 6 C-Os, now it's 5 to go
And I'm serious - call me delirious
But I'm still a captive
I gotta rap this
Time to break as time grows intense
I got the steel in my right hand
Now I'm lookin' for the fence

I ventured into the courtyard
Followed by 52 brothers
Bruised, battered, and scarred but hard
Goin' out with a bang
Ready to bang out
But power from the sky
And from the tower shots rang out
A high number of dose - yes
And some came close
Figure I trigger my steel
Stand and hold my post
This is what I mean - an anti-nigger machine
If I come out alive and then they won't - come clean

And then I threw up my steel bullets - flew up
Blew up, who shot...
What, who, the bazooka was who
And to my rescue, it was the S1Ws
Secured my getaway, so I just gotaway
The joint broke, from the black smoke
Then they saw it was rougher thatn the average bluffer
'Cause the steel was black, the attitude exact
Now the chase is on tellin' you to c'mon
53 brothers on the run, and we are gone

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebel Without A Pause"

Yes - the rhythm, the rebel
Without a pause - I'm lowering my level
The hard rhymer - where you never been I'm in
You want stylin' - you know it's time again
D the enemy - tellin you to hear it
They praised the music - this time they play the lyrics
Some say no to the album, the show
Bum rush the sound I made a year ago
I guess you know - you guess I'm just a radical
Not a sabbatical - yes to make it critical
The only part your body should be parting to
Panther power on the hour from the rebel to you

Radio - suckers never play me
On the mix - just O.K. me
Now known and grown when they're clocking my zone it's known
Snakin' and takin' everything that a brother owns
Hard - my calling card
Recorded and orderd - supporter of Chesimard
Loud and proud kickin' live next poet supreme
Loop a troop, bazooka, the scheme
Flavor - a rebel in his own mind
Supporter of my rhyme
Designed to scatter a line of suckers who claim I do crime

Terminator X

From a rebel it's final on black vinyl
Soul, rock and roll comin' like a rhino
Tables turn - suckers burn to learn
They can't dis-able the power of my label
Def Jam - tells you who I am
The enemy's public - they really give a damn
Strong Island - where I got 'em wild and
That's the reason they're claimin' that I'm violent
Never silent - no dope gettin' dumb nope
Claimin' where we get our rhythm from
Number one - we hit ya and we give ya some
No gun - and still never on the run
You wanna be an S.1 - Griff will tell you when
And then you'll come - you'll know what time it is
Impeach the president - pullin' out the ray-gun
Zap the next one - I could be you're Sho-gun
Suckers - don't last a minute
Soft and smooth - I ain't with it
Hardcore - rawbone like a razor
I'm like a lazer - I just won't graze ya

Old enough to raise ya - so this will faze ya
Get it right boy and maybe I will praise ya
Playin' the role I got soul too
Voice my opinion with volume
Smooth - no what I am
Rough - cause I'm the man

No matter what the name - we're all the same
Pieces in one big chess game
Yeah - the voice of power
Is in the house - go take a shower boy
P.E. a group, a crew - not singular
We were black Wranglers
We're rap stranglers
You can't angle us - I know you're listenin'
I caught you pissin' in you're pants
You're scared of us dissin' us
The crowd is missin' us
We're on a mission boy

Terminator X

Attitude - when I'm on fire
Juice on the loose - electric wire
Simple and plain - give me the lane
I'll throw it down your throat like Barkley
See the car keys - you'll never get these
They belong to the 98 posse
You want some more son - you wanna get some
Rush the door on a store - pick up the album
You know the rhythm, the rhyme plus the beat is designed
So I can enter your mind - Boys
Bring the noise - my time
Step aside for the flex - Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Prophets Of Rage"

With vice I hold the mike device
With force I keep it away of course
And I'm keepin' you from sleepin'
And on stage I rage
And I'm rollin'
To the poor I pour in on in metaphors
Not bluffin', it's nothin'
That we ain't did before
We played you stayed
The points made
You consider it done
By the prophets of rage
(Power of the people say)

I roll with the punches so I survive
Try to rock 'cause it keeps the crowd alive
I'm not ballin', I'm just callin'
But I'm past the days of yes y'allin'
Wa wiggle round and round
I pump, you jump up
Hear my words my verbs
And get juiced up
I been around a while
You can descibe my sound
Clear the way
For the prophets of rage
(Power of the people say)

I rang ya bell
Can you tell I got feelin'
Just peace at least
Cause I want it
Want it so bad
That I'm starvin'
I'm like Garvey
So you can see B
It's like that, I'm like Nat
Leave me the hell alone
If you don't think I'm a brother
Then check the chromosomes
Then check the stage
I declare it a new age
Get down for the prophets of rage
Keep you from gettin' like this

You back the track
You find we're the quotable

You emulate
Brothers, sisters thats beautiful
Follow a path
Of positivity you go
Some sing it or rap it
Or harmonize it through Go-Go
Little you know but very
Seldom I do party jams
About a plan

I'm considered the man
I'm the recordable
But God made it affordable
I say it, you play it
Back in your car or even portable
Stereo
Describes my scenario
Left or right, Black or White
They tell lies in the books
That you're readin'
It's knowledge of yourself
That you're needin'
Like Vescey or Prosser
We have a reason why
To debate the hate
That's why we're born to die
Mandela, cell dweller, Thatcher
You can tell her clear the way for the prophets of rage
(Power of the people you say)

It's raw and keepin' you on the floor
Its soul and keepin' you in control
It's pt. 2 cause I'm
Pumpin' what you're used to
Until the whole juice crew
Gets me in my goose down
I do the rebel yell
And I'm the duracell
Call it plain insane
Brothers causein' me pain
When a brothers a victim
And the sellers a dweller in a cage
Yo, run the a capella
(Power of the people say)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Reggie Jax"

Runnin' for your life, by the knife
Runnin' from your wife ... yipes
You should've stuck with home
Your mind to blow your dome
It was you that chose your due
You built a maze you can't get through
I tried to help you all I can
Now I can't do nuttin' for you man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You got all these people on your back now
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
Flavor flav got problems of his own
I can't do nuttin' for you man

Go lean on shells answer man
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You jumped out of the jelly into a jam

Make ya love the wrong instead of right
Not a thief cat burglar through the night
cop told your girl her name was Shirl
About a rooftop crime to steal her pearls
Oozy down the bullets in the gun

Just microwave themselves a ton
The you tried to help them all they can
But they couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
They couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

Flavor Flav is the sun
Public Enemy number one
Gotcha runnin' from the gun (pow)
Of a brain that weighs a ton
Can't face my facts that's on the shelf
Cause you want a hand out for your wealth
Eatin' welfare turkey out of the can
I can't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You want six dollars for what?
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You better man kiss my but
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
I'm busy tryin' to do for me

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
That's the way the ball bounces gee

Bass for your face, kick that shit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Party For Your Right To Fight"

Power, equality
And we're out to get it
I know some of you ain't wid it
This party started right in '66
With a pro-Black radical mix
Then at the hour of twelve
Some force cut the power
And emerged from hell
It was your so called government
That made this occur
Like the grafted devils they were

J. Edgar Hoover, and he coulda proved to you
He had King and X set up
Also the party with Newton, Cleaver and Seale
He ended, so get up
Time to get em back
(You got it)
Get back on the track
(You got it)
Word from the honorable Elijah Muhammed
Know who you are to be Black

To those that disagree it causes static
For the original Black Asiatic man
Cream of the earth
And was here first
And some devils prevent this from being known
But you check out the books they own
Even masons they know it
But refuse to show it, yo
But it's proven and fact
And it takes a nation of millions to hold us back

PUBLIC
ENEMY
FEAR
OF A
BLACK
PLANET
PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT
CK ON WORLD SUPREMACY...THE COUNTERATTACK ON WORLD SUPREMACY...THE COUNTERATTACK ON WORLD

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Brothers Gonna Work It Out"

Uh, your bad self
Help me break this down from off the shelf
Here's a music servin' you so use it
Papa's got a brand new funk
Get down (party for your right)
Huh, let's get it on
Like we said before
They say the brothers causin' trouble
Hate to bust their bubble
'Cause we rumble
From our lower level
To condition your condition
(We're gonna do a song)
That you never heard before
Make you all jump along to the education
Brothers gonna work it out
And stop chasin'
Brothers, brothers gonna work it out

[Chorus]
You got it...what it takes
Go get it...where you want it?
Come get it...get involved
'Cause the brothers in the street are willing to work it out

So many of us in limbo
How to get it on, it's quite simple
3 stones from the sun
We need a piece of this rock
Our goal indestructible soul
Answers to this quizzin'
To the Brothers in the streetSchools and the prisons
History shouldn't be a mystery
Our stories real history
Not his story
We gonna work it one day
Till we all get paid
The right way in full, no bull
Talkin', no walkin', drivin', arrivin' in style
Soon you'll see what I'm talkin' 'bout
'Cause one day
The brothers gonna work it out
Brothers, brothers gonna work it out

[Chorus]
You got it ... what it takes
Go get it... where you want it?

Come get it...get involved
'Cause the brothers in the street
Are willing to work it out
Let's get it on... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'

Now we are ready if you are ready

In 1995, you'll twist to this
As you raise your fist to the music
United we stand, yes divided we fall
Together we can stand tall
Brothers that try to work it out
They get mad, revolt, revise, realize
They're super bad
Small chance a smart brother's
Gonna be a victim of his own circumstance
Sabotaged, Shellshocked, rocked and ruled
Day in the life of a fool
Like I said before to live it low
Life take you time, time yo go slow
Look here, not a thing to fear
Brother to brother not another as sincere
Teach a man how to be father
To never tell a woman he can't bother
You can't say you don't know
What I'm talkin' 'bout
But one day ... brothers gonna work it out

You got it ... what it takes
Go get it ... where you want it?
Come get it ... get involved
'Cause the brothers in the street
Are willing to work it out

Let's get it on... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'
Let's get it on, let's get it on, let's get it on ... we are willin'
Now we are ready if you are ready

Public Enemy Lyrics

"911 Is A Joke"

Hit me
Going, going, gone
Now I dialed 911 a long time ago
Don't you see how late they're reactin'
They only come and they come when they wanna
So get the morgue embalm the goner
They don't care 'cause they stay paid anyway
They teach ya like an ace they can't be betrayed
I know you stumble with no use people
If your life is on the line they you're dead today
Late comings with the late comin' stretcher
That's a body bag in disguise y'all betcha
I call 'em body snatchers quick they come to fetch ya?
With an autopsy ambulance just to dissect ya
They are the kings 'cause they swing amputation
Lose your arms, your legs to them it's compilation
I can prove it to you watch the rotation
It all adds up to a funky situation
So get up get, get get down
911 is a joke in yo town
Get up, get, get, get down
Late 911 wears the late crown

911 is a joke

Everyday they don't never come correct
You can ask my man right here with the broken neck
He's a witness to the job never bein' done
He would've been in full in 8 9-11
Was a joke 'cause they always jokin'
They the token to your life when it's croakin'
They need to be in a pawn shop on a
911 is a joke we don't want 'em
I call a cab 'cause a cab will come quicker
The doctors huddle up and call a flea flicker
The reason that I say that 'cause they
Flick you off like fleas
They be laughin' at ya while you're crawlin' on your knees
And to the strength so go the length
Thinkin' you are first when you really are tenth
You better wake up and smell the real flavor
Cause 911 is a fake life saver

So get up, get, get get down
911 is a joke in yo town
Get up, get, get, get down
Late 911 wears the late crown

Ow, ow 911 is a joke

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Welcome To The Terrordome"

I got so much trouble on my mind
I refuse to lose
Here's your ticket
Hear the drummer get wicked
The crew to you to push the back to Black
Attack so I sat and japped
Then slapped the Mac (Intosh)
Now I'm ready to mike it
(You know I like it) huh
Hear my favoritism roll "Oh"
Never be a brother like to go solo
Lazer, anastasia, maze ya
Ways to blaze your brain and train ya
The way I'm livin', forgiven'
What I'm givin' up
X on the flex hit me now
I don't know about later
As for now I know how to avoid the paranoid
Man I've had it up to here
Gear I wear got 'em goin' in fear
Rhetoric said
Read just a bit ago
Not quittin' though
Signed the hard rhymer
Work to keep from gettin' jerked
Changin' some ways
To way back in the better days
Raw metaphysically bold
Never followed a code
Still dropped a load
Never question what I am God knows
Cause it's comin' from the heart
What I got better get some
(Get on up) hustler of culture
Snakebitten
Been spit in the face
But the rhymes keep fittin'
Respects been givin' how's ya livin'
Now I can't protect a pad off defect
Check the record
An reckon an intentional wreck
Played off as some intellect
Made the call, took the fall
Broke the laws
Not my fault they're fallin' off
Known as fair square
Throughout my years

So I growl at the livin' foul
Black to the bone my home is your home
So welcome to the Terrordome
Subordinate terror
Kickin' off an era
Cold deliverin' pain
My 98 was 87 on a record yo
So now I go Bronco

Crucifixion ain't no fiction
So called chosen frozen
Apology made to who ever pleases
Still they got me like Jesus
I rather sing, bring, think reminisce
'Bout a brother while I'm in sync
Every brother ain't a brother cause a color
Just as well could be undercover
Backstabbed, grabbed a flag
From the back of the lab
Told a Rab get off the rag
Sad to say I got sold down the river
Still some quiver when I deliver
Never to say I never know or had a clue
Word was heard, plus hard on the boulevard
Lies, scandalizin', basin'
Traits of hate who's celebratin' wit satan?
I rope a dope the evil with righteous
Bobbin' and weavin' and let the good get even
C'mon down
And welcome to the Terrordome.
Caught in the race against time
The pit and the pendulum
Check the rhythm and rhymes
While I'm bendin' 'em
Snakes blowin' up the lines of design
Tryin' to blind the science I'm snedin' 'em
How to fight the power
Cannot run and hide
But it shouldn't be suicide
In a game a fool without the rules
Got a hell of a nerve to just criticize
Every brother ain't a brother
Cause a Black hand
Squeezed on Malcom X the man
The shootin' of Huey Newton
From a hand of a Nigger who pulled the trigger

It's weak to speak and blame somebody else
When you destroy yourself
First nothing's worse than a mother's pain
Of a son slain in Bensonhurst
Can't wait for the state to decide the fate
So this jam I dedicate

Places with racist faces
Just an example of one of many cases
The Greek weekend speech I speak
From a lesson learned in Virginia (Beach)
I don't smile in the line of fire
I go wildin'
But it's on bass and drums even violins
Watcha do gitcha head ready
Instead of gettin' physically sweaty
When I get mad
I put it down on a pad
Give ya somethin' that cha never had controllin'
Fear of high rollin'
God bless your soul and keep livin'
Never allowed, kickin' it loud
Droppin' a bomb
Brain game intellectual Vietnam
Move as a team
Never move alone
But
Welcome to the Terrordome

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Meet The G That Killed Me"

Man to man
I don't know if they can
From what I know
The parts don't fit
(Ahh shit)
How he's sharin' a needle
With a drug addict
He don't believe he has it
(Either)
But now he does, he doesn't know cause he
Goes straight to a ho
Tell you what who was next on the but
Wild thinin' on a germ
Runnin' wild
Yo stop
But the bag popped

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Pollywanacraka"

She wants a lover right now
But not no brother
Her man gotta have a lotta money
To get under her cover
Now she's a fine sister
But up here she's missin' it
She says she wanna learn about life
No old black bull shit
At the age of 15 a brother gave her a baby
She's 19 now and it drover her crazy
And now everytime
She turns around
All the people in the neighborhood
Look and get mand and sing

[CHORUS]

Meet Mr. Succesful
I guess he's blessed yeah
But he happens to be a brother
Who only wants blue eyes and blonde hair
Now this young mister
He don't like sisters
He couldn't find that special one
He know why he missed her
He says sisters wasn't good enuff
They only wanted his green stuff
That's why everytime he turned
Around all the people
In the neighborhood
Looked and got mad
And sang

[CHORUS]

I try to tell my people
There should not be any hatred
For a brother or a sister
Whose opposite race they've mated
No man is God
And God put us all here (yeah)
But this system has no wisdom
The devil split us in pairs
And taught us White is good, Black is bad
And Black and White is still too bad
That's why everytime I turn around
All the people in my neighborhood

Look mad and sing....

[CHORUS]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Anti-Nigger Machine"

When I'm talkin' rhyme time
To blow your mind time some say
It's nothing worse than a verse
To hear some nigger curse
They call me rude some dudes fiery attitude
Claimin' I boast and smoke
And sometimes sing the blues
I twang metal and settle
Try to never back pedal
From the power some got
To get a nigger shot
The null and void I avoid
I test the paranoid
Never had to be bad
My mama raised me mad
So what I got is hot
I love my life a lot
I'm never sad just glad
That's why I thank my dad
Once they never gave a fuck about
What I said
Now they listen and they want my head

Instead of peace the police
Just wanna wreck and flex
On the kid
What I did was try to be the best
So they fingered the trigger
Figured I was a bigger nigger
And started to search
An so I headed west
Went to cally a rally
Was for a brothers death
It was the fuzz who shot him
An not da blood or cuzz
I wondered why it was like
So I just held my mike
But in my mind I was blind
So I just tried to find
A reason we was quick
Just the way that we was
So I just stayed in the crib
Until I got a buzz...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Burn Hollywood Burn"

[CHUCK D:]
Burn Hollywood burn I smell a riot
Goin' on first htey're guilty now they're gone
Yeah I'll check out a movie
But it'll take a Black one to move me
Get me the hell away from this TV
All this news and views are beneath me
Cause all I hear about is shots ringin' out
So I rather kick some slang out
All right fellas let's go hand out
Hollywood or would they not
Make us all look bad like I know they had
But some things I'll never forget yeah
So step and fetch this shit
For all the years we looked like clowns
The joke is over smell the smoke from all around
Burn Hollywood burn

[ICE CUBE:]
Ice Cube is down with the PE
Now every single bitch wanna see me
Big Daddy is smooth word to muther
Let's check out a flick that exploits the color
Roamin' thru Hollywood late at night
Red and blue lights what a common sight
Pulled to the curb gettin' played like a sucker
Don't fight the power ... the mother fucker

[BIG DADDY KANE:]
As I walk the streets of Hollywood Boulevard
Thinin' how hard it was to those that starred
In the movies portrayin' the roles
Of butlers and maids slaves and hoes
Many intelligent Black men seemed to look uncivilized
When on the screen
Like a guess I figure you to play some jigaboo
On the plantation, what else can a nigger do
And Black women in this profession
As for playin' a lawyer, out of the question
For what they play Aunt Jemima is the perfect term
Even if now she got a perm
So let's make our own movies like Spike Lee
Cause the roles being offered don't strike me
There's nothing that the Black man could use to earn
Burn Hollywood burn

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Power To The People"

And you thought the beat slowed down
Power to the people
Get on up, get into it, get involved
Feel the bass as the cut revolves
To the brothers wit the 808
Like I said before PE got a brand new funk
Turn it up, boom the trunk, yeah
Internationally known on the microphone
Makin' sure the brothers will never leave you alone
To my sisters
Sisters yes we missed ya
Let's get it together make a nation
You can bet on it, don't sleep on it
'Cause the troops cold jeepin' it pumpin
(Power to the people)
Turn us loose we shall overcome
They say where you get that bass from
Hey ohh people, people as we continue on
Come along, sings this song, are you ready for '91
Rhythm nation pump that bass an
We like to know from Chicago, New York and LA
Are y'all ready, cause the plans in the jam
And we're ready to roll yo y'all got to tell me
Are y'all read read to go c'mon
(Power to the people)
Had to kick it like that as we roll as one
One under the sun, to all the cities and the side
Stateside and the whole wide
There it is
P-e-a-c-e 1991

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Who Stole The Soul"

Once again, this is it
Turn it up
Here we go
But this time the rhyme
Gonna ask who did the crime
Then let's get down to the nitty-gritty
Like I wanna know who
Picked Wilson's pocket
Afth, he rocket it
Fact, he shocked it
Same kinna thing they threw at James
An what did to Redd was a shame
The the Black get
The bigger the feds want
A piece of that ... booty
Intentional rape system, like we ain't
Payed enough in this bitch, that's why I dissed them
I learned we earned, got no concern
Instead we burned so where the hell is our return?
Plain and simp the system's a pimp
But I refuse to be a ho
Who stole the soul?

Ain't, no, different
Than in South Africa
Over here they'll go after ya to steal your soul
Like over there they stole our gold
Yo they say the Black don't know how to act
'Cause we're waitin' for the big payback
But we know it'll never come
That's why I say come and get some
Why when the Black move it, Jack move out
Come to stay Jack moves away
Ain't we all people?
How the hell can a color be no good for a neighborhood
Help, straighten me out
'Cause my tribe gets a funny vibe
They I'm wrong for singin' a song
Without solutions
All the dancers answer questions
And try to be the best and...
Let everybody know before I blow
For the sake of what's right
I wanna know who stole the soul?

We choose to use their ways
And holidays notice some of them are heller days

Invented bye those who never repented
For the sins within that killed my kin
But that's all right
I try do what a brother does
But I'll never know if you're my cuz
That's why I try my best to unite
And damn the rest if they don't like it
Banned from many arenas
Word from the motherland
has anybody seen her
Jack was nimble, Jack was quick
Got a question for Jack ask him
40 acres and a mule Jack
Where is it why'd you try to fool the Black
It wasn't you, but you pledge allegiance
To the red, white, and blue
Sucker that stole the soul!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fear Of A Black Planet"

Man you ain't gotta
Worry 'bout a thing
'Bout your daughter
Nah she ain't my type
(But supposin' she said she loved me)
Are you afraid of the mix of Black and White
We're livin' in a land where
The law say the mixing of race
Makes the blood impure
She's a woman I'm a man
But by the look on your face
See ya can't stand it

Man calm your ass down, don't get mad
I don't your sistah
(But supposin' she said she loved me)
Would you still love her
Or would you dismiss her
What is pure? Who is pure?
Is it European state of being, I'm not sure
If the whole world was to come
Thru peace and love
Then what would we made of?

Excuse us for the news
You might not be amused
But did you know white comes from Black
No need to be confused
Excuse us for the news
I question those accused
Why is this fear of Black from White
Influence who you choose?
Man c'mon now, I don't want your wife
Stop screamin' it's not the end of your life
(But supposin' she said she loved me)
What's wrong with some color in your family tree
I don't know

I'm just a rhyme sayer
Skins protected 'gainst the ozone layers
Breakdown 2001
Might be best to be Black
Or just Brown countdown

I've been wonderin' why
People livin' in fear
Of my shade

(Or my hi top fade)
I'm not the one that's runnin'
But they got me one the run
Treat me like I have a gun
All I got is genes and chromosomes
Consider me Black to the bone
All I want is peace and love
On this planet
(Ain't that how God planned it?)

Excuse us for the news
You might not be amused
But did you know White comes from Black
No need to be confused

Excuse us for the news
I question those accused
Why is this fear of Black from White
Influence who you choose?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revolutionary Generation"

I get down to what it is
And if it ain't funky (see ya)
People askin' me what's goin' on
With my mind
(Huh) wait a minute

It's just a matter of race
Cause a black male's in their face
Step back for the new jack swing
On the platter scatter huh
We got our own thing
Just jam to let the rhyth run
Day to day, America eats it's young
And defeats our women
There is a gap so wide we all can swim in
Drown in (uh get down) an get it
Got it goin' on wit it
Sister (hey) soul sister
We goin' be all right
It takes a man to take a stand
Understand it takes a
Woman to make a stronger man
(As we both get strong)
They'll call me a crazy Asiatic
While I'm singin' a song
Oh my god, oh my lord
I can't hold back
But I get exact on a track
It's an eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth
Forget about me
Just set my sister free
R-e-s-p-e-c-t my siters, not my enemy
(Cause we'll be stronger together)
And make the suckers say
(Damn) this generation

They don't know what we got goin' is (sound)
To turn it all around
To my sisters I communicate
With the bass and tone
Thru speakers and the microphone
Cause I'm tired of America dissin' my sisters
(For example, like they dissed Tawana)
And they try to say she's a liar
My people don't believe it
But even now they're getting higher
Of the feeling inspiration

We must know that in this nation
Every single generation
(They teach us how to dis our sisters)
Stange as you say, I say revolution
Need for change brings on revolution
The great book just look see solution

God chooses who and what for the bruisin'
There's been no justice for none
Of my sisters
Just us been the ones that's been missin' her
Now we got to protect
We get together and damn this generation

I said so to what it is
Where it is
She needs a lil' respect
There it is
I say she needs a lotta
Brother from a mother like me has gotta
Give it up
Give it now
And pass it all around
To my soul (sister)

They disrespected mama and treated her like dirt
America took her, reshaped her, raped her
Nope, it never made the paper
Beat us, mated us
Made us attack our woman in black
So I said sophisticated B, don't be one
Not to head the warning crack of dawn
Or is it the dawn of crack?
Stop the talk they say, but
We talk and say whats right or wrong
Some say we wasting time singin' a song
But why is it that we're many different shades
Black woman's privacy invaded years and years
You cannot count my mama's tears
It's not the past but the future's
What she fears
Strong we be strong
The next generation
It's what not who we are facin'
The fingers pointed to us in our direction
The blind state of mind needs correction
Word to the mother we tighten connection
To be a man you need no election
This generation generates a new attitude
Sister to you we should not be rude
So we come together
And make 'em all say
Damn this generation

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Do Nuttin' For Ya Man"

Runnin' for your life, by the knife
Runnin' from your wife ... yipes
You should've stuck with home
Your mind to blow your dome
It was you that chose your due
You built a maze you can't get through
I tried to help you all I can
Now I can't do nuttin' for you man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You got all these people on your back now
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
Flavor flav got problems of his own
I can't do nuttin' for you man

Go lean on shells answer man
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You jumped out of the jelly into a jam

Make ya love the wrong instead of right
Not a thief cat burglar through the night
cop told your girl her name was Shirl
About a rooftop crime to steal her pearls
Oozy down the bullets in the gun

Just microwave themselves a ton
The you tried to help them all they can
But they couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
They couldn't do nuttin' for ya man

Flavor Flav is the sun
Public Enemy number one
Gotcha runnin' from the gun (pow)
Of a brain that weighs a ton
Can't face my facts that's on the shelf
Cause you want a hand out for your wealth
Eatin' welfare turkey out of the can
I can't do nuttin' for ya man

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You want six dollars for what?
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
You better man kiss my but
I can't do nuttin' for ya man
I'm busy tryin' to do for me

I can't do nuttin' for ya man
That's the way the ball bounces gee

Bass for your face, kick that shit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"B Side Wins Again"

So here we go y'all
Little by little you know
We got the power
And the knowledge to move 'em
And still rock
A super song for the cause so...
Feel the load on your brain for the episode
And we just begun, it's number one y'all
Brother Black, the B is back
So check it out

And 'ya don't, I won't, if 'ya still, I will
Take 3 jams and hold 'em, this what I told 'em
To rock the other side, the sucker lied
Said he would shock but never tried, and so I
Took 'em away, I never stayed y'all
Called the Flavor Flav to make another record
To get played
He made a jam to get you stammed
Back to back in the place where the suckers are basin'
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore
We gonna roll it raw
That's what you but it for, c'mon
You roll in your ride, the DJ decides
To play it on the radio
The A side
He gives it a try
But never gives it a try
And the people request the best
On the B side
Food for the brain, beats for the feet
People on the dance floor
Never claimin' a receipt
Had a good time rockin', rollin' on the go rhyme
The rhythm supplied by the superior B side
They had to twist and turn and shout
Turn the jam out, getcha' ready now, c'mon
The situation put you in
To where you're sweatin' in
Hysterical B side, c'mon inside
Request the best to give a test
And never give a rest
Your guess is good as my guess
And while I'm guessin' your guessin', yo listen this is..
A DJ to play to give a lesson
And his name is Terminator X

And the sucker on the right gets cynical
'Cause the record's to the left and political
And you search the stores
Attack the racks with your claws
For the rebels without a pause
'Cause the B side
Wins again, again, again
Yo Black, some of you are all in
To make sure the crowd
Get loud wit' it on the dance floor
'Cause the B is pure sure
You never knew the crowd was this hype
But you thought we was that type
To start a riot, we ain't quiet
Kickin' a thunderstorm with a song
Why would we dare you to come along
Pump up the music, pump the sound
Once again we gonna do it like this now
And while I'm throwin', you're goin'
And you know it's time for man on a mission
To listen 'cause he's in the house
He's Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"War At 33 1/3"

War at 33 1/3
Haven't you heard
I got quick and clever
At the level of a scientist
With this list my fist pumps chumps
And don't miss
Sorry majority grudgin' against the enemy
And any other nigger wit an attitude see
And any other rapper whose a brother
Who try to speak to one another
Gets smothered by the other kind
No so divine so I heard it thru the grapevine
Sent the feds out to get mine
Time yo-yo to go Bronco in 90-91
Laughin' while they're searchin' for my 98

Accelerate the race from the chase
Looka my face
It ain't hate but they don't want a debate
To take great
Can I live my life without 'em treatin'
Every brother like me like we're holdin'
A knife alright time to smack Uncle Sam
Don't give a damn, look at the flag
My bloods a flood
Without credit
Black and close to the edit
I fed it, you read it, just remember who said it
War at 33 1/3 not really live
I rather do it at 45
Went west in the quest for my intelligence
Climbed a fence took a teacher on
Ain't seen him since, hence he winced
And convinced that the Black
Was back revolving to a renaissance
Bronze to gold I told felt bold
Taught a so called teacher our role
In civilizin' the whole globe
Banned unplanned as I said
I don't break down religion why?
There ain't a smidgen for a pigeon
Nature for bird, dog, worm or lion
So my question to man is
So why the lyin'
God's law I saw is natural factual
Only man creates a waste
Defiance in his haste

Based on scheme a scam
From some mastermind damn if we read it
And we see it and still be blind
No need to search a fake church
Evangelical, huster
Anglo taxin' to muscle ya
Check I wreck you guess yes
All the bullshit now that's progress

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fight The Power"

"Yet our best trained, best educated, best equipped, best prepared troops refuse to fight. As a matter of fact, it's safe to say that they would rather switch than fight."

1989 the number another summer (get down)
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hitting your heart cause I know you got soul
(Brothers and sisters, hey)
Listen if you're missing y'all
Swinging while I'm singin'
Giving whatcha gettin'
Knowing what I knowin'
While the Black band's sweating
And the rhythm rhymes rolling
Got to give us what we want
Gotta give us what we need
Our freedom of speech is freedom of death
We got to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

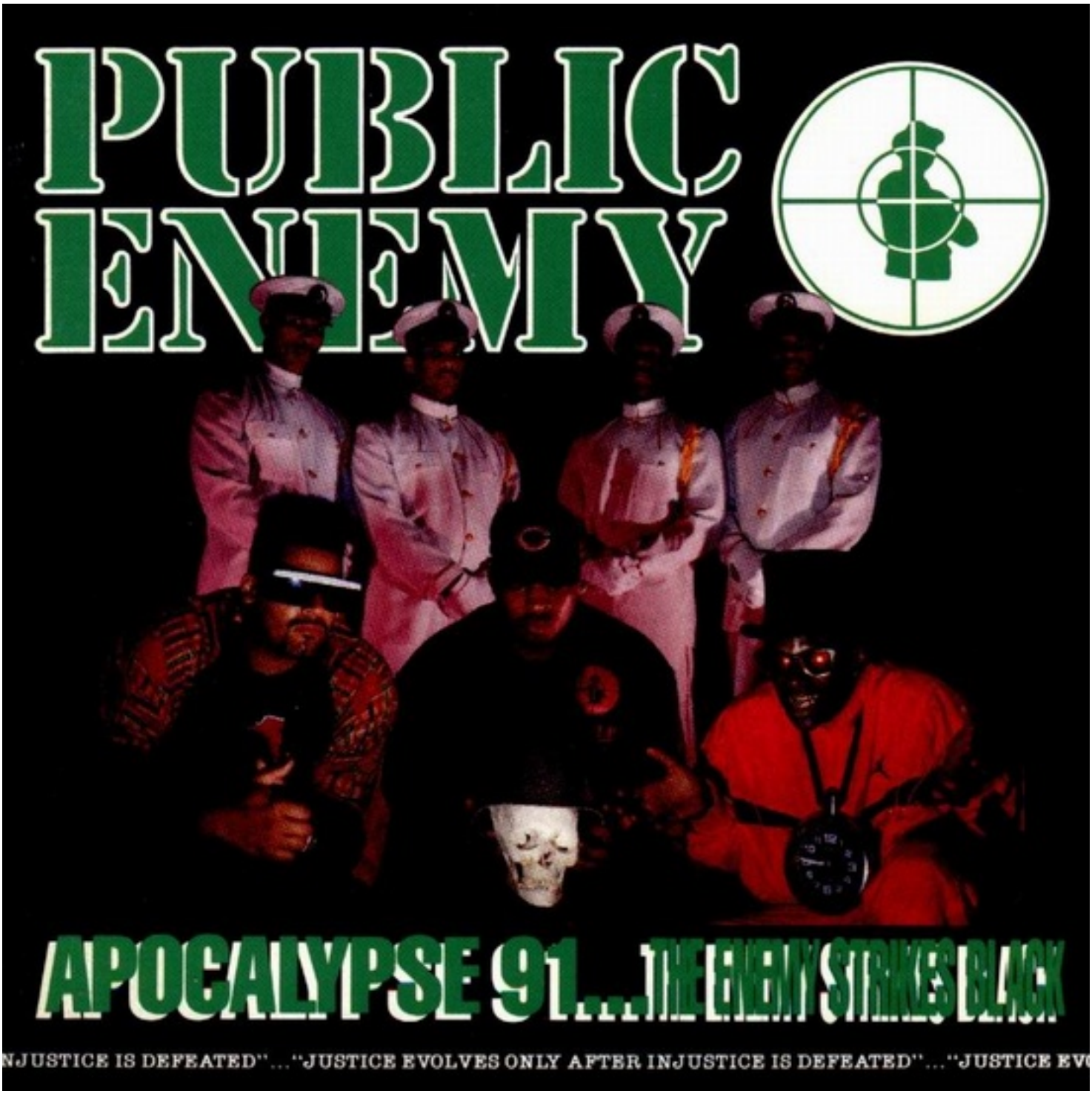
Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

As the rhythm's designed to bounce
What counts is that the rhyme's
Designed to fill your mind
Now that you've realized the pride's arrived
We got to pump the stuff to make ya tough
From the heart
It's a start, a work of art
To revolutionize make a change nothing's strange
People, people we are the same
No we're not the same
'Cause we don't know the game
What we need is awareness, we can't get careless
You say what is this?
My beloved let's get down to business
Mental self defensive fitness
(Yo) bum rush the show
You gotta go for what you know
To make everybody see, in order to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

Elvis was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me you see
Straight up racist that sucker was
Simple and plain
Motherfuck him and John Wayne
'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud
I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back you look and find
Nothing but rednecks for 400 years if you check
Don't worry be happy
Was a number one jam
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here
(Get it) let's get this party started right
Right on, c'mon
What we got to say
Power to the people no delay
Make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be


PUBLIC ENEMY
APOCALYPSE 91...THE ENEMY STRIKES BLACK
NJUSTICE IS DEFEATED"..."JUSTICE EVOLVES ONLY AFTER INJUSTICE IS DEFEATED"..."JUSTICE EV

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebirth"

When I get down
I give what go around
And when I cough
I do my best to cut it off
I don't claim to be a preacher
Not paid to be a teacher
But I'm grown
I try to be a leader to the bone
Never could follow a man
Wit' a bottle
He's a baby wit' a beard
Not a feared role model
And they ask me where I got it
I get it from my pops
Wit' a man in the house
All the bullshit stops
Then I sing a song
About what the hell is goin' wrong
You never know
If you only trust the TV and the radio
These days
You can't see who's in cahoots
'Cause now the KKK
Wears three-piece suits
It's like that y'all, it's like that y'all
In fact you know it's like that y'all

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Truss It"

Bass in your face
Not an eight track
Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it
Kickin' wicked rhymes
Like a fortune teller
'Cause the wickedness done by Jack
Where everybody at
Divided and sold
For liquor and the gold
Smacked in the back
For the other man to mack
Now the story that I'm kickin' is gory
Little Rock where they be
Dockin' this boat
No hope I'm shackled
Plus gang tackled
By the other hand swingin' the rope
Wearin' red, white and blue Jack and his crew
The guy's authorized beat down for the brown
Man to the man, each one so it teach one
Born to terrorize sisters and every brother
One love who said it

I know Whodini sang it
But the hater taught hate
That's why we gang bang it
Beware of the hand
When it's comin' from the left
I ain't trippin' just watch ya step
Can't truss it
An I judge everyone, one by the one
Look here come the judge
Watch it here he come now
I can only guess what's happ'nin'
Years ago he woulda been
The ships captain
Gettin' me bruised on a cruise
What I got to lose, lost all contact
Got me layin' on my back
Rollin' in my own leftover
When I roll over, I roll over in somebody else's
90 Fuckin' days on a slave ship
Count 'em fallin' off 2, 3, 4 hun'ed at a time
Blood in the wood and it's mine
I'm chokin' on spit feelin' pain
Like my brain bein' chained
Still gotta give it what I got
But it's hot in the day, cold in the night
But I thrive to survive, I pray to god to stay alive
Attitude boils up inside
And that ain't it (think I'll every quit)
Still I pray to get my hands 'round
The neck of the man wit' the whip
3 months pass, they brand a label on my ass
To signify
Owned
I'm on the microphone
Sayin' 1555
How I'm livin'
We been livin' here
Livin' ain't the word
I been givin'
Haven't got
Classify us in the have-nots
Fightin' haves
'Cause it's all about money
When it comes to Armageddon
Mean I'm getting mine
Here I am turn it over Sam
427 to the year
Do you understand
That's why it's hard
For the black to love the land
Once again
Bass in your face
Not an eight track

Gettin' it good to the wood
So the people
Give you some a dat
Reactin' to the fax
That I kick and it stick
And it stay around
Pointin' to the joint, put the Buddha down
Goin', goin', gettin' to the roots
Ain't givin' it up
So turn me loose
But then again I got a story
That's harder than the hardcore
Cost of the holocaust
I'm talin' 'bout the one still goin' on
I know
Where I'm from, not dum diddie dum
From the base motherland
The place of the drum
Invaded by the wack diddie wack
Fooled the black, left us faded
King and chief probably had a big beef
Because of dat now I grit my teeth
So here's a song to the strong
'Bout a shake of a snake
And the smile went along wit dat
Can't truss it

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Lost At Birth"

Clear the way for the prophets of rage
Engagin' on the stage, on a track
Tell Jack stay in the back
I was born
Every level I'm on
You're warned
Just in case you forgot
I pump in kilowatts
To let 'em know which direction
To go what's up I wanna know
I test the front row
Forgiven the givin' while the livin' is livin' it up
So many people is sleepin' while standin' up
Not dressed to impress or fess it
That's it text to the brain like FedEx
Treated one and the same
'Cause the name of the game
Don't give 'em checks above necks
Some don't realize the same side
Siddity in the city
Suburbs or projects
But we're livin' in a different time
Some speed, some lead
While some jus' pump rhymes
Then again all in da same gang
Info to flow
And heal all below
Let's go and find
The piece of mind that's taken
Or else the black
or start breakin'
Public Enemy no!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Nighttrain"

Land of the free
But the skin I'm in identifies me
So the people around me
Energize me
Callin' all aboard this train ride
Talkin' 'bout raw hardcore
Leavin' frauds on the outside
But the bad thing is anyone can ride the train
And the reason
For that is 'cause we look the same
Lookin' all around at my so called friend
Light skin to the brown
The black
Here we go again
Homey over there knows Keith an
But he be thiefin'
I don't trust him
Rather bust 'em
Up out goes his hand and I cough
He once stole from me
Yeah I wanna cut it off
The black thing is a ride I call the nighttrain
It rides the good and the bad
We call the monkey trained
Trained to attack the black it's true
'Cause some of them look just like you
Stayin' on the scene
Sittin' on the train
See all the faces
Look about the same
There go the sellout who's takin' a ride like Cargo
'Cause he deal
The keys from Key Largo
Runnin' Nat narcotic
By George he got it
Takin' makin' the G erotic
And the fiends they scheme
So he can put 'em down
But his method is wreck 'em
Put 'em in tha ground
Got tha nerve as hell
To yell brother man
He ain't black man
Known to murder his own
Traitor on the phone
Ridin' the train
Self-hater trained

To sell pain
The master's toy
Little boy
Hard to avoid he look wit' it but he null 'n' void
'Cause he ridin' the train you think he down for the cause
'Cause his face looks just like yours
More of the same insane who sayin'
Like flowin' like nighttrain
Runnin' the pain of the black reign
You look, you laugh
You doubt and go out
And I'm gone
But the bass goes on
To talk the talk, but walk the walk
The king of New York
Crack a lack attack the black
To crack the back
Once again I test a friend wit' sincerity
Or consider him an enemy
Who am I to tell a lie
Rather push da bush
Hope da cracker get crushed
I'm rollin' wit' rush
Leader of the bum rush
Russian I ain't
Spreadin' like paint
Lookin' at the put I got
And its kickin'
But it ain't chicken
But it's livin' for a city
So sick 'n' tired
Of a scene buckwild, piled in a file
Senile or chile
They said it never been no worser
Than this, I'm on the nighttrain
They hope ya don't miss it
Give ya what dey gotta give you just go
You musn't just put your
Trust in every brother yo
Some don't give a damn
'Cause they the other man
Worse than a bomb
Posin' as Uncle Toms
Disgracin' the race
Blowin' up
The whole crew
Wit' some of them lookin'
Just like you

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Dont Wanna Be Called Yo Niga"

Yo! ho! yo niga! yo niga! no niga!
Check it out
How can you say to me yo my niga
Cursin' up a storm with your finger on a trigger
Feelin' all the girls like a big gold digger
Take a small problem
Make a small problem bigger
Yo I ain't poor I got dough
Don't consider me your brother no more
Goddamn kilogram, how do you figure
I don't want to be called yo niga
Yo niga
Hey
Yo niga
I try to make my statements
Stick like flypaper
Judge says to me yo niga sign these goddamn papers
My boss told me yo niga you're fired
Yo niga this, yo niga that
I know you're a niga now 'cause your head got fat
Flava framalama boy you won't figure
I don't wanna be called yo niga
Yo niga
Break it down
N.I.G.G.E.R.
Niga
Everybody sayin' it
Everybody playin' it rolling on the scales
'Cause everybody's weighin' it
Toby say yo I be good niga
Let me get a shovel make a good digger
I don't care how small or bigger
I don't want to be called yo niga
Yo niga...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How To Kill A Radio Consultant"

Pusher of the button
Talkin' loud ain't sayin' nuttin'
The mack of the format gettin' fat
Ain't funny 'cause my neighborhood
Is flowin' money
Thank God 4 the boulevard
They keep the motor runnin'
The rap shows coincide wit' the tape flow
Bootleggers go inside and record the record low
They get me, get this now can you freestyle
Freestyle no styles free except da radio
But the radio controlled by the sucker move
Who moved away got away after plannin' a getaway
An now he wanna play what he wanna play
An got say on what is bumpin' of course he's gettin' somethin'
Never know what's good to tha neighborhood
Swear I never seen da sucker
In my necka da woods
The ass is connected to the brain stem
So I sing a simple song
So you can see the sucker in 'em

People got to make a call
To hear the yes y'all (yes y'all)
While the phone keep ringin'
You hear some singer singin'

Why don't dey play the jammy in the daytime
People think it's slammin' plus the rhyme
Is hot an got me tunin'
The afternoon is FM in the PM
Oh if that they could see 'im
Out-of-towner not down I think they'll dis him
Up goes the season, pop goes the weasel
Damn gimme rap no band I want some x-clan
I know dey even got it from the giddy
Stacked in the back
Only black radio station in the city
Programmed by a sucker in a suit
Slick back hair he don't even live here
Raps the number one pick so I draft it
I don't care about all the other demographics
When the quiet storm come on I fall sleep
What dey need is Arbitron on the funky jeep
Too bad it's goin' on in fact my word is bond
To pull a disappearin' act attack until he gone
The whacker jam he play they pay I'm in da day

I don't think we gonna miss 'im we don't need 'im anyway

Can I kick it
Who the hell is on the radio
Or who's behind
Do you really think they'll mind
To play the funky jams
That everybody wit'
Some Def Jef or Ice T
Show they rollin' wit' the syndicate
Or can dey get funky
Wit' the underground
Master ace get a taste
Bomb squad gettin' hard
Marley marl makin' hipper
Trax for Jack The Ripper
Pumpin' Eric B or Papa San
Still rollin' wit' run
Did you think that ever
In fact you thought that never
Control of your soul
Is by a suit and tie
Then U wonder why why U never hear a rhyme
I say we do 'im
Till it's done

Public Enemy Lyrics

"By The Time I Get To Arizona"

I'm countin' down to the day deservin'
Fittin' for a king
I'm waitin' for the time when I can
Get to Arizona
'Cause my money's spent on
The goddamn rent
Neither party is mine not the
Jackass or the elephant
20.000 nig niggy nigas in the corner
Of the cell block but they come
From California
Population none in the desert and sun
Wit' a gun cracker
Runnin' things under his thumb
Starin' hard at the postcards
Isn't it odd and unique?
Seein' people smile wild in the heat
120 degree
'Cause I wanna be free
What's a smilin' fact
When the whole state's racist
Why want a holiday Fuck it 'cause I wanna
So what if I celebrate it standin' on a corner
I ain't drinkin' no 40
I B thinkin' time wit' a nine
Until we get some land
Call me the trigger man
Looki lookin' for the governor
Huh he ain't lovin' ya
But here to trouble ya
He's rubbin' ya wrong
Get the point come along

An he can get to the joint
I urinated on the state
While I was kickin' this song
Yeah, he appear to be fair
The cracker over there
He try to keep it yesteryear
The good ol' days
The same ol' ways
That kept us dyin'
Yes, you me myself and I'ndeed
What he need is a nosebleed
Read between the lines
Then you see the lie
Politically planned

But understand that's all she wrote
When we see the real side
That hide behind the vote
They can't understand why he the man
I'm singin' 'bout a king
They don't like it
When I decide to mike it
Wait I'm waitin' for the date
For the man who demands respect
'Cause he was great c'mon
I'm on the one mission
To get a politician
To honor or he's a gonner
By the time I get to Arizona

I got 25 days to do it
If a wall in the sky
Just watch me go thru it
'Cause I gotta do what I gotta do
PE number one
Gets the job done
When it's done and over
Was because I drove'er
Thru all the static
Not stick but automatic
That's the way it is
He gotta get his
Talin' MLK
Gonna find a way
Make the state pay
Lookin' for the day
Hard as it seems
This ain't no damn dream
Gotta know what I mean
It's team against team
Catch the light beam
So I pray
I pray everyday
I do and praise jah the maker
Lookin' for culture
I got but not here
From jah maker
Pushin' and shakin' the structure
Bringin' down the babylon
Hearin' the sucker
That make it hard for the brown
The hard Boulova
I need now
More than ever now
Who's sittin' on my freedah'
Opressor people beater
Piece of the pick
We picked a piece

Of land that we deservin' now
Reparation a piece of the nation
And damn he got the nerve
Another nigga they say and classify
We want too much
My peep plus the whole nine is mine
Don't think I even double dutch
Here's a brother my attitude hit 'em
Hang 'em high
Blowin' up the 90s started tickin' 86
When the blind get a mind
Better start and earn while we sing it
Now
There will be the day we know those down and who will go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Move"

Signed, sealed, delivered I B yours
I pour it on the breaks
Till it break laws
Givin' the gabbin'
So the brothers be havin' it
Or else the five fingers of dope'll
Be grabbin' it
Wit' no complaints
Givin' uppin' I ain't
On the mike
Like Karl Malone in the paint
Why rip a rapper
When he flow like water
I rather rush a television reporter
The frauds that tried to front
Watch ya back
Stop pullin' those lil' stunts
Assault and battery
'Cause I snatched the battery
Off his back...the TV pack
Why pop the rhyme
On a rhymer when I kick it
Rather spend my time, spittin' on a bigot
Who pumped the pimp
That fed the fiends
He got jumped by the brothers in Ft. Green
They slapped the mack
That kept us back
Sucker suckin' the hood like drack
So if ya draggin' us down
Wit' the wack attitude
Get up, lookout, get out the way
Move

Signed
Sealed
Definition of a set-up
Pourin' it on and won't let up
'Cause f-a-l-l-i-n
Never applied
To this brother that tried
To let ya know
The folk of the American joke
That kept us broke
Now I'm ready to rap
Strong fax I swing
Like Bo Jax

I'm never calm on a bomb track
60 percent 3/fifths
Constituted
Huh prostituted
Why I'm mad
'Cause it's written on the paper
Right now
Muther Fuck bow
Kicked
The
Lyric
About
The tricks
Of the trade and the money made
Who got the money betcha bottom
Dollar bill
Gonna find
Some rich ol' bloodline
But the blood is in the mud
Take the whack an attack it
Like a Skud
To the patriotic hater
That got paid off my people
I'm rude
Lookout, get out the way
MOVE

Signed
An what I'm gettin' is mine
I bring the noise
To town
So let's get down
I cranked the beats
Tearin' up the street
And the park
An it ain't Mozart
Jack movin' out
'Cause the black movin' in
And its old
I said it in
Who Stole The Soul?
[Listen] but 92 bring
An attitude
That say I don't give a
Fuck
About the old way
This is a new day
Tell Jack stay in the back
And all the other
Suckers
That don't matter
You got
Somethin' to prove

Scatter
Get out the way
MOVE!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shut Em Down"

I testified
My mama cried
Black people died
When the other man lied
See the TV, listen to me double trouble
I overhaul and I'm comin'
From the lower level
I'm takin' tabs
Sho nuff stuff to grab
Like shirts it hurts
Wit a neck to wreck
Took a poll 'cause our soul
Took a toll
From the education
Of a TV station
But look around
Hear go the sound of the wreckin' ball
Boom and Pound
When I
Shut 'em down
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
What I use in the battle for the mind
I hit it hard
Like it supposed
Pullin' no blows to the nose
Like uncle L said I'm rippin' up shows
Then what it is
Only 5 percent of the biz
I'm addin' woes
That's how da way it goes
Then U think I rank never drank, point blank
I own loans
Suckers got me runnin' from the bank
Civil liberty I can't see to pay a fee
I never saw a way to pay a sap
To read the law
Then become a victim of a lawyer
Don't know ya, never saw ya
Tape cued
Gettin' me sued
Playin' games wit' my head
What the judge said put me in the red
Got me thinkin' 'bout a trigger to the lead
No no
My education mind say
Suckers gonna pay
Anyway

There gonna be a day
'Cause the troop they roll in
To posse up
Whole from the ground
Ready to go
Throw another round
Sick of the ride
It's suicide
For the other side of town
When I find a way to shut 'em down
Who count the money
In da neigborhood
But we spendin' money
To no end lookin' for a friend
In a war to the core
Rippin' up the poor in da stores
Till they get a brother
Kickin' down doors
Then I figure I kick it bigger
Look 'em dead in the eye
And they wince
Defense is pressurized
They don't want it to be
Another racial attack
In disguise so give some money back
I like Nike but wait a minite
The neighborhood supports so put some
Money in it
Corporations owe
Dey gotta give up the dough
To da town
or else
We gotta shut 'em down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"More News At 11"

Yo yo yo gee, guess what happened
To the burned up hand that was clappin'
Too good to be true
Getting all the guys turn to get in doo-doo
Took it all for granted
Then life start turn to granted
Having everything to having nothing
Now this turkey ain't got no stuffing
On the couch ill puffing
To get you buffin', it's you they got cuffin
Your family they did not believe me
Till they heard it for themselves on TV
I called the crib, the clock said seven
More news at 11

[Chorus:]
More news at 11

I was watching the TV screen
Can't believe what I seen
Three guys tried to rob a store
Got more than what they bargained for
They shot them right before my eyes
All three just dropped like flies
If they only thought before they did it
Neither one of those three would have been with it
As they fell to the floor and got rougher
Now the family has got to suffer
Pallbearers got to carry them
While the family cry loud just to bury them
Newscast and people were heavily amazed
Flavor Flav just stared in a daze
Eyewitness News - channel seven
More news at 11

This is Harry Allen hip hop activist and media
assassin with my co-anchor Flavor Flav for P.E.
TV and by the way if you still think that they're that
don't believe the hype

Public Enemy Lyrics

"1 Million Bottlebags"

One million bottlebags count 'em
Think they can bounce the ounce
And it get 'em
Yo black spend 288 million
Sittin' there waitin' for the fizz
And don't know what the fuck it is
An oh lemme tell you 'bout shorty
He about seventeen lookin' like 40
Treats his 40 dog better than his g
When he gets a big b-o-t-t-l-e
Oh he loves tha liquor
But look watch shorty get sicker
Year after year
While he's thinkin' it's beer
But it's not but he got it in his gut
So what the fuck
Yo niga what's up
Now he's hostile to a brother lookin' out
But I ain't mad I know what he about
He's just a slave to the bottle and the can
'Cause that's his man
The malt liquor man
One million bags count 'em all
Other man gets happy
Watch the killas drink 8 ball
Don't know a damn thing
But his breath stinkin'
Then I ask a question you brother
What the fuck is you drinkin'
He don't know but it flow
Out the bottle in a cup
He call it gettin' fucked up
Like we ain't fucked up already
See the man they call Crazy Eddie
Liquor man with the bottle in his hand
He give the liquor man ten to begin
Wit' no change and he run
To get his brains rearranged
Serve it to the home they're able
To do without a table
Beside what's inside ain't on the label
They drink it thinkin' it's good
But they don't sell the shit in the white neighborhood
Exposin' the plan they get mad at me I understand
They're slaves to the liquor man
Back to my homeboy shorty
He can drink it down

And think nuttin' about it
Pass it around and get tha 40 dog buzz
At the same time
Shorty can't remember what day it was
Say I'm yellin' is fact
Genocide kickin' in yo back
How many times have you seen
A black fight a black
After drinkin' down a bottle
Or a malt liquor six-pack
Malt liquor bull
What it is is bullshit Colt
45 another gun to the brain
Who's sellin' us pain
In the hood another up to no good
Plan that's designed by the other man
But who drink it like water
One and on till the stores reorder it
Brothers cry broke but they still affordin' it
Sippin' it lick drink it down oh nooo
Drinkin' poison but they don't know
It used to be wine
A dollar and a dime
Same man, drink in another time
They could be hard as hell and don't give a damn
But still be a sucker to the liquor man

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get The Fck Outta Dodge"

(feat. True Mathematics)

[CHUCK D:]
I was wheelin'
Wit' the boom in the back
The treble was level
I like it like that
I was rolly-roll-a-roll rollin'
5-o looked and said hold it
And I stopped still
I never got ill
'Cause my license was clean an I showed
A peace powwow
Instead of pow pow
I'm straight up and I'm straight
So how you like me now
But I know how you do
You're straight from Babylon
But I know how you do
You're straight from Babylon
They said turn it down
'Cause it's a new law
You never seen us before
But we're raw like a war
They warned me once
They warned me twice
So I knew I was warned
They had it goin' on
I got the fuck outta Dodge
Wit' my Bronco
60 miles per hour
50 miles to go
And I be pumpin' the sound
Drownin' out the cars
Which tape should I rock
L.L.'s or R.A.'s
I'm in the streets of New York
(Go away)
So I pop in my Kool G Rap 'n' Polo tape
And they was at it again
Sirens in the air
Ahhh shit
So I'm outta here
But the blue in the front
Called the blue in the back
They cut me off
Stopped me dead in my tracks
But this is minimal

I'm not a criminal
I always did what I did
Because I'm not a kid
But they looked me down
They stared me down
Told me what I did
I ain't wit' it
'Cause word around town was a stickup
Yeah, yeah, yeah
B-boy niga in a pickup
But I was jeepin' and creepin'
Just a keepin' it down, sound
Here we go the run around
Blamin' me for the hardcore roar
But they the ones wit' the 44's
So I'm coolin'
I know the beat is rulin'
Too loud for the crowd
The bass is large yeah
So I'll get the fuck outta Dodge
That's right y'all, el commando
El commando you're in demand-o

[SGT HAWKES:]
Sgt. Hawkes and I'm down wit' the cop scene
I'm a rookie and I'm rollin' wit' a swat team
Packin' a nine can't wait to use it
Crooked cop yeah that's my music
Up against the wall don't gimme no lip son
A bank is robbed and you fit the description
And I ain't your mama and I ain't your pops
Keep your music down or you might get shot
This is a warning so watch your tail
Or I'm a have to put your ass in jail
I'm the police and I'm in charge
You don't like it get the fuck outta Dodge

Public Enemy Lyrics

"A Letter To The New York Post"

Come and get your New York Post
New York Post right here
Come on y'all
Get the bost stubost stubost
Coasta coasta New York Post
Yo New York Post don't brag or boast
Dissin' flavor when he's butter that you put on your toast
Put my address in the paper cause I smacked that girl
She's the mother of my kid's that I took around the world
Disagreements having scuffles when you share upon
You shouldn't try to drain subjects in a duck pond
If you're gonna tell a story about people's worries
Watch what you tell 'em cause they don't bring you glory
It only brings agony, ask James Cagney
He beat up on a guy when he found he was a fagney
Cagney is a favorite he is my boy
He don't jive around he's a real McCoy
Chuck D yeah, you tellin' Flav we got to let 'em know
Here's a letter to the New York Post
The worst piece of paper on the east coast
Matter of fact the whole state's forty cents
in New York City fifty cents elsewhere
It makes no goddamn sense at all
America's oldest continuously published daily piece of bullshit
Flavor Flav is the one that makes The Post money
Writers making violence in headlines funny
Tryin' to undress my past until it's naked
Post got Flavor from sellin' no records
Europe Asia to the street of New York
Flavor Flav known for his finesse talk
Do it to ya for The Post to employ me
New York Post can't destroy me
Rapper of Public Enemy, rapstar beats lover
With the headline of a fucked up cover
Out the pot took plate New York Post
get your story straight motherfucker
It always seem they make our neighborhood look bad
Here's a letter to the New York Post
Ain't worth the paper it's printed on
Founded in 1801 by Alexander Hamilton
That is 190 years continuous of fucked up news
Yo one can play the game, two can play the game
Yo Flav read on can't forget you either Jet
Flavor Flav is your best Jet yet
My own people own the most business
Write on faith of value'sness
Should have checked with me before you wrote it

Got it from another source and quote it
Put it out like the new year bull drop
In every beauty parlor and barber shop
Flavor Flav world renown
Can't keep a man like Flavor down
Yo Jet be a good host
Don't print bull like the New York Post
Augh, looks like somebody slipped up here
Anyway here's a letter to the New York Post
Black newspaper and magazines are supposed to get the real deal
from the source y'all
Sorry, Jet you took the info straight out of The Post
Burned us just like toast
When it comes to getting you facts straight about P.E.
Get your shit correct

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring Tha Noize"

Bass! How low can you go?
Death row what a brother knows
Once again, back is the incredible
The rhyme animal
The incredible D. Public Enemy number one
Five-O said "Freeze!" and I got numb
Can't I tell 'em that I really never had a gun?
But it's the wax that the Terminator X spun
Now they got me in a cell 'cause my records they sell
'Cause a brother like me said "Well
Farrakhan's a prophet and I think you ought to listen to
What he can say to you, what you ought to do"
Follow for now, power to the people say,
"Make a miracle. D, pump the lyrical"
Black is back, all in, we're gonna win
Check it out, yeah y'all, here we go again

[Chorus:]
Turn it up! Bring tha noize!

Never badder than bad 'cause the brother is madder than mad
At the fact that's corrupt as a senator
Soul on a roll, but you treat it like soap on a rope
'Cause the beats in the lines are so dope
Listen for lessons I'm saying inside music that the critics are blasting me for
They'll never care for the brothers and sisters now across the
country has us up for the war

We got to demonstrate, come on now, they're gonna have to wait
Till we get it right
Radio Stations I question their blackness
They call themselves black, but we'll see if they play this

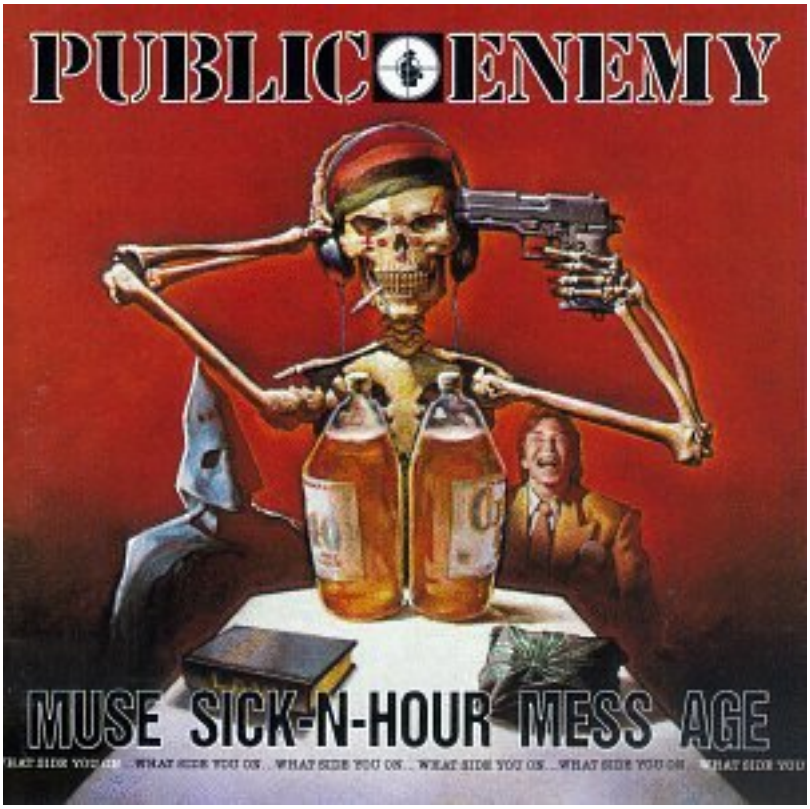
[Chorus]

Get from in front of me, the crowd runs to me
My deejay is warm, he's X, I call him Norm, ya know
He can cut a record from side to side
So what, the ride, the glide should be much safer than a suicide
Soul control, beat is the father of your rock'n'roll
Music for whatcha, for whichin', you call a band, man
Makin' a music, abuse it, but you can't do it, ya know
You call 'em demos, but we ride limos, too
Whatcha gonna do? Rap is not afraid of you
Beat is for Sonny Bono, beat is for Yoko Ono
Run DMC first said a deejay could be a band
Stand on its feet, get you out your seat

Beat is for Eric B, and L.L. as well, hell
Wax is for Anthrax, still it can rock bells
Ever forever, universal, it will sell
Time for me to exit, Terminator X-it

[Chorus]

From coast to coast, so you stop being like a comatose
'Stand, my man? The beat's the same with a boast dose
Rock with some pizzazz, it will last why you ask?
Roll with the rock stars, still never get accepted as
We got to pleed the fifth, we can investigate
Don't need to wait, get the record straight
Hey, posse's in effect, got the Flavor Terminator
X to sign checks, play to get paid
We got to check it out down on the avenue
A magazine or two is dissing me and dissing you
Yeah, I'm telling you


PUBLIC ENEMY
MUSE SICK-N-HOUR MESS AGE

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Whole Lotta Love Goin On In The Middle Of Hell"

Whole lotta love goin on
In da middle of what?
Say what?
What's goin on?

I leave em home alone
Dey turned into danger zones
Studio shootouts, leavin no doubt
In da eyes of the wise
About the other guys

Fantasi n gettin nat rep
Makin you move
While they disturb the groove
Now the partys over ooops!
Outta time
Yo my brother can you spare a crime
Some wanna take me out
I even call em my own
(Can't we all just get along?)
Rap iz a contact sport
Can I get support
When I hum to da maximum
What I talk is straight
From da sidewalk strong

The velt New York
112 beatz a minute
An I'm flowin in it
Have no mercy
On da ones that curse me

And when I'm in da paint
The feuding might be over
But the fussin aint
Some hate the way I say em
Cause I block em like
Zo to da am
Beginning of an end of an error
Incredible shrinking race

Fiend without a face
Still got love for em
But some aint got love
For the rest of us

So my boys get iller than

Illinois (Terminator)
Return to da noise

I'd rather fall off
Than fall victim of crime
And a low percentage rhyme
If I go down they goin wit me
So come & get me...c'mon

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Give It Up"

Aight, aight, aight, aight, aight, aight, aight
I'm aight if you aight, I'm aight
I be better, get some of that bass
Word
You know what I'm sayin'
Give it up
Aight, yeah
Booty twinkin' body shakin'
Nuffattackin', brain's a rackin'
Clock tockin', chuck shockin'
Flavor flavor, ain't never shavin'
One, two, three, four

It's another record, check it, mad methods
To put my brothers and sisters on a deathbed
You know he cheated, took what he wanted but now you blunted
Suckin' up to the devil, steppin' down a level

It's who they fear is you
Who protects us from us and you from you
Yes and it counts, fuck the fourty ounce
I sued them bastards, yeah, they got bounce

I did 'em like a demo, threw 'em out the window
I took a 98 'cause I never liked a limo
But pump pump pump pu-pump pump it up
A mad rhyme for mad times, that's what's up

Some ain't gonna change, I got 'em in a range
I gotta rearrange, so I'm buildin' back your brain
Wreckin' records with funky stuff
Am I loud enough? Yeah, you got ta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up yeah
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Come again with the same old bounce
I'm calling a foul and once again it counts
Mad tense, mad tense brothers know
The blunts in the back got the black behind and that's wack

And once again it's on!
Hey, Jimmy cracked corn cracker singin', "I don't care", it's on
I'm comin' with a rhyme, what? I'm lettin' go a rhyme, yeah!
I gotta get a rhyme through the rough and crazy times

You call me a Hannibal lecture, yes I checked her
They don't hear me though, so here I go
I'm sick and tired so Sly'll take ya higher
When I'm takin' his sound to bring you down

Rappers rippin' a lyrical kickin' finger-lickin'
But to the rhythm I'm givin' but never cotton pickin'
Like James Brown I'm sayin' it loud
Am I loud enough? Huh, you got ta give it up

Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
Some ain't gonna never ever change
Some ain't gonna change, some ain't gonna change
Some ain't gonna never, ever change

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

And when I'm coming, some young dumb and fulla cum
Some second guessing my lessons about saving young
Some don't know like Run said, "So here we go"
Where it is inside, whoop, there it is

There it is, there it is, damn right
My man X is a bad mother, shut your mouth
I'm talking about Terminator, he's the man
There it is, can you hit me off with another one

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up

I never did represent doing dumb shit
Some gangsta lying, I'd rather diss Presidents
Dead or alive, bring 'em and I'll swing 'em
I vocalize, I just rap, I don't sing 'em

Flick 'em, and I fling 'em, you can go with 'em
Hall of Fame for the game for the points I Dave Bing 'em

Go Grandmama, close but no cigar
I got mine for I'm using my rhyme

The flow go wherever I want, and that's clever
Give a piece of my time to prevent some crime
And who behind puttin' the guns to the young ones
The ones that make 'em is the ones that take 'em

Rugged for no reason, down in duck season
I don't want my mama, on the street wearing armor
So check yaself before ya wreck yaself
Respect yaself, hah, you got ta give it up

Give it up, give it up, give it up yo
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
Give it up, give it up, give it up now
Give it up, give it up, gotta give it up
...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What Side You On?"

It's overtime
So the lyric
They fear it
When they hear it
The flow
100 miles and runnin
Get near it
And go
Check it out
Go
To the race
Give the drummer a taste
The bass iz commin commin
Suckas runnin from it
Damn, why you call him
The man
Here I am scramm
Never ran
Never fight the black
From Iraq
Or Iran
Who bombed Japan
Blood on his hands
Part of a plan
He don't really believe
In uhh! God damn

If it comes down to shuttin
Them down
I'm in the hood surrounded
Tell em I'm grounded
I'm on that psycho analytical
Tip if politics iz stickin to
The mix
Like tricks
I'm one more time givin time
Where the rhyme go
Elite to the street
To the brothas doin death row
So where ya at
If the beat ain't fat
Say what

C'mon
And get some
Rattle rattle
Kiss and I hum

Come can you
Get it on the one
C'mon pick it up
pick it at
pack it at
pack it up
To the black
Who be talkin
Where they at
Where they at
Wicked wild
Feelin irie
Not sorry
Get it see it written down in a diary
Same say fuck all dat
Political shit
But wanna get paid when
Their brains in the second grade

Nowhere to run/here they come come
Nowhere to run/here they come come

I'm a fan first
I reverse another trick verse
To the point
Where I can rock dis funky joint
In the brain game, I'm keepin my head clear
In 33 years so what
I never had a beer
I don't know what I'm missin
I'm not dissin
But I know I ain't ass kissin
Time to draw the line
This time the rhyme
Got da good guy goin gettin da nine
Cause I know the hoody
Got it good wit the hitman
Can I get a hitman
Know I'm duckin nat quicksand
The funky automatic
Handlin static
Sellin out I ain't good at it
& when I got bumbed
I'm gonna open up
Hitt em up stone to da bone
But it ain't gotta be like that

And thats that
Can u tell me yall...what
All in wit the law
They fall in
The great white hole where they
Be sellin their soul

Never get enough
They be talkin dat roughneck shit
Be comin they quit
Fuck dat blood iz ticker
Than water shit
That shit iz counterfeit
Devil go where da shoe fit
Black mans law iz raw like Africa
You violate
Were comin after ya

They're here

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bedlam 13:13"

Huffed and he puffed
Huffed and he puffed
Blew tha house down
Now how dat sound
Never no never
Give up gotta gotta live up
To my name
Triple double in da rap game

Cause I ain't goin niggatronic
Smart e nuff to know I ain't bionic
Wit my main man Harry
Not Connick
Rather rap my black as of
Getcha hooked on phonics

Good e nuff to know no endo
Thru it out tha window
Along wit tha Super Nintendo

I'm a strict daddy
Got dat right
God damn right
But have a good time/Dyn-o-mite
Its just that I don't talk
That same ol crap (shit)
Cause papa got a brand new
Bag fulla rap (hitz)

The world don't work no more no more
The world wont work no more
Ain't gonna woek no more no more

My main knick knack paddy wack
C'mon & give a damn
Confrontational man
Iz what I am
Iz what I am
I'm tearin down da house that Jack built
Cause he killt whoever he wanted & hunted
And tax the backs of the environment macks
Who plan in da silence of the skams
A world dat wont work
No more/no more

Mother earth gets treated like a whore
And he doeth great wonders

So that he maketh fire come
Down from heaven on the earth
In sight of men

Toms to the left of me
Bombin to the right
World good night
He got destruction
In his appetite

On a platter a planet
To him it doesn't matter
3-2 at the plate
Up go the greedy batter

Environmental alarm
To all not some
Good God
Cause we don't get two of em

I was told that oil & water don't mix
But the new world order
Got a disorder
& so I diss
Cuss my disgust
If I must
One earth is da birth outta all of us
And so I diss
After the math
Disaster wit a European autograph

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Da trigga is cocked
Nowhere to flock

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Pass da word
F what you heard

Gonna be bedlam
If he spread em
Glock is cocked
Now drop da props
Gonna be bedlam
If we spread em
The day the whole world couldn't do it

Repent
Oh no!
Check the preacher what he spent
One way ticket to God to fix scars

Woman & man runnin the land sea & air poor
Do we all go the way of the dinosaur? or
To hell & back attack
The new clear fog got us sniffin like
Atomic dogs
Pocket fulla pimp daddy moves
Put a code on a can
Whatta hell of a man, shootin
Trigga pollution, planet prostitution
Uprootin da third
We go to the way of the bird
Can't do whatcha want to da place
Don't waste my place
Where you from?
We only got one

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Stop In The Name..."

Full fledgin never sat on my legend
No shuffle or shoulder shruggin
Uncle Tommin nickel & dime rhymin
This renegade rippin
Rugged trax I love it
Sorta black owned
Like da Denver Nuggets
Pow pow
The original
Harder hitter
Iz back in black
On deck wit a turtleneck
Uh ha you can drink
All you want
But hard don't make
Da liquid matter you intake
The logical
Sorta psychological
Brother like butter spread to one
Another
Thicker da blunt & got sicker
Once upon a rhyme all bigger
Meant was for bigga cotton picker
Leave alone
The men from the mice
Who twice packs da gatt
Turn into dirty ratts
I'm comin wit the andidote, I hope they cope
To da rhythm I wrote
Pawns in da game
Goin down da drain
Final call to my race in pain

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What Kind Of Power We Got?"

Yo another day
Another 49 cents

Mr., Mr., why you always tryin to take all our money

Because I am the government
And you have to pay

Stop tryin to take our money

Yo, you gotta bust this
We want justice
From public enemy number one
To cant trust this

Like F Jim or Hyatt
Because we're sick and fuckin tired
Of being mistreated by the undefeated
Power to the seat that cant be beat
Probably gone is the head that make Clinton defeat
Do all the talkin
Plus crooked walkin
Blind to the fact
That the enemy is stalking
Ways for days
Search United States quite
Were not a full power
Cause the racial riot
In my neighborhood
We attempt to kill each other
Politics said fuck power to the brother
Be strong be righteous
Don't be no sinister
I got the word from bro. minister (minister)
Farrakhan speaks
And so does Muhammad
The days of Ramagon is
Protect you can harm it
My statement is the fact
To the highest degrees
Flavor works this style, yo cant touch me

What kind of power we got
Soul power *[8X]*

Bring it on (I know you got soul)

Goin on it get it
Gotta get it on
Goin on it get it
Gonna get it on *[4X]*

Yo, some seek stardom
And forgot all about Harlem
Yo, fugess
Rock the house!

Now I don't know
But tell me what you gonna do
When the ending of time comes near
What ever you do
It's gotta be funky
I am not tryin
To put your life in full of fear
By the favor skies
We are flying
Truth we be buying
To buy out all the lying
How you livin
Were you livin
Were you livin
It ain't got to be like that
By doing the givin
It was your own choice
Scratched up your Rolls Royce
Every dum friend you had
Was glad to rejoice
And turned into a nut
Trying to make the pockets fatter
One shoot in the head
Everybody scatter
The worlds gonna
Catch on fire
A funeral buyer
Is a hard heads people desire
Every night you tryer
You turn into a cryer
Who was just in bed
Thinkin higher, higher
Friends will always move
Till you get the bob wire
Ever common law gets a flat tire

What kind a power we got
Soul power *[4X]*

What kind a power you got
Soul power *[2X]*

What kind a power we got

Soul power

Take me on

Goin on it get it
Gotta get it on
Goin on it get it
Gonna get in on *[4X]*

You check this out
My partner Chuck D
Got all the ozs of knowledge, wisdom and understanding
A, yo Chuck
Let 'em know why you the
Prophet of rap
Kick that shit Chuck

Some people, people
Don't like the way Flavor walk

Come on we want all the people to check it
Out and listen to it good listen to the man

That's my partner partner

Some people, people
Don't like the way the Flavor Flav talk

But ladies and gentlemen
I like for you to know
This my main man throwing down

What kind a power we got
Soul power
What kind a power you want now
Soul power
What kind a power need now
Soul power
What kind a power you got now
Soul power
Know you gots to have it
Soul power
I check the soul
And you want some
Soul power
What kind a power we got now
Soul power
Now I know you got soul ya'll
Soul power
What kind a power we got ya'll
Soul power

Yeah!!!!!

I know the Flava got soul
I know you gotta have soul
What kinda power you got ya'll
What kinda power we need ya'll
Of course I know you got Flava
And the Flava got soul
What kind a power we got
Soul power

No cursing
Only versing
And if it ain't better
Then we make it worsen
All that!!!!

Rock the house ya'll
Come on!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"So Whatcha Gone Do Now?"

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit

Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talking dat gangsta swang

Slaves to the rhythm of the master
Buck boom buck another
Neighborhood disaster
(Drummer hit me one)

A gun iz a gun iz
A muther fuckin gun
But an organized side
Keep a sellout nigga on the run

What you gonna do to get paid
Step on the rest of the hood
Till the drug raid

See you runnin like roaches
Black gangstas need track coaches

The white law set you up raw
When you have his trust in killin us

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Where you tryin to go wit dat
Don't even go dere wit dat rap
Guns drugs an money
All you know how
So whatcha gonna do now?

I'm bout ready to bounce

Trouble on the corner of blunt ave
An 40 ounce

Madd uncivilized lifestyles
30 years bids for kids, now thats wild

I'm raisin my child
I'm steppin to da curb
Wit a sign do not disturb

Too much don't give a fuck

Or a damn thing
But choose what the other man bring

I sing a song cause I see wrong

I'm not down with the fe fi fo
Where I come from
See, the brothers ain't dumb

Sense goes over nonsense
When it makes no sense
I'm throwin up da fence

Talkin dat drive by shit
Everybody talkin dat gangsta shit
Talkin dat drive by thang
Everybody talkin dat gangsta swang

Talkin dat gattalk
Walkin dat catwalk
Were you tryin to go wit dat
Dont even go there wit dat rap
Guns drugs & money
All you know how
So whatcha gone do now?

[Break]

The only good niga iz a dead niga

Dats what they used to say

Cant understand why a man
Gotta use a trigga
On his own, suppose to act grown

Cracka in da back
Watch a brother pull a trigga on another brother

Couldn't shoot and shot a mother

Four kids alone home
Ungrown & now they on they own
Now check yourself cool
What good iz da hood if ya actin a fool
Talkin dat gattalk, walkin dat catwalk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"White Heaven / Black Hell"

This is for the ones that do it
This is for the ones that tell
This is for the ones thats scared
White mans heaven is a black mans hell

This is for the ones that take em
This is for the ones that sell
This is for the ones that od

This is for the ones on the corner
This is for the ones in the cell
This is for the ones under the ground
White mans heaven is a black mans hell

Black history - white lie
Black athletes - white agents
Black preacher - white Jesus
Black drug dealer - white government
Black entertainers - white lawyers
Black monday - white Chistmas
Black success story - white wife
Black police - white judge
Black business - white accoutants
Black record co - white distribution
Black comedians - white media
Black politicians - white president
Black genocide - white world order

So whatcha sayin

White mans heaven is black mans hell

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Race Against Time"

Microphone check
Microphone check

Can I get a check up from the neck up
Can I kick a rhyme
While I'm checkin my time
Can I get a cure
Cause you did da crime
For sure
You're

Probably killin me
Wit these shots

Tell me what I got
An I'm gone

Pandemic
Who did it
Right who did it
Thats who did it

Who/World Health Organized
Murderized

Came to the aid got paid

Doctor doctor in a lab
Concocted a germ warfare to the botty
I rocked it

105 million goin down
In da ground

Most in da black an da brown
Ow!

How did I catch this riddle
If I didn't crossover
Like a Hardaway dribble

They blamed it on some
Green African money

Now ain't that funky

While da clock

Iz doin da tickin & tock

I didn't know

Dat da guns aimed & cocked

Were runnin outta
Time.....time
Rage against

Testin 1 - 2
Testin 1 - 2

Can I get a blood check testin 1 - 2

Can I get a witness?/yes you can
Can I get a witness?/yes you can

Then check it

I'm checkin records and facts
About da battle
To da Indian, Japanese
Whites and blacks

Germs they spread it
Warfare I read it
Quote me on this yes and I said it
Bet it

Bigger damage than the trigger & glocks
Mass murder in mass from a
Blanket full a small pox

No guarantees gettin lesser fees
In Tuskegee blacks got shot
Wit disease

Please check da time
C'Mon check da rhyme

Tribe a mine killed by da swine

Who crossed da line?
Who did da crime

The mind of a world destroyin kind

Were runnin outta
Time.....time
Rage against time

Oh.....oh

Ey.....ey

Rage Against Time Speech On Slow Down

A lil piece of mind
While we runnin outta time
People of color
Goin out like no other kind
Madd drama genetic gettin wreck
Protect da neck check the epidemic
Drug use addiction & murder
I heard a pregnancy
Infant mortality
Rest in poverty
Not piece
Disease till deceased
Sterilized
Realized
That beast
So heres a word to the wise
Were runnin outta
Time.....time

Public Enemy Lyrics

"They Used To Call It Dope"

Little piece of my heart like Janis
No Joplin
But pure hip hoppin
As they try to ban us
Crazy flight time no jacket
Or ticket
Wilson Picket had soul
Fat trax so the rappers
Can kick it
Alan freed the waves
As much as
Lincoln freed da slaves
Its here I bleed and some
Bled until dead
I got the rhythm from this
Headbanger
Who used to fly high
Now he's just hangin in da hanger
Hangin around homeless
In a city of no hope I can't cope
Just to think
See they used to call it dope

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Ain'tnuttin Buttersong"

We got so much soul
You can damn near see it
Spinnin on a 45
I've come to the conclusion
Clear the confusion
My point is to rock
Dis funky joint
Don't you know
I got tangled
In the star spangled banner
In the middle of Alabama
Or was it Tennesee or Arkansas
New York & Cali got the same
Amount of race rallys
I know they wanna hang me
Straight around the neck
So I'm knockin off the hand checks
So you can
When I say what it is
It ain't nutting but a song

Krackas, killas, kidnappas
KKK tryes to blame it on the rappers
They dont count the ones
That bounce to the 40 ounce
Or the runts dat get stunted
By the bluntz
This time I'm gonna take it down the line
To the ones that are ready
They be holdin it steady
When a song so wrong
So many be singin it
Strangled tangled
Caught in a spangled
Banner got em on dat camera
Stars I'm seein from
A beatdown in a slamma
O cay can you see
But you cant
Uncle Sammy wears the pants
Toms his bitch
When he's swingin a switch
Rather stick da poor up
And give it to da rich
I always thought dat power
Was to the people, we the people
O say can I see we ain't people

When I pledge allegiance
I shoulda got a sticka
1st grade/2nd grade
I shoulda just kicked a
Verse in the middle of class
Instead of singin bout bombs
Like a dumb ass
Land of the free
Home of the brave
And hell with us nigas we slaves
That shoulda been the last line
Of a song that's wrong form to get
So when everybody stand
I sit

The red is for blood shed
The blue is for the sad ass songs
We be singin in church while white mans heaven is black mans hell
The stars what we way when we
Got our ass beat
Stripes whip marks in our backs
White is for the obvious
Ain't no black in that flag

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Live And Undrugged Pt. 1 & 2"

[Live And Undrugged Part I]

Its been a long time
Since the rhyme rode
A rough road
I'm riding rhymes & givin
A dose of brotherland
Never said I wasn't good at it
Cause I'm a static addict
No fear you gotta
Know I had it
If you know better
Spose to do better
So I know like Al Green
We gotta stay together

Knock, knock...who's there
Where? overhere
Da boom kids knockin
Bang and they outta here
The dopemans livin at home
Aloneman
They don't understand
But they can
They can can
If I don't say it
I'm a sucka parlayin it
Don't really matter
When the flow fatter

But I don't don't
Believe
& duck bob an weave
Will deceive a street corner
And the 40 thieves

They bring em in
You do em in
He bring em in
You do us in

Smell em knockin da/boom
Hear em hittin nat/boom

I'm comin atcha
Live and uncut
An undrugged

These days they be thinkin I'm bugged
Livin I be kicken it

Hard instead of lickin it
Down domination on the overground

Tell me what we be
Seekin is self preservation
A nation of millions
Gotta go wit a feelin
Uncle Sam be gatt Uncle Tom
And when it comes to drugs
Uncle Tom gotta bomb
Can I get a pop
Till the muthafukas stop
Sellin nat shit
That make the hoody drop
No more easy gettin over
For da cracka in the back

Yo its over
Number 1 wit a bullet
He pull it what I do now
Cant out run it or duck
Or get a new Chuck
Up against the wall
Wont confess yall
I mo move & I'm gone
An so I guess yall
Lemme tell you so lend me a listen
I'm missin a life
If I ain't givin up an ass kissin
No television or movie style
No buckwild thinkin
Cause I don't know what he drinkin
But he better act quick
Cause I'm gettin quicker
3 mo seconds to go
I hope he hold da trigga
If he do dat
The gatt iz outta his hands

& then he gotta deal wit a man
Punks jump up to get beat
I'm on the funky beat
Beat beat yall
Until its 6 feet
Under dirt & the mud
Here we go again
Another enemy if you
Never was a friend
Never clever
As I was in this endever

Never again trust a smile or grin
From comin outta da womb
To endin up in a tomb
Another sport
Caught knockin nat boom

Here go the verse that hurts
Head brother in charge
So I better get bodyguard
What can I do
Break a leg on the avenue
Where the bootleggers
They be stackin the odds
Try to be hard but they playin my cards
Fuckin wit chicken
But I'm duckin in the lard
Been goin straight since 78
I wanna live I don't wanna be late
I head em comin at me
Runnin fast & ruff
Ain't this a bitch & test for the tuff
Bang/doubt it
Without a life
I cant live without it
Bang

[Live And Undrugged Part II]

Rhymer in a zone

Say u wanna revolution
40 acres to 40 ounces
Plus they announcin
The mule is the one thats fooled
But I pass to be that jackass
Knockin that boom
To the tomb
Out the womb
I bet against the spread
I flipped death threats
And the 3 to the head
Never get enough
The raw, the rugged, the ruff
Oh my the jam the dunk the stuff
I got a mind thats maddes than Minolta
Hard in a rock place my corner
And the winner is
Whoop there it is
33 years without a beer or slow gin fizz
Rather get frunk off
Hearin rhymin wit biz
Rhymamatician, rumpshaker
Mindquaker

Not a cracker or a quacker
But a waker
Put my thing down
Step my shit up
Put up or shut up
Peace to the original what up
Back to the motherland
Where its warmer, transformer
Kill the informer
I hear em talkin creepin
But I'm not sleepin
My mellow I go back
Way back going, going
Before crack
And the 8 track
Still goin, gone, goodbye
To the lazy
I ain't pushing up or drivin
No daisies
I gotta remember Philly in September
Ain't nuttin finer than peace
In Carolina & to the gods
Wanna be, gotta be
Starter of mo flow
Here we go the front row
As I cut the silly rhymin
Riddlin still the flow
Gettin ridda dem
Racist swazis
Cause I'm brinin kamikazes
They gotta give us where we live
We don't own
What you think is home
Its time to go up in smoke
911 is no joke
Once again friends
This enemy states fiddy states
Still say chill wait until
The right time baby
Damn the blood line
Gettin raid with AIDS
But somebodys gettin paid
Lets get it on and a on
But brothers gettin killed
Cause blunts & 40's is like
Cookies to da milk
I'm not crazy
I'm the revelation
Last days in time
The overtime rhymer
Rhymer in a zone
Right vs wrong
Good versus evil

God versus the devil
Public Enemy
Muse Sick In Hour Mess Age

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Thin Line Between Law And Rape"

Ya took me from a place
Where the race didn't matter
And gathered up bodies
Without a choice
So I rather
Pass my opinion/back
Run ya over
With my rack an pinion
Never stop the engine
For watcha fathers did do the indian
North & south
Plus the Carribbean

I got a vendetta
Cause I know better
Better black than a stereotype white
No cash flow wit out work
Talkin bout the past
You busted our past
You busted our ass
Now you afraid cause I never got paid
Now sucka jump
You cant take whatcha want

[Chorus]
You can't take whatcha want
Cause ya took whatcha want
Cant get away cause we got it on tape
You cant take whatcha want
Cause ya took whatcha want
Thin line between law & rape (scream)

You can't take whatcha want
Don't cha know
We ain't got nuttin left
Cause you took the rest
We ain't got jazz rock & roll
Rappin the lose
Wit a few fat ladies left singin da blues
Go abracadabra to make
A wish I can mess wit
Wonder why I'm under
Neath a crew I cant get wit
I never knew land was an acquisition
BS from the best man in position
Come again wit dat shit
And set hit like a punk

No, you cant take whatcha want

[Chorus 2X]

[Break]

You cant take whatcha want
I open up the trunk
I see your phony ass
Try to counterfeit funk
From land to land

To sea to sea
Allover got the other man
Messin wit me
Took the motherland
Made a slave of my mother and man
Got a good man
Sayin goddamn

[...Long pause]

And to hell with
Back in the days
Unless we go way back
To the black ways
Always
Watch your back
If ya crooked don't front
You cant take whatcha want

[Chorus 2X]

We died on the line
We walk the fine line he talked a good line

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Ain't Mad At All"

Let me hear you say...

I ain't mad at all
Bought a fat jam to make you flip the script
Don't want to sleep and misbehave
Understand what I'm saying

I'm all about makin some fat louies
So I can buy my kids
Motorcycles, candybars, Peter Paul
Flavor Flave, he ain't mad at all
Boyee

Poppa's got a brand new flav so once
Again here we go *[X4]*
I ain't mad at all *[X3]*

What you know
What you know bout that boy?

Noodles, neon noodles
On a fifth chillin with a toy
He's chillin
Thought he had a pit bull
Eating brussel sprouts but he had a big bite
He tried to bite me
He tried to get me
I turned around and I
Hit him with my bike

They picked me up
Put me in a wagon
The bottom fell out and my ass start draggin

Who put the cuffs on Flava
Why you gonna go and do that
He's the Flavor mack *[X2]*

I ain't mad at all *[X2]*

Yo check out my honey hoe's
Sing that shit gee

There's a Flavor Flav
So what your girlie
Before she wanna sneak out early
Cause on the di

Flavor snatched her up

First there was superfly
But Flavor's got more style
And you can't tell because your crackin up

Let me hear you say...

Kick it

Kick it

I ain't mad at all *[X6]*

I got the feeling I got to tell ya
You be a star
And the man try to jail ya
I don't pollute
So why should I give a hoot
You ask
Why you livin foul

Na na na na na na

Why they wanna keep me down?

Cause you got Flavor workin day and nite

Why you wanna play me
Like fried ice cream
Give me nightmares
Can't never have a nice dream

I feel like bustin loose

Bustin loose
Give me a break y'all

You can try to cop my style
But Flavor Flav got too much on file
Boyee

I don't wanna go but I can't stay here no more

I ain't mad at all

Yeah, yeah, yeah

You flatlinin, you flatlinin you know what I'm sayin
Who put the cuffs...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Death Of A Carjacka"

I'm keepin a cool head
Smart and calculated
Tell da skinheads what I said & they hate it
One dumb move they make
A mistake a turnover/going going gone
And its over
Shoulda thought silly rabbit
Those habits'll getcha
Runnin whitcha life
So what some sucker snuck inside a knife
But I'm checkin it out
Back from a far you know
They'll never know I'm backin up
An jettin to my car

B4 they steal it
Watch me ride an wheel it
Ooh! child here it comes now
I can feel it
Inspiration from the situation
Flowing to what I know an...

This ain't nuttin but another
Headline statistic, two brothers
But one went ballistic
Now I'm chillin beside my ride
Pulled over the side
Five-O ran a check
Now how the hell am I suspect

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Stand Accused"

I see I'm peeking out ready to rumble
So now I'm speaking out
Against those
That flip the way the story goes
One never knows
Who be flippin the script
Whatever the traitors name
My aim is dunk em like
I'm Chris Webber

So many phony smilin faces
Traces of slander
Got em comin outta funny places
I had it an hear em
Talkin loud behind my back
What was good for the hood
Is what they say is wack
I take the stabbin & grin
When I'm hit
Cause I know the suckas smile
When I leave em
What I'm comin wit

I cant complain about the money
Although the suckas in the back
They talkin shit
An laughin like its somethin funny
I aim to make changes
An never change
Unless its for the better
Cause I always been a go better

Clean hustler
Rhyme instead of muscle ya
Born when ya thinkin I'm gone
The terror era is on...

I stand accused
To the crews
I paid my dues

I stand accused
I refuse
To stand and lose

I stand accused
To the news

I kick da blues
I stand accused
I refuse

I hear em talkin & walkin
Behind my back I'm attacked
Fuck the knife in the back
Cause it feels like they got an axe

Yeah I can dig it wit a shovel
I never dig dirt wit the devil
Instead I'm on that other level

But I took time to reach down
To help the black & brown

I never stood around
I hear em talkin behind
My mind
In a ocean of sharks
And a back full a hackmarks

They say I'm fallin off
Yeah, they better call it off
& get muscle
& find another hustle quick
Sick n tired of critics
But I can take a hit
I'm all man
Alley oopin the vocal on jams
But they don't know it
They can blow it

& take a puff of dis joint
I see I'm kissin it off the cuff
Behind the back
I'm pullin axes and blades out the arms & the legs
Still my fellas get paid
The terror era is on

Fuck a critic/fuck fuck a critic
All the fuckin critics
Can get the did dit

All a fuckin critic does is
Draw a fuckin line

Cross a line and dis my rhyme
& then they ass is mine

If you find a critic dead
Remember what I said
Who killed a critic

Guess the crew did it

Say paybacks a crazy ass message
Sent to the writers who criticize
They're fuckin wit a freedom fighter

Who raises flags
& dragged the klan in bodybags
I hung em up in Missisippi & bum fuck
This is Chuck so what the hell
You think I did it for
To open doors from Carolina to Arkansas
And lemme let em I met em
I told my boys forget em
An what they did got rid of me
Negative
But 94 got stunts & blunts in da mix
I hear the crowd fallin vic
To old ghetto tricks
But if I wasn't your cousin
Wed leave em in the dozens
Of sellin out & bellin out
Half pint 40 ounce
Announce to the rest
We had a fall out

I never took a drink
Never took a hit or bribe
Or got spread by what a silly
Rumor said
Never sang or gang banged
Sold out or rented hip hop
Cause I know when to stop

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Godd Complexx"

Are you ready?
Uptown, on the corner, uptown
Uptown on the corner, uptown
I turn around and hear the sound of voices talkin bout who's
goin to die next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Tellin niggas screamin for help (help me, help me, help me, help me)
Nigga go make your own help
Shit you need it
I turn around and hear the sound of jukeboxes playin in bars
Pimps parked outside in big pretty Flavor Flav cars
Cleaner than a broke dick dog
Sittin in a big fine frog
Dressed very fine and fly in their Calvin Kani
No matter how you flex
Yo Jim
They'll die next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Uptown on the corner, uptown *[X4]*
Hey brother what you sport my man
I got just the thing for you
Only cause you're 10 and 2
What ya gonna do baby
I got black ones
Brown ones
Red ones
Yellow ones
I even got a white one
If you want to buy some
Yeah
That's right
2 5 8 play it straight
Got it all worked out
I know what I'm talkin bout
Yo I been readin my dream books
So I ain't no way the kid is gonna get took
Nigga what you mean
I didn't hit
Nigga
You full of shit
Nigga
Lick the ice (uh)
Now 7
Come on be nice and hit 11
Well what do you know
It's lil Joe
Ey my man

Got twenty dollars eh lil Joe don't blow
Ah baby needs a new pair of shoes
Ah pappas got the funky blues
Ah mamma plays the crosswords in the news
Sorry nigga you lose
The line forms to the rear lady muther fuck your welfare check
Cause the white man's got a God complex
Uptown on the corner *[X4]*
Mr. Stein elevating a friend
But is proud to be mine
But you just want to cheat me cause I ain't your kind
Damn
I'm so poor
I don't know what the hell I'ma do anymore
Not from this day to the next
Cause the white man's got a God complex
[vamp out]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hitler Day"

500 years ago one man claimed
To have discovered a new world
Five centuries later we the people
Are forced to celebrate a black holocaust

How can you call a takeover
A discovery

Mass murderer
This side of the planet
Most people take it for granted
502 and still doin
Give a reason I'm hatin
October celebratin
The dead

Of the black the brown and red
Sick an tired
Of bein sick n tired
Don't jump to conclusions
Before I clear the confusion
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust
I'm talkin bout Columbus

Hit me one

I don't hate nobody
I hate that day
Its as crazy as Hitler day

Hangin heads and snappin necks
Splittin up kin
Makin familys wrecked
Turned this planet to a sewer
Provin to all just a lil grab
Will do ya
Or do us
So my disgust
Got credit from the ones that
Read it
Ain't blind to the fact
Of a whack headline
And if you didn't I pay
No mind

That's how I feel
That's how I feel

This iz madd real

But these days
Is crazy as Hitler day

I don't hate nobody

It's impossible to discover a land
When people are already living there

Some thanks for the givin
When times are hard
& some got the nerve to pray to God
Ain't about turkey
& cider that gets me sick
It's that take from the indian trick
Lookin pretty grim
When they takin da pill
From the sucker seekin somethin to kill
Now he got a day to celebrate
Ain't that a trip
Cause the indians ain't got shit

May 31st when it comin it hurts
Remember the dead and it makes me curse
When they don't include 100 million
Of us black folks
That died in the bottom of boats
I can carry on bout the killin till
Dusk & dawn
And war ain't the reason they gone
Fourth of July a fuckin lie
When did we ever
Get a piece of the pie
Gotta whole day comin
Without no pay
Cause a fuckin job
Cant gimme no play
Even had enuff I huff & puff
At brothers sellin the stuff
Takin in washingtons
Lincolns
Not they birthdays
Payback for em makin us slaves

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Livin In A Zoo (Remix)"

Skills to kill
And fill a hole, we roll deep
Wit a frown that's down
Low in the meddle of jeep beats
So I'm makin a point
Not stickin butts or blunts
But the Terminator X
And the rhythm he cuts
Figure this bigger brother
Gonna trigger the track
No I ain't country
And my name ain't Zack
Step the fuck back
Take a look at the racks
My world is a ghetto full of tapes and wax
CDs they only double the tax
And makin money money
New York City to lax
Tell the suckers suckers
Never ever relax
I'm kickin in cold facts so true
It feels like I'm livin in a zoo

Sayin I'm down like psycho
Wheres my rifle? right though
I ain't Michael, yo
I ain't sittin on the dock of the bay
Wastin time in a crime wit a nine
Rather find another brutal rhyme
It's us verses, I put it all in verses
If the sound reverses
I pump it up wit curses
Fuck sittin in the back of the bus
But don't front what we lack
We got it loaded in a back pack
See they can do it to a man
But wit men suckers semi
Think that shit before they come again
No science to the wild senile
Slackin cause he packin like a

Runaway child yeah
Would I ever try to sever, hell no
Never would work if the
Rhyme wasn't clever
Wild in an isle
Stackin high from the floor tile

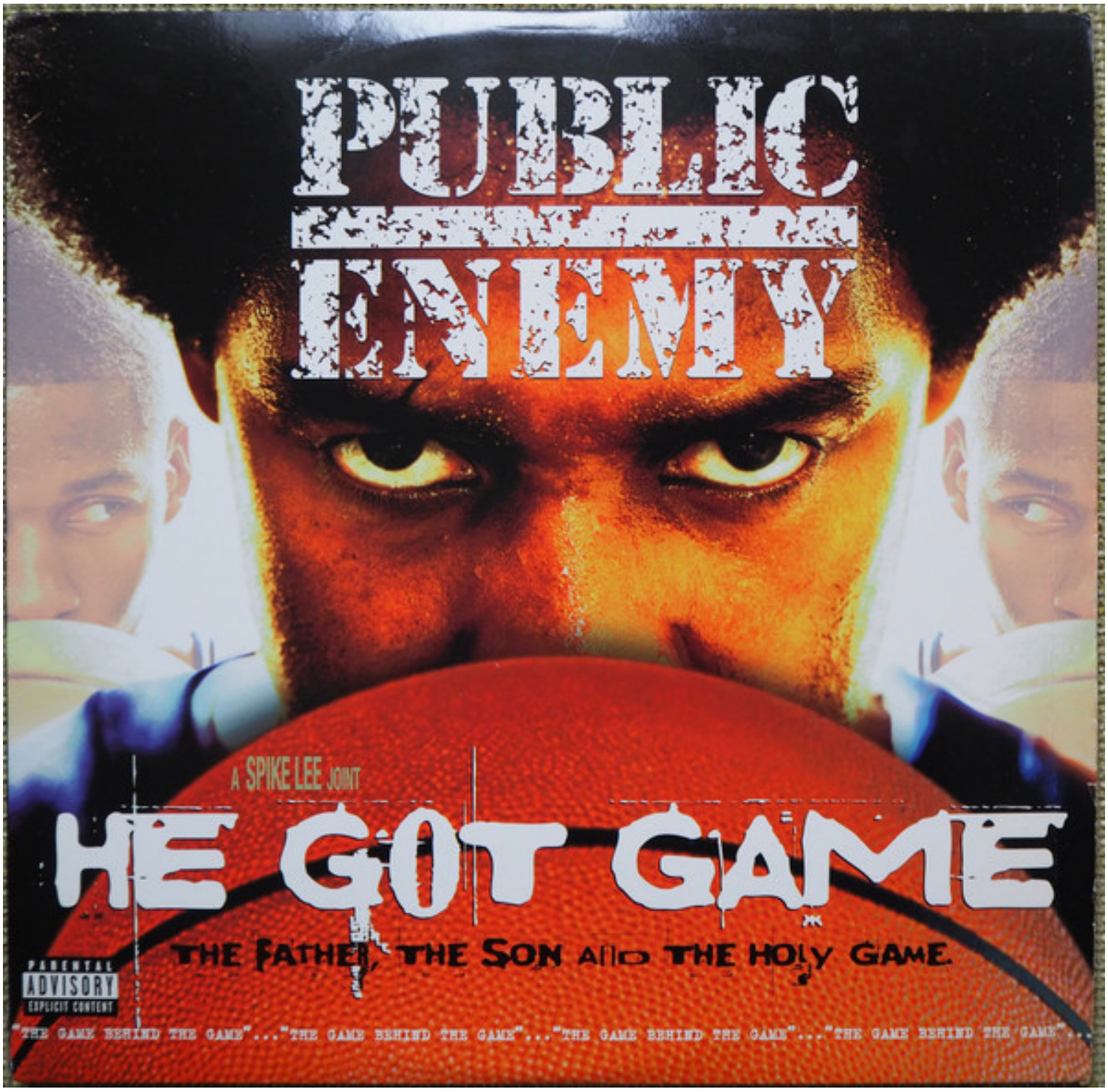
Back in the rack, where the rap never seen a
What I gonna wanna do...
Feels like I'm livin in a zoo

I don't know where I'm at
Here's a track
I try to duck duck
Those 3 bullets in the back
Top 40
Ignore me
Sooooo
I him 'em in the hood
Until it feel good

But I'm all right though
I wanna fight crazy dirty

It's not a matter of skills
But a battle of wills
Pow the stick up go the quicker the picker up
Trigga eenie meanie

Wit the gatt that so fat
Brrap bap bap cop dilla in a 16 wheeler
They call me over the phone
Che-che-checkin me out
Takin my time
To find a brother droppin dime
Once again it's on
In the paint, and I ain't givin up
No props to the game
And it stops in the name of the hip hop
Reign and the pain got me goin
Goddamn wont they even pull a
Bullet on a pop jam


PUBLIC ENEMY
A SPIKE LEE JOINT
HE GOT GAME
THE FATHER, THE SON AND THE HOLY GAME
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
"THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"..."THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"..."THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"..."THE GAME BEHIND THE GAME"...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Resurrection"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Chuck D:]
Damn back again up on track again
Some of y'all black again it got dark
On your mark get set
Out of sight out of mind
Hyprocites forget like marionettes
Strings in the back like nets
The chosen one who can laugh themselves to death
Lack of rhymes meaningless punch lines
Battle for your mind
Like Israel and Palastine
Good news there is some hard ass times
No more disses
Repeated hook lines and chorus'
Days of doris'
Got issues and wishes
Got the jam but gettin paid up off the misses
Ain't nothin wrong but wait fuck another love song
It's the r&b strangler bringing nosie in the wranglers
Rock all the heads big times and alzheimers
Shot the pill while I drop skills up in Brazil
Now the pitch
Lord save us from that sword of Davis
That kidnap hip hop tracks and the beats in the game of rap
Put my soul in it
Care less about the gold in it
Boom the shootie
Got 'em running from the paparazzi
Lodie dotie
When the feds come and doom your party
Cracker in the back
Don't you know it's illuminati
Ain't nothing changed
PE we be the same crew
Resurrection in the game here to save you

[Flava Flav:]
Yo it's going down baby
It's going down family
That's my word
We gettin ready to turn this shit to the two and three zeros
Ya know what I'm sayin
Have all the clocks goin backwards
Have everything goin haywire
You lauged before let's see you laugh now blue cow
How now black cow

Word to bird
Word to bird
Word to bird nigga

[Chuck D:]
One on one
Hard like tarot cards
Behold the one man million man march
Takes a nation
400 year violation
Apocalyptic no power in this happy hour
Hazordus no you don't like lazarus
Just black baby
Where my soul be at
Star spelled backwards is rats
Let bra man rap
I'm trapped in the back with these industry cats
One step forward two steps back
Making habits claiming habitats
Ratta tat tat
Wish you could turn back the hands of time
And get mental
Pop the track eight track lincoln contniental
I'm the mouth that roared
Swore to the Lord
The eye of hawk
Both live and die by the sword
The forbidden
The six man be sinning from the beginning
The suckers hand be hidden intesne
Knocking your block with some sense
PE got more jewels than dead presidents
The devil try to get me cross like a crucifix
But I am focused on the vultures
Like a loc of locusts
New world order is goin down
Gettin round
I'm the spook that sat by the sound
Fucking with Sadamn will bring a new Saigon
Ain't nothing changed PE we be the same crew boy

[Flava Flav:]
Yeah that's right
Nine eight
No joking
We coming out smoking
And for all y'all that's been sleeping on us
You're lacking you're lacking aiyo check 1-2
I've got my mand that's about to sneak up on you and your crew
Ya know what I'm saying check 1-2
Aiyo Masta Killa I want you to put one up in 'em son
And show 'em you ain't done son
Ball 'em with the back of the gun son

Make 'em run son

[Masta Killa:]
Sliding down broadway beneath the j line
Slumped in the incline position
Mind travellin beyond the shell
Which holds the soul controlled by the Allah
I be most humble but also punishable
For those who are unlawful to righteousness
I strive to stay alive and live this
Many fell victim to the wisdom
I mastered this
The track ovulates the mic like prostate gland imperegnates
Onto the paper the pain pours
For the love of my brother that hurts just the same fuck fame
My gun I bust to maintain
Moods are insiduous
Baffels and eludes those who label the God being anti-social
Chose not to apply their third eye
I travel at the speed of thought rate it's fatal
What will enable a man to levitate

[Flava Flav:]
And you can take that and put that on the back of your brain
Coming straight to you from Masta Killa
Ain't nuttin iller
I told you PE is still in full effect
Beyond the year 2000
We ain't taking no shorts
And y'all need to know that
To make your head fat boy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"He Got Game"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

If man is the father then the son
Is the center of the earth
In the middle of the universe
Then why is this verse coming
Six times rehearsed
Don't freestyle much so
I write 'em like such
Amongst the fiends
Controlled by the screens
What does it all mean
All this shit I'm seein
Human beings scream vocal javelins
Signs of a local nigga unravelin'
My wandering
Got my ass wondering
Where Christ is
In all this crisis
Hatin' Satan
Never knew what nice is
Check the papers
While I bet on Isis
More than your eyes can see
And ears can hear
Year by year
All the sense disappears
Nonsense perseveres
Prayers laced wit fear
Beware
2 triple 0 is near

It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin'
But damn the game
If it don't mean nuttin'
What is game who got game
Where's the game
In life
Behind the game
Behind the game
I got game
She got game
We got game
They got game
He got game
It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin

But the fuck the game if it ain't saying nothin'

Damn was it somethin I said
Pretend you don't see
So you turn your head
Race scared of it's shadow
Does it matter?
Thought areparations
Got 'em playin' wit the population
Nothing to lose
Everything's approved
People used
Even murders excused
White men in suits
Don't have to jump
Still there's 1001 ways
To lose wit the shoes
God takes care of ol' folks and fools
While the devil takes care
Of makin' the rules
Folks don't even own themselves
Payin mental rent
To corporate presidents
1 outta 1 million residents
Be a dissident
Who ain't kissin' it
The politics of chains and whips
Got the sick
Missin' chips and championships
What's love got to do
Wit what you got
Don't let a win get to your head
Or a loss to your heart
Nonsense perseveres
Prayers heed wit fear
Beware
2 triple 0 is near

It might feel good
It might sound a lil' somethin
But damn the game
If it don't mean nuttin'
What is game who got game
Where's the game
In life
Behind the game
Behind the game
I got game
She got game
We got game
They got game
He got game
It might feel good

It might sound a lil' somethin
But the fuck the game if it ain't saying nothin

Yeah that's right
Everybody got game
But we just here to let you all know
That PE is in full effect
From right now until the year 2000
Hey yo my man sing it

There's something happening yeah
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Telling me I've got to be ready
It's time we stop chilling
What's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
It's time we stop chilling
What's that sound
Everybody look what's going down

Hey yo these are some serious times that we living through g
And a new world order is about to begin
You know what I'm saying
Now the question is are you ready
For the real revolution
Which is the evolution of the mind
If you seek then you shall find
That we all prove from the divine
You dig what I'm saying
Now if you take heed
To the words of wisdom
That are written on the walls of life
Then universally we will stand
And divided we will fall
Cause love conquers all
You understand what I'm saying
This is a call to all you sleeping souls
Wake up and take control of your own cipher
And be on the look out for the spirits tonight
Trying to steal your light
You know what I'm saying
Look what beside yourself
For peace
Give thanks
Live life
And release
You dig me
You got me

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Unstoppable"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Flavor Flav]
Aiyyo man, ya yo yo yo
I'm tryin ta stay away from it but it won't stay away from me

[KRS-One]
You better ask yourself
What do you want, what do you need, what will you find
Don't be afraid, don't fall asleep, open your mind
I hope this rhyme gets you in time and space, come to a different place
Where you hear spiritual lyrical knowledge and you're face to face
like welfare, and these rappers lyrics they need help there
Does KRS represent heaven? Hell yea
Let me take you elsewhere, where you stand, there's a curse there
for sure, unless you're mature, grow up
If you're immature, then you're livin sinister
You reject the words of the minister
You better get witcha Qu'Ran or bible, you won't be livin long
if you're livin idol, the t'cha, that's my title
Shakin it up, wakin it up, makin it up, breakin it up
Takin it up higher, no liar, you can't deny the
Public Enemy, with the public enema
I gets way up in your buttocks, I rocks cause it's hip-hop
The long-laster, Chuck D with BlastMurderer
I know you heard of the word I be swervin and servin ya
Alertin ya, while splurtin a divine speech
Slow the party down so I can spit it
To each I teach mystic lyric, don't stop, you can get it
You better hear it.. battle? Quit it!

[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[KRS-One] Unstoppable
[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[Chuck D] You don't wanna take this risk
[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!

[Chuck D]
Can the black hear his stepchild, run the mile
Forever like a juvenile, to stay alive
Survivin in the freestyle, yo hold it down
Walkin on the wild side, to live or die
Damn another slow song
Yo Money put the recrod back the FUCK on

No respect for the Usual Suspects, mad teens
pourin fire on the gasoline, defeat fiends
Feelin like fever, I'm gettin warm
Chalk marks in the rainstorm, children of the gone
lost and forgotten, minds rotten
The arcade shot em, Channel Zero on the TV got em
If you don't love yourself you can't love nobody
If you don't know yourself, then you nobody
Do your thing, no bang, in the same damn gang
I never sang, I'm back, but I transmit slang
Silence in the face of violent crews
My rhymes and news be blacker than most blues
Troublein, it all come tumblein, for the strugglin
occupations, daily operations stimulations
causin mental violations, minds on vacation
In the middle of Revelation is a nation

[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[KRS-One] Unstoppable
[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!
[Chuck D] Unstoppable, Public Enemy on a disc
[KRS-One] Unstoppable
[Griff] Runnin the game, Chuck and Kris
[KRS-One] Unstoppable, bet you didn't know they had grip
[together] Unstoppable
[KRS-One] You don't wanna take the risk!
[together] Unstoppable

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shake Your Booty"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Uh, uh, keep it goin
Yea, whatever

Now, now, now
Now this is that fly shit, the do or die shit
Made shit, platinum shit that make you so sick
Flavor Flav *[?]*time ticks, just count the six to eight figures?
[?] shut em down at the Ritz
Thinkin of grits, Kibbles 'n Bits, now I'm in the mix
Flav be doin just like this
Off the meat rack, got my money stacked
Blow out your back, no fakin jacks
Kid relax, honey I shrunk the kids
Flipped your wig, on top of the world like 'Pac and Big
Flavor Flav still stay jig
Takin a swing, knock you out like Shannon Briggs
Up on your block, money bustin out my socks
Yo I'm in it for life, I'm takin a piece of the rock
Flavor Flav got a lot, so you know I can't stop
In ninety-eight I'm livin on large estates boy!

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Check out my girls, check out my girls
Sing that shit G, sing that shit G!

Give me the night, like George Benson
And have fun, this jam is number one
We gonna party til it's done, me and DR
Goin real far
In a black car, fat two-seater
Rich like Kedar, on my Def Jam's
Let's see how the ball bounce
I'd lampin, so you know I can't fall
From Strong Island, still buckwhylin, stylin

Profilin, eatin at City Island
Now you know the real score, Flavor's raw
Catch me on tour, makin mad moves for sure

Hittin chicks like galore, we're gonna dance

Till we shake the floor, I know you party people want more

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Word up yo
Ha ha, tsk tsk tsk
Yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, yea, ha hah
Ohh shit, sing it y'all!

(Shake it) C'mon, sing it!
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Sing it again, c'mon!
(Shake it) Let em hear you
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Yo this is fly, it's fly, it's fly
(Shake it) Yo it's blazin
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) All this shit is hot
(Shake it) Hot hot hot!
(Shake it, shake it like ya want) Hot hot hot HOT!!!

First of all, Flav never get stuck
Still wear my jewels that's trunk
Can't mess with the cash that's bad enough tryin to set me up
Get me messed up in the game, what's my name?
Watch me flame to the Billboard spot
I'm hot, hot, hot on MTV BET
The way you see me, V.I.P.
Don't try to make history
Stay loyal to fam P.E., *[?]*
Nigua, burn your face with a ciggerua

Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze
Flavor Flav shake yo' booty
Get rich, do your dance, it's your duty
Stack paper, and let's get crazy
Throw your hands in the air then be Swayze

Yeah that's right, two-zero-zero-zero
I know it's hot Son, it's blazin
We gon' take this shit
We gon' flip it to the moon
Ya know what I'm sayin? And we gonna flip it off the moon
back to New York, and flip it down Broadway

Ya know what I'm sayin? All the way down to Hot 97
And we gock it like this, like this ya know what I'm sayin?
Terminator X!!
Ha hah, let me hear that one more time, one more time
Terminator X!!

One more time, one more time, Terminator X!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Is Your God A Dog"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Crosstown traffic
Black to black
You should a seen 'er
Long and winding road to the arena
Crystal ball
I prophesized
What was on the horizon
Forewarned yall
Is it any wonder
What kind of ground you goin under
A September ender
To march madness remember?
You never heard a murder
Take for example
Unsolved mystery
Life lost in a funk sample
Enter the bandwagons
Braggin hangin banners
Clearin the way for younger MCs
And new hammers
What was criticized six years back
Is now back
With New York on the jersey front and back
Feel like Tiger Woods
Got madd goods
Way up from the cheap seats
Comin outta the hood
Race to the black seats
Amongst the wack seats
Be the hardcore
Alongside the deadbeats
The world lookin on
Like spectators
At crucified gladiators
Feels like a jungle inside
Where fish swim birds fly
Man got a tendency to die
Man falls to the hands of man
But damn if I'll ever try
To survive at courtside
Four tickets to fly
Rap or play ball do the game
Or duck the drive by

Same league that defends
Be the same ones that do us in

Spys
CIA - FBI
And them suits in that
Corporate sky
Eye for an eye
The target is the bad guy
Heard the war is on
From the announcer
Bound to get the crowd
Bouncin
Yes and it counts and
In this corner representin the
Best in the west
Died from four bullets
Two in the chest
Worshipped on the other side
Of TV sets
Had madd fans
Comin outta both sex
Sold, multi platinum
Eight times gold
But died of homicide
Twenty five years old
Heard he died in debt too
I ain't seen a winner yet, you?
The confused crowd boos
The move shit
In that corner
Number one in the east
The peace cursed for life
By the mark of the beast
Raised by peeps rode jeeps
Deep in Brooklyn beats
Praised as a hero
Who came up off the streets
The crowd looks on
Claimin sides they don't own
A house built up on
Their skulls and bones
Knew it be a matter of time
The play by play
Two rappers slain
Main
So let us pray

Wit all the gunnin
Crowd goin crazy
Gettin bigger
Proud to be called a bunch
Bitches and niggas
The ghetto stage fulla
Field nigga goals
Hip hop shoot outs vs those house negros

Five bodies got on the shot clock
Runnin down in the count made
The scoreboard rock
The referees the LAPD
The LVPD
Said they couldn't catch
What they couldn't see
Question
Was it bigger than the names
Not only in the game
But the game behind the game
Down to the remaining
Seconds of this record
Anatomy of a murder
Intensity of a mystery
Dead and gone
As the heads looked on
Helpless
As the atmosphere preyed on
Investigating
And the winner be
Interscope/UNI Arista/BMG
Lost in overtime
Da tombstone trophy for people that shit
The rhymes that died
Beats that deceased
Fuck best
Rest in peace

Rainy days from stormy nights
Though the stars shined
Days were bright
That was then this is now
That was them this is how

Rainy days from stormy nights
Though the stars shined
Days were bright
Live and die by the sword
Come playoff time
Is your lord a god
Or is your god a dog?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"House Of The Rising Son"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Look around
What do you see
Can you see what I can see
Hard to live without we
Catchin hell without he
Phenomenons, phenoms and prodigys - huh
20,000 maniacs just gotta be
Human highlight flicks
They wanna be
Hobbys turned to robberys
They killin me
The gun didn't know I was loaded
Devil attempts to get heroes railroaded
Stole the ball from lost souls
For whom the final bell tolls
Confused wit moses in street clothes
I suppose he the one wit cornrows
Blessed to do this
Outside jay
Do you know the way to the aba

One on one
He just begun

Come to the house
Of the rising son

I ain't one of these
Programmed cats
Just off the black
Where the shot clock at
Don't back me if I come
Wit milky raps
Smack me if I rhyme on
Silky tracks
Takes a nation to get back - huh
Mike sometimes the opposite
Of watcha like
I'm tired of taps within
Sometimes your brain's your cell
Prisons the skin you in
Gettin change beyond the point
Blank range
Combined wit the cross it's gettin over strange
Here comes the son
But who's gonna stop

The rain

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revelation 33⅓ Revolutions"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Revelation, revelation...

[Flavor Flav]
Yeah that's right, y'all better act like you know
Shit is gettin critical (in all the nations)
Shit is gettin crazy, that's right (all the lands)
Y'all better listen yo shit is blazin G
Shit is blazin, that's right, I'm tryin to let y'all know...

Soldiers of the future
We are approachin with to be Earth's last battle
The war fever's on the rise
The lives of many are in the hands of fate
Armageddon is the destiny we await
In the trenches of the ghettos we meditate
Developin our defense, I'm gettin tense
I hear the bombs of time tickin
As the smoke of fear thickens in the air
I cock my glock and give thanks
For the peace that will exist, when this war is over
Revolutions, revelations will be revealed
Babylon has fallen, now time to build, labwars

[Chuck D]
When I spit at the government bombs like Saddam hit
Make you flip to the music with your shit half-lit
Harder than time and convicts
Rhymes never be basic, afraid of the dark
twenty-five to the L, no I just can't face it
Need a mill for two passports and face-lifts
Ain't tryin to see handcuffs and steel bracelets
Twisted politics, high speed chases
on the races, locked down places
Prophet of rages, reincarnation as gauges
set to show off in the blazes
Revolution, revelation, resurrection stages
Raw like wild dogs locked up in the cages
And my brain cell with ice picks under the floor
Plottin the war I'll sign a Shakur for sure
Revisited, hear the shorties be quizzin it
Geronimo Platt, politically incarcerated cats
I dwell on all the black males doin time
And got me wanderin who invented motherfuckin crime
Goin in a tantrum lyrical fits
Spread like cancer on tracks that hit
Feel the pulse in the boom in the night song

Rally up all the people like a Farrakhan
Spittin words that'll send em back to Peningon
Hittin cats in the head out in Lebanon
Through the New World order I'ma carry on
Hittin brothers with jewels they can grow on
More than wack videos in a dance song
If you don't believe it so long and so on
So on, prove the player haters so wrong
I don't care who the fuck is out there yeah
My militant mind stay guerilla zone
Shorties feelin me in the chest like a silicone
Get ya home with a honeycomb
Go to any Coast I'ma bet ya I'ma bust chrome
Once again in Terrordome I'll show em
My Mics come equipped with chips and fax modems
Got the facts and rewrote them
2001, 2002, what's it gonna do?
What's it gonna do, gonna do?

[Chorus: Chuck D]
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin

Age was created in the lab
Small pox created in the lab
Beats too marks created on the AB
The futuristic thinks, BIO pass

In nine hundred and ninety eight
we gonna take down the head of state
and demonstrate non-stop resistance
It is time, time for a drastic change.
Time to retaliate and wake up
I've had enough, enough of the lies
enough of the destruction, information and corruption's.
False religions, doctors and puddy compoundin and who gets in trouble?
And I won't stop no, no
No more violence, no, no, no more induses
and no more two-face politicians who stab you in the back
Plus, mother is too long and I'm densing.
And I'll attack and I won't hold back
I'm gonna trouble you, hold you and squeeze you
until the truth is told
You can keep your man-made diseases
and your welfare reform, housing projects
penitentiary, fake genitals that ain't never really included me
Nothin can stop us, not even death *[echoes]*

[Chorus: Chuck D]

Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars, bulletproofin
Revelations 33 1/3 revolutions
No solutions, labwars...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Game Face"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Intro: Flava Flav]
Hey yo, Chuck, yo the world if sleepin', G
We got to wake everybody up yo
Hey yo, it's goin' down, baby
Let everybody know how it's goin' down, baby

[Verse 1: Chuck D]
The way this goes down is simple, from this day forth
Anything to deal with rap, STAY OFF
It's just the players, no pay offs, strictly skills (uh)
If you're brain's the same you'll stick to your deals
And this field ain't about sellin' a mil'
With the run of the mill, so just be tellin' the real
It ain't like a third time fella's appeal
'Til the GOD scolds him and tells him to deal
I'll allow you to write, maybe allow you to bite
If you're down to fight the power here's the power to fight
Overpower the mic, hit the crowd with the bomb diggy
Ring the alarm, now the squads with me
From way back I show now weakness when I speak this
Mentally strong to keep this hit in my speeches given
Now listen from the beginnin' 'til I reach the endin'
My short stories winnin' and keep the beats spinnin'

[Chorus: Public Enemy]
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! *[scratches]*
We ain't for the game
We for the change
I wake up everyday with my game face on
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the name, P.E.! *[scratches]*
Yeah we ain't for the fame
We for the change
I wake up everyday with my game face on

[Verse 2: Chuck D]
Break harder than ever, follow my lead
Through the fast lane in the game, they follow my speed
Either ease off the gas or floor it
You ain't ready to get it, I dunno why they keep askin' for it
This the real P.E., ain't no castin' for it
Cop lights, news camera, no action for it
Get the uncut raw, we somewhat sure
Hip hop's like a chess game, discussin' the war
Strategize, move like masterminds

When it's your go and your do', just cash mine
Last time we welcomed y'all to the Terrordome
Used the mic to reach out and touch, instead of the phone
I appear from the rear, stayin' from clear
Nobody can say if I'm here so they play it by ear
But here's the way I lay the idea
From this point on, the rest of '98, put it in high gear

[Chorus: Public Enemy]
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! *[scratches]*
We ain't for the fame
We for a change
I wake up everyday with my game face on
You know the name, P.E.!
You know the game, P.E.! *[scratches]*
We ain't for the fame
We for a change
I wake up everyday with my game face on

[Verse 3: Professor Griff]
I saw it comin', premeditated world domination hesitated
Rough this nuclear war head, detonate it
I'm forbidden, so I stay hittin' up forgiven
For givin' the livin' the truth, 360 proof
So world look before this world's took
I curl books under my arm
Smoke charm and learn about this world's *[?]*
Revelation the world cooks
I spit gold versus the pearl hooks
The first album made the world crooks
Got 'em snatchin', robbin', thievin', stealin' ideas
Believe in pleadin' reason for treason, conceal it for years
My criminal *[?]* attract an accomplice to grub something
Results DRASTIC MEASURES
And the death of joy, the death of casket treasure
From the abyss, the greatest trick I played on the world
Was leadin' them to believe my mother's clit didn't exist
Then I extended the list
Revolutioned every flag raised by a clenchin' fist

[Outro: Flava Flav]
Yeah that's right, once again
Smooth the Hustler, and he ain't no crowd buster
Straight up Iceberg Slim
Yo, baby, you need to get with him
Flava Flav, Chuck D, Public Enemy, Smooth the Hustle
We out the backdoor, baby

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Politics Of The Sneaker Pimps"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

On the outs I lace up, the world I face up
To score on anybody, its war on everybody
The new guys come in blood shot between the eyes
As long as their sellin that merchandise
And one what goes in don't come back
The color may be green but its also black
And red I know many heads that spent bloodshed
Cursed in converses, dead in Pro Keds
Now every Tom, Dick, Harry or Joe Smith
Skip the spauldings, pony's, and k-swiss
High school and college coaches gettin
Kickbacks from scholarships and them slave ships

Hey Dr. J where you got those moves
Was it gettin high in the schools
Can it be the shoes?
Truth is truth, I tear the fuckin roof off the house
Expose them foes with my mouth
I see corporate hands up in foreign lands
With the man behind the man gettin paid behind the man
I hold the rocket stop the hand in my pocket
200 a pair but I'm addicted to the gear
They'll make me do things on the court to amaze ya
I heard they make em for a buck 8 in Asia
They came a long way baby since
Clyde Frazier had pumas, pullin mad consumers
Them Filas I'm feelin but I cant touch the ceiling
Them New Balance hits 120 million
The last thing I need is Adidas terminatin my contract
For wearing those old pair of wack
Reebok low tops covered up by floppy socks
Gave me a jump shot before I got jumped and shot
Duckin a word from my sponsor
Trying to end my year like Kwaanza

Been paid since the 8th grade
11th grader, pop the champagne
12th grade start the campaign
Gettin fame sign my name in the dotted frame
Nike got me pullin re's and g's
Shit, I can get shot for these
Please god give me 20 more years on these knees
To maintain without this game I gotta do keys
And I don't wanna go there because its fuckin everywhere
Factories wanna be me kids wanna see me
Behind the wheels and endorsement deals

Its the politics and the tricks behind the kicks

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What You Need Is Jesus"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

[Charles Barkley] Halleluja Jesus, Halleluja!

Now here's the pop, turnaround jumper,
Hits the rim bounce away, the new slave trade.
Manchild, six feet five, but juvenile.
Thin line between getting bucks and gettin wild.
Brooklyn style, hundred thousand miles.
Parque tiles, leavin ankles broke in a pile.
Son got a ticket to fly, he can make it if he try,
To the sky, like a Coney Island ride.
Gettin pages, from his super agent,
Community raises at the clout or the cages.
No doubt, center stages, mad phases,
From behind crazies flippin through the faces.
Paper chases, love that many places.
Pros and cons, flics between the races.
He hold the rock, call for sweat shops.
Guard the set shop replaced by sex shops.
The highest bidder, no room for the quitter.
Gave seven tickets, under counterfittas.
Three cities a week, droppin needles.
Like the black Beatles take heed, what you need is...

[Chorus:]
Jesus (The incredible)
Jesus (And in your existence, huh)
Jesus (The incredible, yea)
Jesus (Check it out)

Crack my picture, never swith up.
Smack the back ups, pack them pick ups.
Resurrection of the two man vocal section.
The spirit in your dark ass direction.
Duckin them spray ups on my way that i thought be lay ups.
Won the battle wars, a thousand one push ups.
Here marks the return of them rules about Ruff Ryders.
Risin, chargin hard from the point guard.
Watch what you prey for, but know the team that you play for.
Need I say more?
Uh, scared of the resurrection,
Sacrafice yours, them maybe the revolution is basketball.
Changes, generanges. Which means rearrange shit,
Erase shit, stuck on Playstations.
Then the new plantations, I said a millions heads.
Waitin for another nation.
To make your world be free.

No shoppin sprees, there ain't no stoppin me.
Here's the fee, not the weed.
Got to see, God speed. What you need is...

[Chorus 2x]

Sticky D gives you fits, on them turnaround hippocrytes.
Comin and goin like flics.
Hit em net scripts, like a butcher.
Gettin all the chips musta been a road trip against the Knicks.
On T.V. showcasin kicks.
Must be the fan cause his video gettin all the chicks.
Walk up on a replay on Monday.
Sportscenter highlights, last second steal kept em real.
What you need is...
Jesus
Jesus (What you need is)
Jesus
Jesus (What you need is)
Jesus
Jesus (What you need is)
Jesus
Jesus

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Super Agent"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Yea, haha.
Oh, kick that shit G. Nuttin.
Yea.

Sold, black gold, one strong buck,
To the Milwaukee Bucks, for a million bucks.
Just get him off the streets so he don't get bucked.
Super agent to the rescue so he won't get fucked.
Uh. Run nigga run to the auction block.
But you can't pledge alligence to the block.
This buck here, is the right kinda stock.
For sale for passin, the right kinda rock.
Yo. Auctioneer Stern, to massive fuck.
Can a nigga go home to where he used to walk?
Come back, but super agent said, "You can't talk"
I didn't know basketball had a bauk.
Uh the Buck runs laps, while they run craniums.
Players be drainin em, owners be claimin em.
Super agents fraimin em and then nicknamin em.
Drainin they ass, to pack them stadiums.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)
Let's get it on!!

The players ear word for word verbatum.
Super agent got him locked. Coaches be hatin him.
Super agent wouldn't even come in my hood.
If I had no skills, was wackin' no good.
Uh, in my neck of the woods the leagues concrete.
One can only dream about wood, yea.
Feel the grain and let the bills get paid.
Pay respect to the projects,
And the half court rejects.
Scholarships, save that college shit.
Then championships, don't pay for the head trips.
Can I get a chance if I don't sing or dance?
Right about romance? Or wear short pants?
So I rave and rant, and you can't say I can't,
Get my grants, cold chillin in a b-boy stance.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin) super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)
Let's get it on!!

Fuck that trophy, find the loot then approach me.
Land a milk and honey can I get a quickness to the money?
All witness, no cheers the four years I ain't wit this.
Hell wit the N-C-double A cause my super agent's paid.
With his dollars I could buy a fuckin' college.
Mister Ra-ra campus isn't keepin school bustas.
Lookin who's lovin' ya, going for the juggeler.
They know they can't contain me on the regular.
Pimps pushes, the pocket book guzzeler.
Would you pardon my father please, Mister Governer?
Thought he had it made, dreamin about a trade.
Things we get, help but the roof on this bitch.
Dark side of the room when he jumped the broom.
Super agent got this player, nine figure wages.
Back of sports pages, off ghetto stages.
Shootin sleepin pills and runnin to the hills.

Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent (What a hell of a man)
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Big daddy moves).
(Where you at?) Super agent (Super agent, where are you now?)
Super agent, (Backstabbin') super agent,
(Super agent, where are you now?)
Never flagrant (Watch yo back)

[repeat til end]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Go Cat Go"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Say it takes two to tango
But a crew to bang, yo
Superstar shootout
Overtime at durango
Clear out/the box out
Practice at the range - yo
Get the d to step back
Unless they be deranged, dough
Rae me fa so la ti dough
The chiza/rarely do missa
Money earner isa
Barn burner
Highlighted by the headturner
Every step you take
Televised by ted turner
TBS and TNT
Sunday drain the tray
But drew the foul on NBC
Ain't no stoppin me
I told y'all
I close the door on the series
Swept but they ain't here me
In case you forgot
This shot is hot
Boo yoww
Like Stuart on the Scott
Haves and have not
Go cat go
Let the legend grow
Game it like you game it
Better let em all know

1 for the chiza
2 for the flow
3 to get the heads ready
Go cat go
Go cat go

Go cat go
High and down low
Do it like you did
On the brother wit the fro
Good job baby

Get the crowd crazy
Put that finger up at the section ladies

Scream c'mon scream
At the chisa and the cream
Raised up in brooklyn
But be ballin down in queens
White man's burden
Be a black man's dream
Badge over troubled green
Be a triple team
Suits and ties
See the envy in the eyes
Controllin guys while the
Buyers lie about the size
High priced adonises
Unkept promises
Boxscore forgets all the no name threats
Puttin numbers up
To get them numbers up
Keep bouncin
But whos countin?

1 for the chiza
2 for the flow
3 to get the heads ready
Go cat go
Go cat go

Go cat go
High and down low
Do like you did
On the brother
With the fro

Go cat go
Let the legend grow
Game it like you game it
Better let em all know

Go cat go
Let a player know
Coney island style
Before you go pro

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sudden Death"

(from "He Got Game" soundtrack)

Virgin bitches
With rockin' clitches
Gettin' riches
Snitchin' and trippin' your way into the here at
The devil carried the cross to Christ
On the back of a black angelic hood rat
On an anti low jack crack hat
I'm humble
But I'll rumble
With any given devil
On any given level
But must I put into effect
And black caught *[?]*
No don't test me
Checks from the ass to the throne
Grown, I'ma do it my way
Oh, by the way, I don't play
So what you say about this lost and found
In lust but bound
To get the stacks
From the last sex acts
Sack the Government tongue kissed the devils daughter
And sent native daughters to the slaughter
The last six chapters of an anti-nigga knock
Entitled life in the fast lane
Like death, in the last lane

I live, until the day I die
I live, until the day I cry
I'm dead, the day I lie

I'm not takin' pay off's
And lay off's
Knockin' G's off
From the tip off
Less academic callories
Hope to make a high price salary
I got 40 acres to comphiscate
I got a mule that can't wait to *[?]*
On who gets paid
And who gets layed
And who gets saved
And who gets sprayed
By burnt pale faces
Fiends in high places
Faces and faces chasin' traces and cases and cases of case suits

Gettin' loot
In a two piece multi national corporation noose
Around the neck of his pops
Got locked and dropped by a dirty cop
Stop

I got an attitude how do you figure
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga
Am I supposed to be a nigga

PUBLIC ENEMY

THERE'S A POISON GOIN ON....

for many is the wall....the millenium for many is the wall....the millenium for many is the wall....the millenium

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Dark Side Of The Wall: 2000"

Kill
Time is running out
Prophecy is a mean thing
The prophets are together
No one will be permitted to get in this area
Except by special pass issued by state or military prop
The year of our lord two thousand
Hysteria of music
The war will become a single machine
Then is a story about what happened and why
The explosion the explosion
Then is a story about what happened and why
Four three two one
Kill
The terrifying future
The terrifying future

This century *[x14]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Do You Wanna Go Our Way???"

Now what sound of my DJ cuts
Terminator's back on some ol' fools track
Takes a nation of sellouts to keep us back
Flippin disco raps used to be whack
Now what you hear is what you lack
Take a lil bit of this a lil bit of dat
Who dropped the bomb on hip hop
Who got biggie and who shot tupac
What's forgot / ain't no eazy, no scott larock
Now what's rap gotta do wit what you got
For whom the bell tolls
Is that the way the story goes
85% believing all the videos
God knows / who controls the radios
Some people chose the road to be hoes
And so i rose / in the middle of all the woes
And def jam / negroes turnin up their nose
There's one way in no way out
No doubt the body count
Gettin headz checkin out

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Time to make life shine again like glass
Gotta make it shine like glass

Outraged against the scene
Proofread the script
Flipped it back so I'm back in gang green
We interrupt this routine I had a dream
Da clean protein smacked the gangsta lean
Between the triple team
Wiped em out like a drought
Damn I'm raps tetracycline
Them lips foretold these apocalypse
Everything had a shot
And got hit wit bullshit
Twisted politics tricks I couldn't get wit
As one quits another nitwit hits
All the way crazy, shady

World turned upside down
I put it down
Why destroy what you love
Look around
Surrounded by chalk marks on the ground
Where the lost got found
Why it all come tumblin down
Why he and she gotta die
Now how dat sound

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

On & on to the break a dawn
Some the 100 meter dash I'm the marathon
Been around a long time
But the rhyme the same
Sound remains insane
Exchange the reign
Ain't that somethin
Figure I smashed the pumpkin
So I parallel the brains of cobain
Show no shame like the pain of kane
Gettin madd opposition hip to the game
It's that gran ol' pe ammo
Different time different channel
Funky piano
Here to witness get on up with a quickness
S1's in the house
Wit the thickness that get dis
1 2 3 4 5 attackin they frat
Griff is back got 5 on it black
The track got x on the decks
Terminators back cause a dat is whack
On the 1 and 2
Yeah go flavor
Pe hit the road gettin set to explode
Fight the power for peace
Can't forget the war mode
Overload
There she blows
Here we go
Now you know
Damn another alamo

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down
Do you wanna go our way
This the way we puttin this down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"LSD"

Told ya buffalo soldier
Fell to the ground like folgers
Couldn't hold the boulder
Fancy dancer paralyzed for an answer
In the hip hop game but the rap got cancer
Tumors poppin from the middle of rumors
Generation x be the end of baby boomers
Is the next generation headed for doom
Control the soul and you got a got a
Truck fulla fertilizer blowin up the spot
Think it's terrorism the border line's hot
Check the passports tap the telephone
Surprise they home grown
And one of your fuckin own
It's dat same ol shit - dat same ol game
From that same ol gang up to that same ol thing
Now what I see say you know me
I pour a metaphor of lsd

I don't know what yall thinkin about
But if you know like I know
You better strap on your seatbelt
Cause you in for a long ride

Now I be damn I been a man
Figure I never call myself a nigger
To get benjamans
What's love got to do wit what you got
Not a whole lot / no forgot oh this shit is hot
Spendin all the cheddar for clothes
Wit a sign foreclosed on the front mud
Lost in dominoes

Now the heads tell tales
How the dead bled and fled
Now they livin up in the bed
Instead they seize us like jesus
Married to the mob did a sloppy job in hempstead
Lord had mercy wanna curse me
New world order got my ass drownin in the water
Now what you stuck to the west
That funk to the east is phat
Atl be krunk dirty south
Thirty thou crankin trunks
Try to pass the test but to the rest they flunk
Now what be indebted
Better get over it

Those times and raps ain't never comin back
No future without a pass I kick ass
Rock the sox offa pandora's box
Is itany wonder why the clocks flavor got
Between rehearsin a verse my jaw lox
I set the bomb between the r & b scene
Go against the grain run up on the train
And so I parallel the brains of cobain
As hip hop brain made em spill the champagne
Make it plain the sound remains insane
Come the same no holes closin up the lane
Don't ask no questions on the simple level
Can the magic get shaq back
Knicks get van exel
Bold rap lyrics fuck whatcha heard
Not no lost and found nouns or half ass words
Turnaround funk power moves ruffs
I ain't never been cuckoo for no coco puffs
Lsd, set it free make em see the tricks
Rather try at 37 than die at 26

Lawyers no loyalties accountants no royalties
Lie for a lie I look em in the eye
History speaking lawyers should die
Kissed the companies and made them all cry
A new rap song and a real drive by
Why o why did the video die
The narcs and the feds got the pimp niggas fraid
Threat of the aids got the bitches afraid
The god damn white man got you afraid
Social service got your mama afraid
Scared of the fact before a niggas black
Some of you say nigga before you say crack
You got no back is what you lack
Just say black and I'll see where your ass is at

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Here I Go"

Here I go, I don't give a damn if you wit me
Stupidity, shit I'm the reverse of jiggy
All that prettiness running on empty
Only wusses need pity, no I ain't from the city
5 minutes of fame if you don't know my name
Oh yeah, I'm that field nigga they all fear
Here's a madd salute to all my troops
Fuck a lawyer and the law and all them suits
I spits and I vomit cause I come like a comet
Better quit it if yall don't know what yall gettin from it
Just forget it if you wit it, that racket runnin it
Come on come with it, I think I'll fit it
Go to war but what the hell I'm fightin for
As I soar yeah baby I like it raw
No cigar, I ran over the pop star wit my car,
Again and may the best jam win...

Here I go -- there you go

Bingo, it don't matter if this platter's a single
Needin needles like the beatles needin ringo
From the beginnin I told you how to see thru the linen
All that talk but that's the way
The side walks in new york
I simplify cause you might be high
Rip shit in the pit so what you don't like it
This is man shit a hip hop trip
On that aggressive tip but rap got pussy whipped
Got out psyched down on that turnpike
I knew this philly who just wouldn't get right
Cause I was aware as a square in delaware
Execs writing checks for sex in spandex
Radios gettin sucked by labels under the table
Mix dj's gettin overpaid for airplay
Try to shut me down like ray, what I say?
Fuck your friends and may the best jam win

Here I go -- there you go

Mirror mirror I'm finger pointin at the man
It is i, I interrupt the program
Chuck d rubberneckin with the fans
Pe don't give a damn about uncle sam
And on and on like I said before
Some, the 100 meter dash, I'm the marathon
Against the grain comin like a train
As you listen to the sounds that remains insane

One on one and it's just begun
To get out the ghetto and get something done
To be the man you gotta beat the man
Don't confuse me with being dumb or bubble gum
And I'll be here as you disappear
And I'll be around amongst the crowd
Cause anything I wear is a step on down
That's how I've always been
And may the best jam win...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"41:19"

I come out my crib
Walk out on the block it's hot
Yo there's a black car parked on the corner hot boys
Tnt be creepin, while niggas be on the side
Of the soda machine sleeping
Word up kid, they seen what you did
In the car parked way down the block with binoculars
That's what they got.
Helicopters parked out on the roof
10,000 disposable cameras taking pictures for proof
You know what this is
That all y'all, get on the wall y'all
Take your worth out ya ass in the stall y'all
Or you take a mean bad fall y'all
Tnt they be playin for keeps
Wipe you off your teeth like cavity creep.

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Bad boys bad boys what ya gonna do
If you get caught by our muthafuckin crew
Shot 41 only hit 19
They need target practice, that's what it seems to me
Ally al is sharpton dan a tack
I'ma be like ally al and fight ya back
What, do you want to go to war, you want war?
Do you want to go to war, you want war?
I'll bury all you cocka la roaches for breakfast
Shit you out and throw you in the water for the next fish
Cuz I can do that shit g
F-l-a-v-o-r f-l-a-v see.
To the highest degree times 3
That's what you get fuckin with my family

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Shootin at oj
Don't know if he did it
Racist mutherfuckers mad cause they ain't with it
The police get out the car searchin for nuthin
If you got sumthin, then they got you for sumthin

That's fucked up, the way they play dirty
Lock em up in jail until he's past thirty
They don't give a fuck about you
They don't give a fuck about me
I'm past thirty three
Word is born, born is my word
I got you before my word fails
Fuck whatcha heard
I keep it real, you never catch me fakin
When it comes down to money that's what I'm making
Don't try and take my shit yo, I know lex yo
I'll have a fit yo
I'll turn the whole mutherfuckin block on you yo
And that leaves you with nowhere to go
Secretly by the police you was hired
You my favorite customer I didn't know you was wired
A nik on the ground, covered by my feet
Ay yo rah get the heat

Word is born, your kids miss you when your gone
But life still goes on, you think they give a fuck?

Yo it's hot, what they got, 41 shots

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Crash"

People runnin on empty
Rock the sympte
Outside 2001
Other side of the sun

Running, here we go tumblin
Few solutions, honey they polluted the future
Got me thinking of a new thing
Revolverlution
Computer souls, controlled by confusion
You be clubbin, while the world around you crumblin
Think its funny? Bunch of crash test dummy's
If all this shit, means the end of my money,
This is a stick up, off go the pagers and celly's
Us dollar, ain't worth what it's printed on,
Backed by the pentagon, sounds like babylon,
So I babble on, some of us stuck
In them barbershops and them hair salons,
While the crash comin at your ass...
While the crash comin at your ass like a bomb.

Now it all comes tumblin, runnin
Time is runnin runnin crash is coming,
Break the bank, spinning since the beginning,
Now it all comes tumblin, crumblin
Time is runnin runnin crash is coming,
Break the bank, spinning since the beginning,
Willie dynamite, time to cry and no ice.
Y2k, fallin out of the sky, so its chosen
Your ice is frozen, don't cry dry your eye
Ain't this a bitch, fuckin glitch. Mother fucker what
The count down to my account, count it down
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, hush make that head bust.
Last hour no control tower
Making new may flowers, fightin new powers
Have you forgotten, the other side of rotten,
Picking electronic cotton diggin digital ditches,
Lookout, lookout for the crash...crash...crash..

Have you forgotten, have yor forgotten

Y2k, that's the question,
What the fuck is up got the 85 guessin,
I told y'all for y'all protection
Got me a name change, a pair of smith an wessuns
Starring crescents mad packed with the lessons,
Figure 5% got the 10 counting blessings

Programmed by programs got you bowingto the man.
Avoid collisions in mid-air, medicaid and welfare
Zero zero what the fuck do you care?
All the lights be out, you can't get nowhere.
All around, that's why I found tony brown
The world we know, it's going down...down...down...down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Crayola"

Stax of wax 55 high fulla tracks
New cats jackin beats from way back
Pay for play only way to get them platinum plaques
Clear the racks jobbers slobbin you for tax
Robbery and snobbery
Shit is killin me softly wit that same damn song
Makin folk dumber in the summer
A bummer when they shot willie in that hummer
Keep it simple stupid means numbers
Payola dough white owned black radio
Runnin on empty help go the desperado
So I bomb the toms and negros who pray to cash flow
No info to the masses as they shake their asses
No clue but I can't get my shit up in to you

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

All fucked up ways must fall
Now the industry can't stop me
A vendetta to make the whole game better
They get the cheddar
All I got is a fuckin letter
What I owe? What am I
Another number and a ho, they don't know
Time to see em go like dominoes
About time cause they endorsed the crime up in the rhyme
Got these new souls controlled goin outta their mind
Missed what I said cause they don't even own their own heads
Go one go all I forgot they made robots outta some of yall
Today all fucked up ways must fall
Today is up against the wall
Misled in the head fucked by quiet storms and love songs
Noddin heads too hollow forgotten tomorrow
Swallowing all that shit that's shallow
Give the baby anything the baby wants
But that's how them bastards get us up in them caskets
Try to get me where they want me
Before some of them jump me
Go tell em I'm a start a rebellion
Educate the felons easy on yeah
Tell em what the fuck am I yellin
No tellin you got them artists and artificials
If it ain't right I don't give a damn if it's sellin
Recruits chasin and racin for that loot

Usin usual drum loops so I salute my troops
I don't socialize or mingle, fuck the promotionals
And you know what and that g-damn single
And the marketing team for that matter
It don't matter
Dj's gettin dimes for time on a platter
I ain't gotta be high to jack so I hijack
Fm - radio - eff em turn it around muthafucka
Gods to niggas, queens to bitches
Race against time see em all runnin for the riches
Everything had its chance last dance
Some things change like them weather forecasts
Ha funny how shit don't last

Crayola with that same same ol shit
Crayola with that played playa shit
Crayola with that kid crayon shit
Crayola with them ol spray on hits

Public Enemy Lyrics

"First The Sheep Next The Shepherd?"

First the sheep next the shepherd
Chuck's run amok multiplying like leopards
Spots em up the long bombs a record
A long shot / 3 minutes 15 seconds
If I was cloned never would I be alone
Just the two of us mutherfuck the lexus
Strange fruit be hangin in texas
Rope be holdin the necks
Poison politics affects us
Get my flow on a show of flexes
Got too much love above
For the battle of the sexes
Now I won't go as far as romancin myself
Or dancin with wolves or runnin wit the bulls
Shit I be in two places at one time
Split spaces wit one rhyme
Get 3 nickels outta one dime

First the sheep next the shepherd

Fill generation gaps wit mad raps
Get slapped
Give four smacks the hell on back
Be the father son and the holy ghost
As I represent both the east and the west coasts
Whatever that's worth 360
The planet earth that's the whole black man's turf
Now I be the rational national
Ever present international
Spy wit the third eye against the conquer and divide
Now wit three of me I can run a country
Make apocalypse quit do mad shit on the side
I go on wit my bad self if I had four of myself
I would sacrifice two to get that slave outta you
In my eyes be the anger of the furious five
Flashbacks cut across psycho tracks
Been there done that and I swung a big bat
Like that there it is I be the startin six pack

First the sheep next the shepherd

The east to the west south to the north
The music might switch the rhymes never fall off
Non alcoholic avoiding the bomb
In abortion clinics I be the hero up in it
Jack the cracker dat did it
Now the magnificent 7

Hip hop gangsta rappin
Holdin it down makin it happen
From oakland to manhattan
If I was eight / I be damn great
City to city / state to state
Won't never be too much on my plate
Flow like watergate
Wit nine of mine
I'd get piece of mine
Again and again
Wit that power of ten men
Duplicated by the split
Of one mean gene an shit
Back to the lab
Wit them scientific crabs, what next?
3 minutes and 15 seconds

Public Enemy Lyrics

"World Tour Sessions"

Behold, the whole planet upside down
I put it down
Shuttin' down disco clowns
I get around
This rap games like a sport
Been through two passports
Assed up an airport
Black man still gettin' no support
Comepnsation we ain't seein
Split by Europeans
Damn, treated less than human beings
No matter, Africa, Brazilia, St. Louis or the Carribean
Traveled the seven seas
Rocked many races
Spread the cash clean trash in a lot of low places
Seen the look of love on many mad faces
When I rhymed about the times and not the paper chases
People all over the world givin' mad respect
When I identified who the Government wrecked
Plus the sound scan, as the company rep
They don't care they jus about keepin' they checks

Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows

Here the crime rhyme created a lot of robots
Can a real lyric fix the shit time forgot
Loops got ya brain gettin' locked load up wit words
That never meant a lot
And you can't call the cops
And y'all don't really know
And y'all don't hear me though
Takes a nation of big brains to break up that flow
And the game ain't changed
But the heads be rearranged
In danger, my language is rappin' in anger
I be bangin' so I point my finger

While we sleep
Races set us up like sheep
Everytime I go some place
Slaves in my face
Black people, in a plantation state
No control of our soul
And wouldn't know our fate
Now am I wrong to hate, hate
38 countries, 51 states
Now you tell me, who in the world gonna compensate
One hundred million laws
Make a nigga wait
Got bake the green to get food on the plate

Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows
Round and around and around we go,
Where the world's headed,
Nobody knows

Anti-slave aggression
Stop the world oppression
[?] an expression
World Tour Session

Use your own discretion
Teach 'em all a lesson
Have the Governments confessin' World Tour Sessions

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Last Mass Of The Caballeros"

Madd Topics
No You Can't Stop It
Like How Much They Paid For That Rocket?
People In The Hood
Really Ain't Got Shit
How Much Got Spent By The President
Where My Money Went
Livin Here Separate
Even Heads Gotta Nerve Yellin Represent
Beat Down Cribs Funky Ghetto Adlibs
Gadgets, Value Jets, Half Lit Cigarettes
City Limits
Put My Whole Soul In It
I Been Waitin Too Long To Get Where I'm Goin
Hatas Dissin This Flowin
Thinkin Ball And Rap
Is The Greatest Thing From Blacks
Hype Watch A Sucka Run To It
Seems Like A River Runs Thru It
Simple To Do It
Pass The Can Around
Try To Help One Another
The Pimp Got Tricks
That He Learned From The Other
Go By The Color You'll Discover
Damn Everybody Ain't No Brother

Just When You Thought It Was Safe
I'm Dubbing Madd Breaks On Ol CIA Tapes
Ain't No Stoppin Who
In This Country Tis Of You
It's Monkey See Monkey Do
Now In The Age Of Followin The Celebrity Rage
A 12 Gauge Flipped The Whole Page
The Score Lopsided In A One Sided War
Could Be More Then What You Bargained For
Six Pack Weasels Pumped Up By Their Own Press Releases
Till The Capital Ceases
Ain't No Difference Tween Black And White
Except The Green In Between Yeah Right
Know What I Mean
Spook That Sat By The Sound

Black Like James Brown
It's Been Goin Down
Spirit In Your Dark Ass Direction
Projection Controls Perception

Got You Guessin In The Art Of Deception
Indexes Confusin Rolexes For Rolodexes
Another Brother Fried In Texas
Spent My Best Pay Days Hittin Off Exes

Turn It Up Turn It Up

Analysis Of The Situations
Bringing Forth Alarming Revelations
Cigars 100,000 Dollar Cars / What
Most Of Us Do The Laundry In The Bus
Is We Blessed Cause Fast Foods Processed
Will The Last Be First Can The First Be Less?
Got No Leverage
Madd Thirst For The Beverages
Now The Funk Got Us Dead N Drunk
Got Your Drink On But Got No Think On
Now You Got Beef Wanna Knock Out Teeth
Against The Land Of The Lost / Gettin Tosses
6 Daze A Week Of Course To The Bosses
Old Timers / Preachin As Born Again Rhymers
In The School Gotta Walk Men
Graduates Can't Talk Man
Lyin Between The Chalk Man
Shakin That Money Maker
That MTV Honey Is A Faker
Let Ill And Al Take Her
Deaded Borders Separated By The Waters
Stats And Surveys / Be Off Like Saturdays
Madd Killers Reproducin Like Caterpillars
What's On Your Mind On The Welfare Line
Cuttin Medicaid Got Us Droppin Like Flies
Words From The Wise Comin From The Dead
Not Alive

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I"

I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in a parking lot
Far from a meal and a cot
On the corner
Where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brains on the brink of insane
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey
Know what I'm sayin
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out
Out standing on a corner no doubt
Now a nation of homeless
Sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims
Who said no more haitians
As I proceed
Someone to feed me is what I need
Through three blocks of dealers
Tryin to hit me off wit weed
Avenue and boulevard hungry as a Motherfucker
Hope to get a ride from a trucker
Everybody know I ain't no sucker
Everyone used to drop 30 at the rucker
Away from crazy kids in generation wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
Walk past old folks gettin no respect
Callin young folks a bunch a no good rejects
And I walk on

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

So I move on and I walk on
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on
Now why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be so I roll alone
I'm trapped within this skin and these bones
Temporary kings on cellular phones
Can I last as I walk past
Cigarette Billboards and Malt Liquor Ads

Walkin on broken bottles and potato chip bags
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from what they got
And don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and ya might get shot
Zombies askin me what the latest Bomb Bay
Should shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy
For ok in the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me is an industry
So I Walk
I heard the best things in life be free
Didn't god make the land the air we breathe
Not for the homeless don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it wit a bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again
Damn so I keep on walkin

An eye for an eye
I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I, it is I now who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I've been waiting so long to get where I'm goin
An eye for an eye in this country tis of thee
Now how the hell can I be free
Who this cat I'm lookin at
Cause I been lost so long without anybody knowin

Lil day day is big day and just did time
Seen him standin on the unemployment line
Which collided wit the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy her ass standin up in it
No more welfare cut her medicaid
Damn my mama used to do her braids
I keep walkin so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin any better than me
So I walk on never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walk pastast three brothers sittin on the porch
Wit a yard of dirt and littered wit Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on their ass
As I walk past em I'm a target of their laughs
And one said lets get em for his fuckin stash
As I walked fast past the other yards wit grass
Had a lil cash tried to make it last
From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a rally they caught me in an alley
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to Cali
I thought I had nothin till I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What What"

When flav starts to get busy
Grabbin the mic and they say who is he
Cock deezal breakdown like bill bixbie
When I think, yo I think in 360
Gimme the mic an I'ma solve all mystery
I dare any punk to try to step up and diss me
Cuz when he do, that's when he kiss dee
Titles go by and my style is fly
One more time I came here to rhyme
Gimme the mic and I'ma go for mine
So emcee's all a yall shut up
When flavor's in the house we say

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Now when I do my flavor dance
All the ladies go crazy in a trance
Nonstop booy from the clock on my watch
I can bring it from the bottom and take it to the top
Let me rock, come on let me get wit it
When I tell you what to get, don't get offended
Gimme the mic and I'ma bend it
Transmissions from the sky yo I'll send it
Times on my hands yo sometimes I lend it
Though I'm spendin it for a fact
I'll make you say what what
Cause flave's back

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Now everybody listen to flav
If you don't listen to me you will end up in your grave
Most of these people's rhymes is whack
But I got a bunch of rhymes in my napsack
Walk on my back with the black hat
Got the rhymes to come on the attack
Can't you tell that I'm really good lookin
They know me from miami, california
Back to brooklyn

Even in spain they knew flavor's name
In japan they know I'm nice in the game
We maintain yo brothers feel the vibe
We did the first album and it came out fly
And don't ask why you won't understand
Styles we got millions of fans
So come on get down like this what's up
When flavor grab the mic
I will rip your butt

What what

Let flavor blow it up
And if your ready to rock this party tonight
Somebody say what what

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Kevorkian"

Start a war on the poor gettin mad donations
Takin cheese out of poor nations
Got haitians still on sugar plantations
Wiped em out called it exotic vacations.
As you dig it they set up regulations
Turn the rest of the world into cancer patients.
What's the diff no buts ands or ifs...
Now i need a place to hide away.
Are you ready are you ready

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Killer man atomic b-boys in japan.
Another brother dies up in sudan
Kevorkian got the heads lookin for that kill em
Dead from the feds shit man
Contaminated in sad predicaments
Blood threats, blastin continents
Kings, queens dead presidents
Can't tell me where my chiza went.
Take em down blow the house down blaw
The evils got you wobblin like weebles
Thinking you equal, killin lost peoples
No sequal remember biko

Whose the real docs of death
Oh no it's doctor death

Whose the real docs of death
Killin millions til they're last breath
Got no right to be dead ass wrong
Killin me softly with your songs

Bring the noise
But surrounded by cowboys
Indigenous but wiped out
Diggin new ditches
Can you dig it
Turnin tricks at the tip of politics
The devils slick, gettin their head split
I spit at those hypocrites
So I sticks to the music
Think about it it's god
You better get with the scene
Keep you and I from being human beings
You deserve what you deserve,

If you believe what he believes
And into everything you leave.
Oh what a tangled web you weave,
When destroyed by the disease by 33 degrees
Bringing satan down to his knees

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Swindlers Lust"

[Flav] Yeah back it up
[Chuck] Vultures of culture
A dollar a rhyme, but we barely get a dime
Uh-huh, check it out

[Chuck D]
If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust? (GEYEAH!)
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hickory dickory dock
Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate (eheheheh)
Mo' dollars, mo' cents, for the Big Six
Another million led to bled, claimin innocence
Is it any wonder why black folks goin under --
-- cause niggaz be sold in bundles
No pressure, tell me why they don't care
Rap and R&B pavin the streets of Bel-Air
From the sales of singers, no longer here
The bigger killer, get the bigger share (eheheheh)
Now the ones I attack, negroes got their back
No, eighty/twenty is a wack contract
Forever lack, the voice of real blacks
Stole rock'n'roll and ain't gave it back (yea yea)
Started off my defense, now they're the ones I defend against
who fell up into the tricks
"Fuck the Fight the Power shit; get that Chuck D nigga fixed,
and keep him up out of the mix"
Well hell, tell em Chuck don't suck no dick
Be an ass, and that ass get kicked
Hand in my pocket, rob me for my chocolate
Watch em swindle yo' ass and turn a profit

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

They don't care about me, they don't care about you
They don't care about you and your crew
your family neighborhood and plus, heh,
they don't give a damn about us

[Flav] One thing about them, they like to exploit though
[Chuck] Vultures of culture
[Flav] They like to exploit little suckers

[Chuck] A dollar a rhyme -- while we barely get a dime

[Chuck D]
Profit off the soul of black folk
Turn em into bitches, niggaz, and stupid ass jokes
Laugh with us? Or laughin at us? That's what I'm guessin
We in the Rutgers program with that question

They came in and sat at the feet (uh-huh) of our ancient ancestors; they learned (yeah) they took it back.
They came back, then they imitated (right)
Once they got enough, they came back and destroyed

[Chuck D]
Laughin all the way to the bank; remember them own the banks
and them god damn tanks (god damn right)
Now what company do I thank? Ain't this a bitch
Heard they owned slaves, in a ship that sank

[Flavor Flav]
Aight aight aight aight yo yo
Where all the Louie's? Where my Louie's? Ehehe

[Chuck D]
If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

This to the blues people in the Delta
This for everybody in the 50's that didn't, get their money
Little Richard gettin half of a penny
All of the super soul singers of the 60's
All the bands of the 70's on the outside lookin in
All the people that didn't make a DIME
off their session playin
And even the rappers in the 80's and 90's
still tryin to get paid, from what they put in, yeah

If you don't own the master, then the master own you
Who you trust, from Swindler's Lust?
From the back of the bus, neither one of us
control the fate of our soul, in Swindler's Lust

Hmm..

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Kill Em Live"

All I wanna do is get paid back
For all that time I spent in the back
Livin in shacks, fillin up sacks of cotton
Now it's what we fought, you're makin six packs
There's some got our hope out of control
Of my soul, pass the Ol' Gold
Behold the pale horse, Supreme Court
Sweatin niggas like sports
Hunt a nigga for sport
See a nigga play sports, no support
On the outside lookin in
If that's what's up then I ain't never been in style then
Everything is anything, anything is upbeat of nothing
Once again, poisoned from the paper and pen
You better defend that bullshit on the other end
Fuck your own thing, if your own thing's the wrong thing
Fuck dem chicken wings
Last able man standing
Follow what? I ain't understanding
What's better to understand then be misunderstood?
Cos the FBI is up to no good
Power to the peeps who come with their own drum
And don't end up like sheep

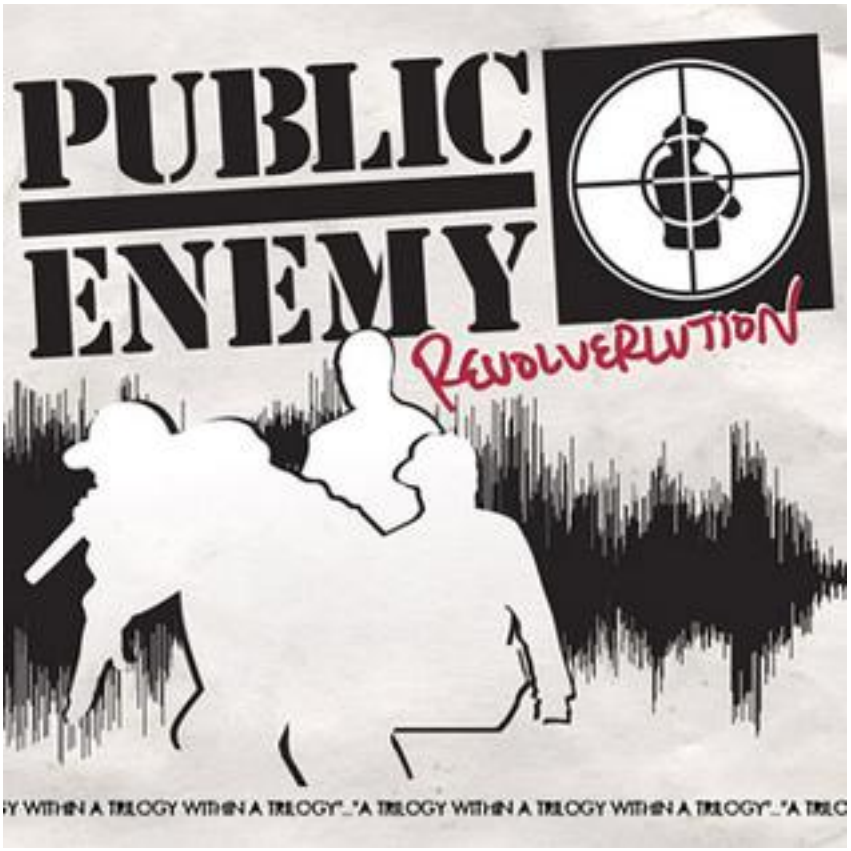
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)

Mad heads confused by the isms
Bustin caps incoginisms
Phone taps, makin sure they record ya
From my midnight plane to Georgia, uhh
Ancient to *[?]* player
The life giver, the name take-awayer
Propaganda can't gasp the last man standing
Assassinate all the plannin
Get wreck, what you see is what you get
To plunder more stars than Trek
21st Century Robin Hood
I guess the politics are robbin hoods
Fuck the Government 'cause you know that I would
Cos the FBI is up to no good
Power to the peeps who come with their own drum
And don't end up like sheep

(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)

Be a bitch is a foreign crime
Engine, Engine Number 9
Engineerin monopolies, triggers and uninsured jalopy's
Catchin more lock than companies
Engineerin opinion and policies
Herd following like sheep
Following of the sheep will be sheep
based on what they heard from their peeps, uhh
Able to straddle quick beats without a battle
Politician assassinated
Rappers get shot, quote Chris Rock
"To have, to have not" is the question
Yes, them 'have nots' be robots
All the sheeps have forgot
The 'haves' keep the 'have nots' guessin
under them Smith & Wessons

(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)
(Kill!)
(Kill Em Live!)


PUBLIC
ENEMY
REVOLVERLUTION
Y WITHIN A TRILOGY WITHIN A TRILOGY"..."A TRILOGY WITHIN A TRILOGY WITHIN A TRILOGY"..."A TRILO

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Gotta Give The Peeps What They Need"

What
Cameras
Action
Lights
Lookout
Civil rights
Whiplash
Po po
Fed killers
Killin kids
Crisis
Cmon
Get it now
Sound
Cointel
Goin down
Projects
Pop off
Issues
Payback
Sickness
Lockdown get it
Free mumia
And h rap brown

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[1x]*

What you know about soul?
If you gots none well loan you some....

Flow on
The project
The pop off
Low tempo
The go off

Co-intel
Better go to hell
About that time hear the bell
Gotta lotta nerve never knowin assata
Gotcha mind wadin in the water

Contract, they gotcha
Motown, stax
Bring that beat back

The sound

Free mumia and h rap brown
Sho nuff. goin down

Jamil al amin
Nah mean uh

If yall missin this
Its like dissin this
See your uncle sam pssin on this
He runnin real low on my sh#t list
Take em on out wit a quickness

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[2x]*

[instrumental break]

What
Cameras
Action
Lights
Lookout
Civil rights
Whiplash
Po po
Fed killers
Killin kids
Crisis
Cmon
Get it now
Sound
Cointel
Goin down
Lookout

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[4x]*

New breed of mceein get the flow on
Body mind soul
Enough to go on

Uh, better go on

Gotta get on so I can spit on
Guitar, the get on the pick on

Shuffle now
The popcorn
Free h rap, cmon

Nuttin new under
Better walk on

Uh, I get my talk on
Never knew it was funny
Getcha money on
So on and so on
Do it like mike, shumon

The original right here uptown saturday night, uh
Get it
But getcha head right
Yall dont know nuttin about this uh
Real thing hittin make your soul ring

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[4x]*

[instrumental break]

What
Cameras
Action
Lights
Lookout
Civil rights
Whiplash
Po po
Fed killers
Killin kids
Crisis
Cmon
Get it now
Sound
Cointel
Goin down
Lookout

Before you get whatcha want
Gotta give the people what they need *[4x]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revolverlution"

Here I am
Superman again
Cause you know damn well ill never be a manniquin
Here I go
On upload
Stand up and watch this game unfold
3 minutes to download
Revolverlution
Make your brains explode
With understanding,knowledge ,wisdom
Love,elevation and activism
Lets call it raptivism
Since a lotta mcees be stuck on isms
As in sexism
Self hate racism
Why many cats end up stuck in prison
New slavery
Is what you see
Is what you be
Mentality
Beyond realitys'
A fantasy
But the fantasy is killin me
I don't give a damn if you bounce to this
I don't give a damn if you shake to this
But I give a damn that you overstand
Revolverlution
The rapsuperman

The vinyl frontier
And I'm outta here
Have no fear some of these rhymes wear a cape
But the record don't fit on a stack of bush shit
Sick and tired of bein sick and tired
If what you want
Is what you need
If you can see yourself beyond the weed
Papa bringin on a new breed of emcees
Ooooh weeeee
Face it tell me why ex fans be hatin
The present state of the hip hop nation
Maybe its your president
And them corporations
Is why we in this situation
Son is dumb
So double up the drums
Here the beat go

Watch em all come
Damn
Revolverlution
The rapsuperman

The rap superman
Cut off the program
Raised the whole fam
Now that sounds hot
I stop the robots
Children of the gone who the grown forgot
Lost then found x lovers of hip hop
Who watched another artform
Gone to rot
Beyond the bush I save a lot
Under the underground
Sound of hip hop
Even if this joint gets hot
You'll still never ever know what I got
Revolverlution
Up in this spot
Now the rubber hits the road
Broke the motherlode
Download
And hear the beat go
Here the beat go

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Miuzi Weighs A Ton"

Yo Chuck, run a power move on them

Yeeaahh *[x3]*

Yeeaahh

Step back, get away - give the brother some room
You got to all turn me up when the beat goes boom
Lyric to lyric - line to line
Then you y'all understand my reputation for rhyme
Cause my rhyme reputation depends on what
Style of record my DJ cuts
His slice an' dice - super mix so nice
So bad, you won't dispute the price
Cause it's plain to see - it's a strain to be
Number one in the public I enemy
Cause I'm wanted in 50 - almost 51
States where the posse got me on the run
It's a big wonder why I haven't gone under
Dodgin' all types of microphone thunder
A fugitive missin' all types of hell
All this because I talk so well
When I,

[Chorus:]
Rock - get up - get down
Miuzi weighs a ton
Hold it *[x4]*

The match up title - the expression of thrill
For elite to compete and attempt to get ill
If looks could kill - I'd chill until
All the public catches on to my material - you know
The ducks criticize my every phase of rapture
Can't wait to read the headlines of my capture
Accused of assault - a 1st degree crime
Cause I beat competitors with my rhyme
Tongue whipped, pushed, shoved and tripped
Coocked from the hold of my Kung Fu grip
And if you want my title - it would be suicidal
From my end - it would be homicidal
When I do work - you get destroyed
All the paranoid - know to avoid
The Public Enemy seat I've enjoyed
This is no kid and I'm not no toy boy

[Chorus (x4)]

I'm a Public Enemy but I don't rob banks
I don't shoot bullets and I don't shoot blanks
My style is supreme - number one is my rank
And I got more power than the New York Yanks
If Miuzi wasn't heavy I'd probably fire it
I'd make you walk the plank if I was a pirate
If they made me a King - I would be a tyrant
If you want to get me - go ahead and try it
Snatcher, dispatcher, biter never been a
Instead of takin' me out - take a girl to dinner
The level of comp has never been thinner
It's a runaway race where I'm the winner
It's unreal - they call the law
And claimed I had started a war
It was war they wanted and war they got
But they wilted in the heat when Miuzi got hot

[Chorus (x4)]

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me an' on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder - seein' what I write
Hearin' what I say - then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Superstar status is my domain
Understand my rhythm - my pattern of lecture
And then you'll know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choise but to destroy
Soloists, groups and what they say
And all that try to cross my way
When I,

[Chorus (x4)]

Yeah, that's right
Public Enemy number one in New York
Public Enemy number one in Philly
Public Enemy number one in DC
Public Enemy number one in Cleveland, Ohio
Also where Public Enemy number one in St. Louis
Public Enemy number one in New Jersey
And bust it
Where also, Public Enemy number one in Cincinnati
In Atlanta

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Put It Up"

Cant understand some of these
Rhymin in circles
Now patroitic emcees
On bent knees
By six degrees
Lord have mercy
Even the voice of god rehearses
Attack of the 50 ft verses
Supermama this time around gotta few curses
Papa gotta new bag of cant get
Worse comes to worse
Cant get enough
Of tryin it
Sayin nothing goin noplace no time soon
But buyin it
Like gettin in a car without drivin it
Still black rock the wax like stax
I rip, I mix
Full screen like imax
So I max
Relax
Off the deep end
Get deep in the record
100 beats per second
Cut down the like rhymes
Cause they get redundant
Refuse to stoop to stupid
Cause they dumbed it
Down
Like motown
Say it loud
Damn
Like I'm the new james brown uh

Put it up *[repeat]*

Rocked the concoction
A potion of too much emotion
Uh, I'm a keep it in motion
Call it whatcha wanna
Bus stop, lectric slide cha cha
Funky 16 corners

Hot like jill scotts blues
But damn too old for 22s
But I can still move
Groove

Lets roll
You cant do your thing
If your things the wrong thing
Tax the payers
Stack paper
But you failed as an eighth grader
Dumb ass
Failed every math class
Plus I know this like otis
I like to know
Are you ready for some super dynamite soul
F -it thats how it gos?
Beyond the cornrows
If I cant talk, get to steppin
Tongue can be a tool and weapon
Listen

Put it up *[repeat]*

Tycoons
Damn I'm tired of these coons
Rhymin in circles
Words can either help or hurt you
Or be neutral
Cats still might shoot you
What suits you
If you gots issues
A thousand tatoos
Confused in 200 dollar gym shoes
Spendin more than u got
2002 blues
Give it up turn it loose
Ain't no use
Rest of you
Screamin rescue me from the residue
Fast break 5s on 2
Us against you
So what you gonna do?

Put it up *[repeat]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can A Woman Make A Man Lose His Mind?"

Yo, yo, check this out
Yeah, that's right, we're back in your face, what?
I gotta introduce
My homey, yo
We got Flavor Flav on the microphone

I was checkin' this big-butt chick's hot-n-fine (yeah)
And she was standin' in the bank on a cash machine line (aha)
Short 'n' cute, with the voice like a flute (yeah)
The Presidents are poppin', they head on the loot

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Hell, yeah!)
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (say what?)

Now, if it happens to me, it can happen to you
But it only happens to the ones whose love is true
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that (why?)
We'll be there up and make 'm motherfuckin' lift hat
Keep on lookin' good nigger, woah (whoa)

How you figure you can get one in yopa? (Hey, yopa)
Now, let me kick you the ballistics, G (why?)
All you gotta do, is just listen to me (me?)
Listen to Flav, I'll keep it real from now
To my grave, I got jumped on we both, man, brave (that's right)

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that

Thank you (ha, ha, ha)!
Come on, yo, I was only 'round on the block, chillin', yo
That was when legs swap, pop eat lows, pop blocked it
Talkin' 'bout that time at the studio
You know, I know you're not bringin' it, serious though (aah)

So yo, baby, let that nigger go (why?)
So we can do his thing (that's right)
So one day you can get your wedding ring (damn, fuck it)
Don't drive me up the wall, like raidin' to the roaches, baby (shit)
I'll let loose the secrets, still

From the navy- on that ass, baby (that's why)

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that (okay, love)

Co- come on y'all (aah)
Steppin' up through, ri- right about now (baby)
Co- come on y'all (aah)
Steppin' up through, do it like that (baby)

Co- come on y'all (aah)
Steppin' up through, ri- right about now (baby)
Co- (ha-ha) come on y'all (ha) come on y'all
Ste- ste- steppin' up through (baby)

Now, I'm gonna take two steps to the rear
And I'm gonna get the fuck outta here (why?)
And why not come back, baby? (I'm tellin' you)
I ain't tryin' to hear that shit again, yo (I'm tellin' you)

And why not come back, baby? (I'm tellin' you)
I ain't tryin' to hear that shit again, yo (I'm tellin' you)
And why not come back, baby? (I'm tellin' you)
I ain't tryin' to hear that shit again, yo (I'm tellin' you)

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?), and it's like that

Can a woman make a man lose his mind? (Say what?)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that
Damn right, 'cause it happens all the time (I don't know)
And it's like that (why?) and it's like that

(Okay, love, okay love)
(Okay, love, okay love)
(Okay, love, okay love)
(Okay love)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy Service Announcement #1"

Check this out
This is Chuck D of Public Enemy

And this is Flavor Flav, boy

Yeah
And if you want to fight the power
You have to be the power
Strengthen the mind
And bury the weapons that you need to win
Stay in school and stay away from drugs

That's right
If you don't wanna be a goner
Stay away from the drugs on the corner

Public Enemy salutes the youth of today
You are the power of tomorrow, boy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fight The Power"

"Yet our best trained, best educated, best equipped, best prepared troops refuse to fight. As a matter of fact, it's safe to say that they would rather switch than fight."

1989 the number another summer (get down)
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hitting your heart cause I know you got soul
(Brothers and sisters, hey)
Listen if you're missing y'all
Swinging while I'm singin'
Giving whatcha gettin'
Knowing what I knowin'
While the Black band's sweating
And the rhythm rhymes rolling
Got to give us what we want
Gotta give us what we need
Our freedom of speech is freedom of death
We got to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

As the rhythm's designed to bounce
What counts is that the rhyme's
Designed to fill your mind
Now that you've realized the pride's arrived
We got to pump the stuff to make ya tough
From the heart
It's a start, a work of art
To revolutionize make a change nothing's strange
People, people we are the same
No we're not the same
'Cause we don't know the game
What we need is awareness, we can't get careless
You say what is this?
My beloved let's get down to business
Mental self defensive fitness
(Yo) bum rush the show
You gotta go for what you know
To make everybody see, in order to fight the powers that be
Lemme hear you say
Fight the power

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

Elvis was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me you see
Straight up racist that sucker was
Simple and plain
Motherfuck him and John Wayne
'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud
I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back you look and find
Nothing but rednecks for 400 years if you check
Don't worry be happy
Was a number one jam
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here
(Get it) let's get this party started right
Right on, c'mon
What we got to say
Power to the people no delay
Make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Fight the power
We've got to fight the powers that be

Public Enemy Lyrics

"By The Time I Get To Arizona (The Molemen Mixx)"

I'm countin' down to the day deservin'
Fittin' for a king
I'm waitin' for the time when I can
Get to Arizona
'Cause my money's spent on
The goddamn rent
Neither party is mine not the
Jackass or the elephant

20,000 niggy niggy brothers in the corner
Of the cell block but they come
From California
Population is none in the desert and sun
Wit' a gun cracker
Runnin' things under his thumb

Starin' hard at the postcards
Isn't it odd and unique?
Seein' people smile wild in the heat
120 degree
'Cause I wanna be free
What's a smilin' face
When the whole state's racist?

Why want a holiday? Damn it, 'cause I wanna!
So what if I celebrate it standin' on a corner
I ain't drinkin' no 40
Thinkin' time wit' a nine
Until we get some land
Call me the trigger man

Lookin' for the governor
Huh, he ain't lovin' ya
But here to trouble ya
He's rubbin' ya wrong
Get the point come along
He can get to the joint
I urinated on the state
While I was kickin' this song

Yeah, he appear to be fair
The sucker over there
He try to keep it yesteryear
The good ol' days
The same ol' ways
That kept us dyin'
Yes, you me myself and indeed

What he need is a nosebleed
Read between the lines
Then you see the lie
Politically planned
But understand that's all she wrote
When we see the real side
That hide behind the vote

And they can't understand why he the man
I'm singin' 'bout a king
They don't like it
When I decide to mic it
Wait I'm waitin' for the date
For the man who demands respect
'Cause he was great, c'mon
I'm on the one mission
To get a politician
To honor or he's a gonner
By the time I get to Arizona...

By the time I get to Arizona...

Well I got 25 days to do it
If a wall in the way
Just watch me go through it
'Cause I gotta do what I gotta do
Be number one
Gets the job done

When it's done and over
Was because I drove her
Through all the static
Not stick but automatic
That's the way it is
He gotta get his
Talkin' MLK
Gonna find a way
Make the state pay

I'm lookin' for the day
Hard as it seems
This ain't no damn dream
Gotta know what I mean
It's team against team
Catch the light beam
So I pray
I pray everyday

I do and praise Jah the maker
Lookin' for culture
I got but not here
From Jamaica

Pushin' and shakin' the structure
Bringin' down the Babylon
Hearin' the sucker
That make it hard for the brown

The hard boulevard
I need it now
More than ever now
Who's sittin' on my freedah'
Oppressor, people beater
Piece of the pick
We picked a piece
Of land we deservin' now
Reparation a piece of the nation
And damn he got the nerve

Another nigga they say and classify
We want too much
My people plus the whole nine is mine
Don't think I even double dutch
Here's a brother, my attitude has hit 'em
Hang 'em high
I'm blowin' up the 90s, started tickin' 86

When the blind get a mind
Better start and earn while we sing it now
There will be the day we know who's down and who will go, go, go...

By the time I get to Arizona...
By the time I get to Arizona...
For he's a gonner by the time I get to Arizona...
By the time I get to Arizona

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Post-Concert Arizona Interview (U2 Zoo Tour)"

It's obvious that thousands of young people here agree with you
I think it's a difference between
New America and old America
There has to be a difference for us
To coexist with each other

And I think there's a new understanding
Maybe you can see that
And, uh, and the Presidential elections and debates
It better be new understanding going on
You gave lot of credit at the end of the performance
To the current governor, Fife Symington
You mentioned that, you felt he was in the right place?
Yeah, um, my statement is toward our total government
You know and even in the past government was leaching
But, um I think that the present government, governor made an effort
To try bring understanding to the people that
It has to take place in Arizona
To truly be representative of what we feel is good

For you to come back, Arizona has to do what?
Uh, you know, performing here
While there still is not a King Avenue
It goes against my present rules, and I just think that
No matter who you are principles should come from...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Son Of A Bush"

Oh no
Struck by greased lightning
F'ed by the same last name, you know what?
China ain't never givin back that gottdamn plane
Must got this ol nation trained
On some kennel ration
Refrain
The same train
Fulla cocaine
Froze the brain
Have you forgotten
I been thru the first term of rotten
The father, the son
And the holy bush-it we all in
Don't look at me
I ain't callin for no assassination
I'm just sayin/ sayin who voted for this asshole of the nation

Deja bush
Crushed by the head rush
15 years back
When I wrote the first bum rush
Saw you salute
To the then
Vice prez
Who did what raygun said
And then became prez
Himself went for delf
Knee deep in his damn self
Stuck in a 3 headed bucket
Of trilateral bush-it
Sorry ain't no better way of puttin it
No you cannot freestyle this
Cause yo ass still ain't free
If I fight for yall
And they get me
How many of yall
Is comin to get me?
None
Cause its easier to forget me
Ain't that a bush
Son of a bush is here
All up in your zone
You ain't never heard so much soul to the bone
I told yall when the first bush was tappin my phone
Spy vs spy
Cant truss em

As you salute to the illuminati
Take your ass to your 1 millionth party

Hes the son of a baaad
Hes the son of a bad man

Now heres the pitch
High and inside
Certified genocide

Ain't that a bush repeat ain't that a bush

Out of nowhere
Headed to the hothouse?
Killed 135 at the last count...texas bounce

Cats in the cage
Got a ghost of a chance
Of comin back
From your whack ass killin machine

Son of a bush ain't that a son of a bush

Cats doin bids
For doin the same bush shit that you did

Serial killer kid uh serial killer kid

Hes the son of a baaad
Hes the son of a bad man

Coke it's the real thing
Used to make you swing
Used to be your thing

Daddy had you under his wing

Bringin kilos to fill up silos
You probably sniffed piles
Got inmates in texas scrubbin tiles

That shit is wild
Cia child

Public Enemy Lyrics

"54321... Boom"

Can it be easy as 5 4 3 2 1
Damn sun
Heard it was easy as
1 2 3
We don't control the 3 e's
Still we be on the plantation
And you be in trouble b
Dizzy whirls and niggerlodeons
In the nigger time
24 duckin the war
No shirt on like
Wakin up at 3pm, no job
Ridin around on a bike
Hair half braided
Half combed out
Smoked out
Still braggin about
How cats gonna come up
Get that hustle on
While them babies born
Headed to the club to get more chicks, cmon

These rhymes ain't got
The glow of your normal
Fairytales
As another color passes
Another brother fails
No singin or blingin
Freestyle wingin
Beer can sittin around
Waitin for highlghts on espn
4 3 2 1 over it
Some Vince Carter dunkin on Mike, an shit
Get yourself together
Before these feds start
Scrapin
Heads off the street
Sendin cats to the middle of heat
Far in the so called middle east
Somebody gotta
Communicate
Beyond the beats

5 retail chains
Got your brains trained
To consume anything
With a bang and a boom

Gimme room
I'm sayin
It's a scam to pay for airplay today
But 4 major corps
Bought your support
Check the fine print
That cd you bought
Sony Time Warner Universal
Notorius BMG
No lie they just got EMI
3 radio corporations
Own all them so called
Black stations
While two tv stations
Gotcha kids waitin
WB we be
Hatin the fact
Every 5 seconds
Canned laughter
Rolls off the faces of blacks
U p n you pick a nigger
To make the problem
Nigger
As I await the one video arm
Viacom
To get bombed
No doubt

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Welcome To The Terrordome"

I got so much trouble on my mind
I refuse to lose
Here's your ticket
Hear the drummer get wicked
The crew to you to push the back to Black
Attack so I sat and japped
Then slapped the Mac (Intosh)
Now I'm ready to mike it
(You know I like it) huh
Hear my favoritism roll "Oh"
Never be a brother like to go solo
Lazer, anastasia, maze ya
Ways to blaze your brain and train ya
The way I'm livin', forgiven'
What I'm givin' up
X on the flex hit me now
I don't know about later
As for now I know how to avoid the paranoid
Man I've had it up to here
Gear I wear got 'em goin' in fear
Rhetoric said
Read just a bit ago
Not quittin' though
Signed the hard rhymer
Work to keep from gettin' jerked
Changin' some ways
To way back in the better days
Raw metaphysically bold
Never followed a code
Still dropped a load
Never question what I am God knows
Cause it's comin' from the heart
What I got better get some
(Get on up) hustler of culture
Snakebitten
Been spit in the face
But the rhymes keep fittin'
Respects been givin' how's ya livin'
Now I can't protect a pad off defect
Check the record
An reckon an intentional wreck
Played off as some intellect
Made the call, took the fall
Broke the laws
Not my fault they're fallin' off
Known as fair square
Throughout my years

So I growl at the livin' foul
Black to the bone my home is your home
So welcome to the Terrordome
Subordinate terror
Kickin' off an era
Cold deliverin' pain
My 98 was 87 on a record yo
So now I go Bronco

Crucifixion ain't no fiction
So called chosen frozen
Apology made to who ever pleases
Still they got me like Jesus
I rather sing, bring, think reminisce
'Bout a brother while I'm in sync
Every brother ain't a brother cause a color
Just as well could be undercover
Backstabbed, grabbed a flag
From the back of the lab
Told a Rab get off the rag
Sad to say I got sold down the river
Still some quiver when I deliver
Never to say I never know or had a clue
Word was heard, plus hard on the boulevard
Lies, scandalizin', basin'
Traits of hate who's celebratin' wit satan?
I rope a dope the evil with righteous
Bobbin' and weavin' and let the good get even
C'mon down
And welcome to the Terrordome.
Caught in the race against time
The pit and the pendulum
Check the rhythm and rhymes
While I'm bendin' 'em
Snakes blowin' up the lines of design
Tryin' to blind the science I'm snedin' 'em
How to fight the power
Cannot run and hide
But it shouldn't be suicide
In a game a fool without the rules
Got a hell of a nerve to just criticize
Every brother ain't a brother
Cause a Black hand
Squeezed on Malcom X the man
The shootin' of Huey Newton
From a hand of a Nigger who pulled the trigger

It's weak to speak and blame somebody else
When you destroy yourself
First nothing's worse than a mother's pain
Of a son slain in Bensonhurst
Can't wait for the state to decide the fate
So this jam I dedicate

Places with racist faces
Just an example of one of many cases
The Greek weekend speech I speak
From a lesson learned in Virginia (Beach)
I don't smile in the line of fire
I go wildin'
But it's on bass and drums even violins
Watcha do gitcha head ready
Instead of gettin' physically sweaty
When I get mad
I put it down on a pad
Give ya somethin' that cha never had controllin'
Fear of high rollin'
God bless your soul and keep livin'
Never allowed, kickin' it loud
Droppin' a bomb
Brain game intellectual Vietnam
Move as a team
Never move alone
But
Welcome to the Terrordome

Public Enemy Lyrics

"B Side Wins Again (Scattershot Remix)"

So here we go, y'all
Little by little you know
We got the power
And the knowledge to move 'em
And still rock
A super song for the cause so
Feel the load on your brain for the episode
And we just begun, it's number one, y'all
Brother Black, the B is back so check it out
And 'ya don't, I won't, if 'ya still, I will
Take 3 jams and hold 'em, this what I told 'em
To rock the other side, the sucker lied
Said, he would shock but never tried
And so I took 'em away, I never stayed, y'all
Called the Flavor Flav to make another record
To get played, he made a jam to get you stammed
Back to back in the place where the suckers are basin'
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore, we gonna roll it raw
That's what you but it for, c'mon
You roll in your ride, the DJ decides
To play it on the radio, the A side
He gives it a try but never gives it a try
And the people request the best on the B side
Food for the brain, beats for the feet
People on the dance floor, never claimin' a receipt
Had a good time rockin', rollin' on the go rhyme
The rhythm supplied by the superior B side
They had to twist and turn and shout
Turn the jam out, getcha' ready now, c'mon
The situation put you in to where you're sweatin' in
Hysterical B side, c'mon inside
Request the best to give a test and never give a rest
Your guess is good as my guess
And while I'm guessin' you're guessin', yo listen this is
A DJ to play to give a lesson and his name is Terminator X
And the sucker on the right gets cynical
'Cause the record's to the left and political
And you search the stores
Attack the racks with your claws
For the rebels without a pause
'Cause the B side wins again, again, again
Yo Black, some of you are all in
To make sure the crowd
Get loud wit' it on the dance floor
'Cause the B is pure sure
You never knew the crowd was this hype
But you thought we was that type

To start a riot, we ain't quiet
Kickin' a thunderstorm with a song
Why would we dare you to come along
Pump up the music, pump the sound?
Once again we gonna do it like this now
And while I'm throwin', you're goin'
And you know it's time for man on a mission
To listen 'cause he's in the house, he's Terminator X

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get Your Shit Together"

Now whats goin on
I don't know
Whats really goin down
Yall don't know
Between the east and the feds
Heads don't know
But you can bet
Some of these heads be the first to go
Between 18 and 30
Pray it don't get dirty
Now I got some new cats
Hearin me
That never heard me
11:30 do the math
Damn, here come the draft
But I'm at an age my fightin is half ass
Shee, my flags always at half mast
Need you ask
While some of yall laugh
But I see war lining these young cats
Up for bodybags
And these so called thugs masquerading in drag
Cause now the feds checkin all dem headrags
Hopin this gung ho thing last
Cold and dark is the weather
Peoples, get your shit together

Ain't even gonna fix my mouth to say chickens
Told yall in terrordome the clocks tickin
From all sides come the wicked
Governments
Fundamentalists
But how you gonna
Kill the innocent?
Between terrorists
And cia hit lists
Like my man uno says
Beware the false prophets
Gotta be smarter than this
They say war is a profit
With loved ones missed
But death is a debt
None of us ain't seen war yet
Be careful what you ask for
War is hell and hell is war
All them bling bling thangs throw em in the river
All that thugged out shit yall cant deliver

Seen four planes kill everyday folks
Guess 911 ain't no joke
Wall street cryin broke
Was it god
Or the devil itself
Who spoke?
Old vampires
Hit the new empire
Had the sky cookin
Brooklyn had no other choice
But to stare and keep lookin
City smile
Missin two front teeth
While some of yall
Still talkin them little ass beefs
Over who, what soundscanned

This month you sound scared
Guessin where the party at?
While downtowns wonderin
Where the bodies at?

How you sell soul to a souless people
Who sold their soul?
Keep the people from bein sheeple
Followin
Hollow voices
To tommorrows sorrow
Women have nurtured
And birthed the earth
Man has killed many
For land and worse
Women got a cycle thats spoken for
Man has a period, its called war
May the power go to
Everyday people
May war have no sequel, live..
Reverse the word you get evil
Cause people wanna live against evil
Avoid the third world war
Biological bombs
100 times worse than vietnam
So what you gonna do?
If you was on that plane
Both sides would've killed you too
To my peoples
Stay on your p's and q's
Get your shit together

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy Service Announcement #2"

Check this out
This is Chuck D

And this is Flavor Flav
And Public Enemy is lettin' y'all know about black history month

February is Black History Month
But we'd like to say that every single month
We should recognise the rich culture
And heritage of black people
Although the battles have not been won yet
We should be proud to take some time out this month
To explore the powerful and victorious lineage of our people

That's right so don't be a vulture
And learn your culture

PE salutes the history of black people
And the history that we are yet to make

That's right, not a mistake

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Shut Em Down"

I testified
My mama cried
Black people died
When the other man lied
See the TV, listen to me double trouble
I overhaul and I'm comin'
From the lower level
I'm takin' tabs
Sho nuff stuff to grab
Like shirts it hurts
Wit a neck to wreck
Took a poll 'cause our soul
Took a toll
From the education
Of a TV station
But look around
Hear go the sound of the wreckin' ball
Boom and Pound
When I
Shut 'em down
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
What I use in the battle for the mind
I hit it hard
Like it supposed
Pullin' no blows to the nose
Like uncle L said I'm rippin' up shows
Then what it is
Only 5 percent of the biz
I'm addin' woes
That's how da way it goes
Then U think I rank never drank, point blank
I own loans
Suckers got me runnin' from the bank
Civil liberty I can't see to pay a fee
I never saw a way to pay a sap
To read the law
Then become a victim of a lawyer
Don't know ya, never saw ya
Tape cued
Gettin' me sued
Playin' games wit' my head
What the judge said put me in the red
Got me thinkin' 'bout a trigger to the lead
No no
My education mind say
Suckers gonna pay
Anyway

There gonna be a day
'Cause the troop they roll in
To posse up
Whole from the ground
Ready to go
Throw another round
Sick of the ride
It's suicide
For the other side of town
When I find a way to shut 'em down
Who count the money
In da neigborhood
But we spendin' money
To no end lookin' for a friend
In a war to the core
Rippin' up the poor in da stores
Till they get a brother
Kickin' down doors
Then I figure I kick it bigger
Look 'em dead in the eye
And they wince
Defense is pressurized
They don't want it to be
Another racial attack
In disguise so give some money back
I like Nike but wait a minite
The neighborhood supports so put some
Money in it
Corporations owe
Dey gotta give up the dough
To da town
or else
We gotta shut 'em down

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy No. 1"

Yo Chuck, bust a move man
I was on my way up here to the studio
Ya know what I'm sayin'
And this brother stop me and axe me
"Yo wassup with that brother Chuckie D, he swear he nice"
I said
"Yo the brother don't swear he's nice, he knows he's nice"
Ya know what I'm sayin'
So Chuck, we gotta fill in
You turn him into a Public Enemy man
Now remeber that line you was kicking to me
On the way out to LA *[?]*
While we was in the car on our way to the Shot *[?]*
Well yo right now kick the bass for them brothers
And let them know
What goes on

What goes on

Well I'm all in - put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
1-2-3 down for the count
The result of my lyrics - oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap - 49er supreme
Is what I choose and I use - I never lose to a team
Cause I can can go solo - like a Tyson bolo
Make the fly girls wanna have my photo
Run in their room - hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid - so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My rap's red hot - 110 degrees
So don't start bassin' I'll start placin'
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind from a beatin' from my rhymes
A time for a crime that I can't find
I'll show you my gun - my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One *[x7]*

You got no rap - but you want to battle
It's like havin' a boat - but you got no paddle
Cause I never pause - I say it because
I don't break in stores - but I break all laws
Written while sittin' - all fittin' not bitten

Givin' me the juice that your not gettin'
I'm not a law obeyer - so you can tell your mayor
I'm a non-stop, rhythm rock poetry sayer
I'm the rhyme player - the ozone layer
A battle what? Here's a bible start your prayer
This word to the wise is justified
If they ask you what happened - just admit you lied
You just got caught a - for going out of order
And now you're servin' football teams their water
You messed with the master, word to Chuck
And I'll wax cold tax, made sure you got dome *[?]*
You just got dissed - all but dismissed
Sucker duck emcees - you get me pissed
It's no fun - being on the run
Because they got me - Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One

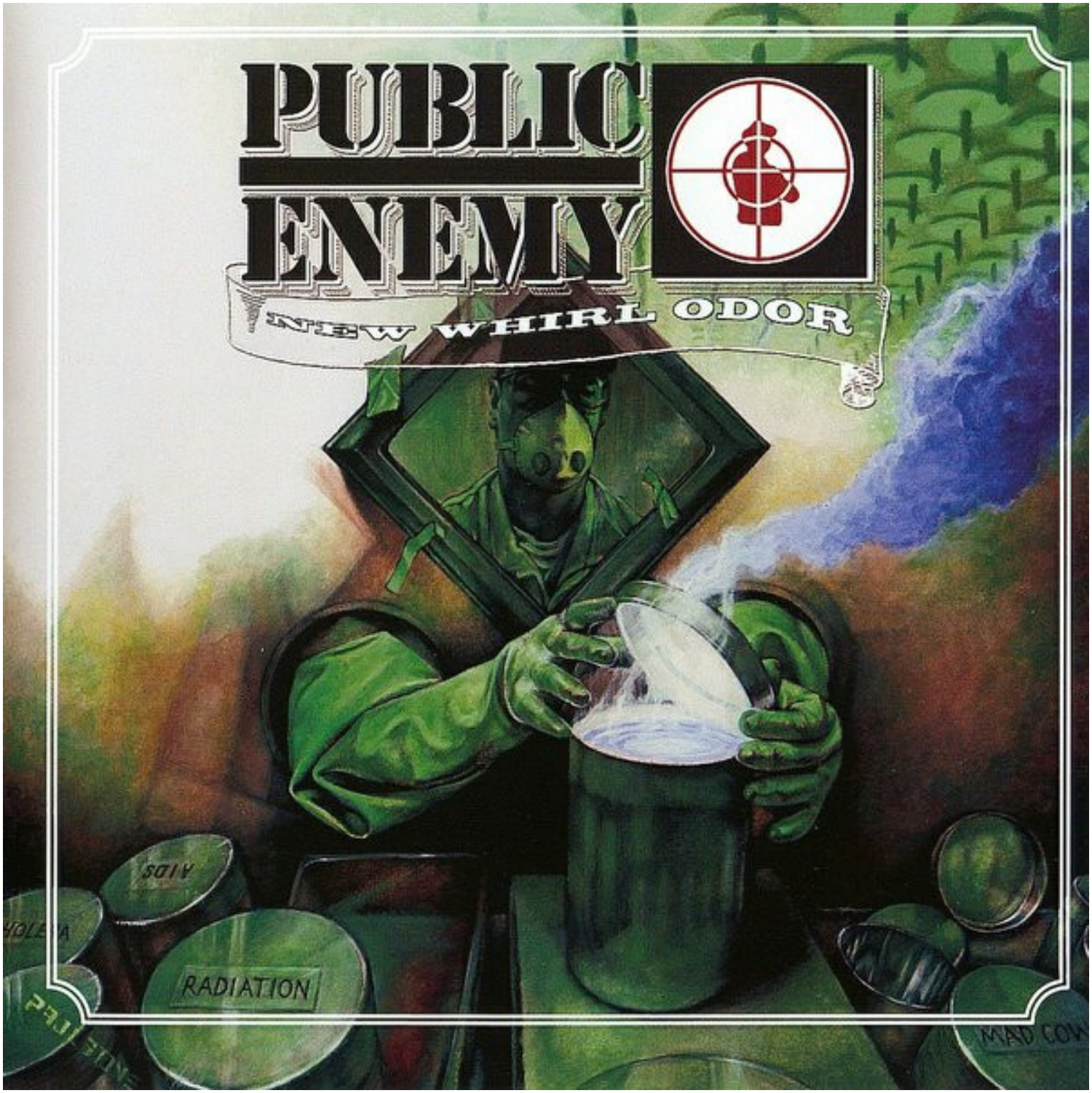
Don't you know, don't you know
I got a posse over force to back me up
Watch out, we got never the match
Ambush attack on my back - doubleteamin', get creamed
So we have us *[?]*
Wanna hear it again
We got a force - enemy down
The L.I. circuit sound
Ain't it Chuckie D, myself and KG - Flavor, DJ Melody
Oh yes, I presume it's the tunes - that make us groom
To make all the ladies swoom *[?]*
But it's also the words from outer region - a goldboy session
Kickin' like Bruce Lee's chinese connection
On stereo - never ever *[?]*
All wax - yes I'm talkin' about vinyl
They said stop freeze
I got froze up
Because I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

For all you suckers - liars, your cheap amplifiers
You crossed up wires are always starting fires
You grown up criers - now here's a pair of pliers
Get a job like your mother - I heard she fixes old dryers
You have no desires - your father fixes tires
You try to sell ya equipment - but you get no buyers
It's you they never hire - you're never on flyers
Cause you and your crew - is only known as good triers
Known as the poetic political lyrical son
I'm Public Enemy number one

One - One - One
One - One - One
One - One - One

Yeah, that's right Chuck man
That's what you gotta do
You gotta tell them just like that
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Cause yo man, let me tell you a little somethin' man
These brothers runnin' around - hard headed
Makin' a little jealous
Ya know what I'm sayin'
Just like that, ya know
They try to bring you down with 'em
But yo Chuck, you gotta let 'em know who's who in the world of beat
You gotta let 'em know that this is the 80's
And we can get all the ladies
And in the backyard we got a fly Mercedes
And that's the way the story goes
That's just the way the story goes
Let me tell you a little somethin' man


PUBLIC
ENEMY
NEW WHIRL ODOR
AIDS
RADIATION
MAD COW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"...And No One Broadcasted Louder Than... (Intro)"

[Show reporter]
I'm not going to lie and act like..
I have always thought.. all Hip-Hop or Rap was the world's greatest thing
But Public Enemy.. made me realized..
that all Rap is not the same
They made the world listen
They articulated the frustrations and anger
of the Black Community, more importantly;
They changed the perception of what Hip-Hop could be
Chuck D said: that Rap was the CNN of the Black Community
And no one broadcasted louder.. than Public Enemy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"New Whirl Odor"

[verse 1]
Check that soul in
Tape is rollin
Black dont crack
Where the party at?
Stax, jumpback
Wax them tracks
Barkays cut it live
Like 45s
Strong songs survive
On records
95 beats per second
Get it mike on the guitar cmon wreck it

You go ooh ahh there go them superstars, of soul
20 times better than gold, stax,
Keep it here
Cuttin them tracks, relax
Pop them fingers, play it barkays
Jumpback baby
Soul gotcha crazy
Cold feet thanks
For the groove
And them bomb beats
To make me move

Color of dead
Looks like the future is history

Why you dissin me
Aint no mystery

On the outside peekin in
End of your freeride
No way you can win
Beginnin of the end

Of your liberal friends who pretend

Everythings changed
While nuthins changed much
Uhh this is chuck

Stays to the left of this
And to the right of that

Just black where my mind be at

Shit wheres the rest of my cats?

High trees catch a lotta wind my friend

My shits in a bind
Fine line between aware and blind
Dont mind
Some of them aint got a mind

Mind over matter

They dont mind
And we dont matter

[verse 2]
I flock to refugees
Who flock to me

The roots the coup
And kick aside the genocide and the juice

Comedians actors nuclear reactors
Players and ballplayers
Singers dancers and rhyme sayers

Why do us like you do
Ska doo
Fuck da residue
Frustrated 5 on 2s
No breaks for madd crews
Nowwho the fuck is you
Sick a you

Community hoesis
Who posin as moses
In street clothist
Who be the closest who blows it

Every ryme be for the future of mankind

Crazy heads cuttin off the dreds
Ruin health
Wit no knowledge of self

Incomin taxes breakin backs off a blacks

Who done 400 years in this abyss?
And so im pissed the fuck at this new whirl odor
So i piss

[verse 3]
Some things in the air
When the smoke clears

Will it only be white folks and black jokes

How many be gone

If they bomb barbershops and hair salons

Time to dot com

Before they rub out clubs
Where you get your drink on

Mother father sister bro
Love is the message

But war be the front page
In this mess-age

Ghetto celebs spread by the hundred
Macked by the same tactics
Wit us in a tundra

Goin under

Avoidin cries from sodimized

Society

Scary getting screwed without a dictionary

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Bring That Beat Back"

[verse 1]
Played in cincinatti
Wit my whole head nappy
Made a rally in the street
Wit nothin but a beat
Gotta grudge against a judge
Kick em out that seat
You are what you eat
So what you eatin
Same message to your mind
Be self defeatin
Sick n tired of bein sick
And tired of bein beaten
Saw em drop it like it
Was way too hot and too fast
For hip hop doo wop rock or bop
Aint here to hurt you
Dont hang in them circles
Government aint got me
Yet so yall dont stop me
See a stampede of fake cats
Runnin from bill cosby
What does he gotta do wit you doin you?
Yall know what?
Dj lord gimme that cut
Bring that beat back
Thats whats up

[verse 2]
Feedback from truly
Freedblacks
Gotta think outta this
Box of hard knocks
Lined em up at fort knox
To die in iraq
You dont know i rock?
What you under a rock?
Old cats beggin us to bring that beat back
Each generation thinks
The next one is wack
Jumpstarted in the daze of crack
R&b reagan, daddy bush
Way the hell on back
Pray to god
Feel like i got a church in myself, good god uh
Cant get no help
I say again healthcare cutback

Sht is wack
Bring that beat back

[verse 3]
They say the youth dont matter
And the old dont mind
It takes a lotta spine
To build all them young minds

Some of us get ghetto at the wrong damn time
Album what? we just makin one at a time
To save another brother whose life on the line
A big shot to claim some rocks and shine
Signs of a soul gone solo
Robbed blind
A very small part of half the worlds crime
Runaway child blown by an old land mine
Little ones workin in diamond mines

So cats can say whats hers and whats mine
Diamonds is girls best friend
So whys he cryin

[verse 4]
See when yall hear it get near it
And you recognize the lyrics
You trained to refrain
And you start to fear it
Escapism
Like today there aint racism
Obviously yall aint see
Black folks on tv
Judgement calls
Made on behalf of you and me
Or you and i
Do or die
I say an i for an i
Dividin line
Got the poor people
Payin for crime
Corporations gettin paid off our jailtime
Now yall can tell russell
Yes i knock the hustle
Cause 2 million in lockdown
Under federal muscle
Beyond the streets
These kids is always watchin
Watching some of these jerks when they go berserk
So i work

Public Enemy Lyrics

"MKLVFKWR (Make Love, Fuck War)"

(feat. Moby)

Moby pemoby pemoby pemoby pe

[Chuck]
Just gonna drop this on one of them moby beats
Here we go

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright/ yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Fingers in the air
Like you really give a damn
Peace sign up
Lemme hear you say yeah

Power to the people
Put your hands in the air
Peace sign high
Like you really do care

Fingers in the air
Like you really give a damn
Peace sign up
Lemme hear you say yeah

Power to the people
Put your hands in the air
Peace sign high
Like you really do care

Cmon
Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Rather be sittin just a gettin it
Power to the people not the governments
Capitalists,communists, terrorists
Swear to god i dont know the difference
Makin new slaves outta immigrants
Wanna know where all that money went
Another trillion spent by the goverment
Here the bomb go. sent by the president

Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

Tell the leaders
They gotta feed us
Grand theft oil
Gonna bleed us
New whirl odor
Doesnt need us
Call for peace
Better heed us
Dictators
Human haters
Hand on the bomb , mass debators
Finger on the button infiltrators
Mklvfkwr
Peace will save us

Cmon

Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air

Allright / now

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / now

[Flav]
Check one two we want everybody to put this sign up in the air
And at the count of three
Everybody tell me what this sign means
Peace

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright now/

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright / yall

Cmon
Put your hands in the air
Allright now/

Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace
Power to the people
Cause the people want peace

Public Enemy Lyrics

"What A Fool Believes"

[verse 1]
Power to the people

Cause the people want peace

Have no fear

You're safe right here

You are protected

You are respected

The people gotta voice

The people gotta choice

The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what

A fool believes.....

[verse 2]
Who the government?

Who the terrorists?

Where the hit list?

Pump the raised fist

Make em spread the wealth

As long as you got your health

Cause I know I cant get no help

So I jump back and kiss myself

The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what

A fool believes.....

[verse 3]
Swear to god
You thought the yard was hard
Come get your god with a credit card
Preacher lyin on the truth to raise his roof
Cmon holla preacher flow got yo dollar
Devil succeeded in never
Givin you what you needed
Playin with religion
So the people believe it
They playin with god
While preyin on god
While you prayin to god
They playin with god

The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what
The who, the when, the why, the what

A fool believes.....

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Makes You Blind"

1234567
Rap like hell make it sould like heaven
7654321 zero
Black supermen is back as your hero
Here ye , here yo
America the beautiful
Beatiful, the plentiful
Now lookin sorta pitiful
A third of the world at war
Wait a minute
Gotta take care of the rock if yall wanna live in it
Medicine and medicare
Cause they dont care
Your favorite millionare
Is high up in the air
See em every where
But they aint there
So rally and protest against the world in fear
People people
Can we take it to the square
You dont matter
And they dont mind
These be the things that
Makes ya blind

[verse 2]
Uh pimp or preach
Same thing
Nuttin worse
Than a new black church
Lyin on the truth
Cause it hurts
Black man came first
In the sweet name of jesus
Cost me a dollar
At the flow of creflo
Like how the hell he supposed to know

I see they ass

Runnin to the radio
And the tv issues and views
Shaped by one sided news
Got us like
Planet of the apes
Under cds and tapes
Preachy

Young cats askin ol heads
Teach me
Over beats that reach me
Radiation of a radio tv movie nation on your gdamn mind
Makes ya blind

You dont matter
And they dont mind
These be the things that
Makes ya blind

[verse 3]
Now yall keep on bouncin to
What i said
These are the facts that gonna blow your head
Yall know what i said
When i say no to thugs
Thug life runs at the top
And yall thought it was pac
These government gangsters
Makin robots
Who forgot
Hypnotic in a
2000 by 3000 mile box
35 year olds lost in a x box

Playstation and videos

So thats how it goes

World begins and ends at the tip of your nose
It aint eminem
Its m & m & m
Mcdonalds mtv and microsoft
Cant you see they
Got the young strung at a cost

Yes that treacherous 3 go off, go off

You dont matter
And they dont mind
And these be the things that
Makes ya blind

[verse 4]
So i pray to god
Life and health
Feel like i got a church in myself
So i jump back and kiss myself
Cutbacks lookout
Cant get no help
Hands in the air
Bush and blair dont care

While the unaware,
They just stare

This nation said screw the organization
Of the united nations
Cross tv stations
And they sent to the masses
They consider them asses

Take a look at the world
Another son of a bush disaster
Do the math
Cause the loudest they comin after
These same cats who wiped out half of africa
And you dont know the half
Have nots robbed by the haves
Signin new money like signin autographs
Mcdonalds billions sold
America billions told
Houston we have a problem
Isnt this a bitch
When i wanna hear blues
I turn on the news
See the rich get richer
And the poor keep bitchin
Buckle down
Knuckle up
When times is rough

You dont matter
And they dont mind
These be the things that
Makes ya blind

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Preachin To The Quiet"

[verse 1]
Celebrity the new drug
In america
Gotta have it
Gotta be it
So the young ones see it
Watch out now
Looka here now
In these get rich or die tryin times
Greed that i see
Got these cats
Whipped by tv
3 generations of fatherless women
We drownin instead of swimmin
This aint what yall asked for
Thats what they locked ya ass up for
And closed the door
Beyond these streets
These kids is always watchin
See it aint been the same
Since teen summitt left the game
Off the air, who cares?
Now kids get programmed
Ask their peoples
Who buy them almost everything the stars wear
People see , people do
See the new pied pipers
Got a hold on you
Back to the boogaloo
Get a shot
So you wont catch the flu
Dont get shot
And get a hole in you

[verse 2]
Im talkin advanced
But goin back at the same time
Rewind
So what, some of this song dont rhyme
Like i said
Most of us get ghetto at the wrong time
Fear
So leave a little room for god
Up in here
Back in the day
Even real pimps, hustlers, players
Told young cats

Cmon get their lives on track
These raps you hear today
Is a bad ass act
Im here to tell it
Like it ought to be
It aint no kids fault to me
35 year olds
Actin 16
Know what i mean
You dont work, mean you dont eat
You need more than a ball
And some bomb ass beats
New kicks on your feet
Need your mind in these time
To compete
Make your world complete
Sweet not sour
Thats what they really call fightin the power

[verse 3]
Here it is , no fable
I put it all on the table
Spendin my time
Identifyin whos behind
Some of these labels
Who profit off the spit
Some of the same way same cats
That owned them ships
Yes
Its a business
Butslavery was too
Prison industrial complex
New slavery lookin to own you
Ownin the labels , stations, jails and cemeteries
Thug life
Turnin hip hop into a one stop shop
Somebody behind
Makin up your own damn mind
Signed , sealed delivered
In a nigger package
So dumb you cant hear
The ignorance protected
By the backpacker
Who co signed the say so
Claimin they dig the flow
Filled wit jim crow
Return of the old negro
How you gonna say no to drugs
If you dont say no to thugs
See the government
Sweep it deep
Under the rug

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Revolution"

[Society's verse]
We was raised in these streets on pork and poison meat
Now i recognize the beast and bare the mark of the gold teeth
Puff on the rolled leaf and bust on the police
While yall playas are fakin bacon we cook the whole beef.
I put it down plain, i stimulate the left and right brain
Cell by cell and frame by frame.
Names, dates, are all inmaterial. i big dick sick ryhme killer like cereal. i
Burn like venerial, and spit that imperial wizardry that climbs right through
The curcitry.
Choake your team for their cream but that's as far as we go
Drop shit like seaguls and smash your little ego.
I get visions like stevie and coleco,
Give me 2000 live people
One late show no seaquel.
Aint no equal in the flesh
I been through more evil than men do.
Nasty off the head and with the pen too!

[Chuck's verse]
Now im pissed
Easy to rhyme on tracks like this
The more things change
The more they remain the same
These games them vidiots
Playin on the brink of insane
Must be a hockey rink
Lost in their drink
In pursuit of plain jane
I think man they think a revolution be pretty in pink
Now in these new tracks
Some of these cats dont know how to act
All them criminal acts aint got nuttin to do wit rap
One hand cuffuffed behind them backs in black
Quiet riot ,yall cant hear one hand clap
Revolution is more than what you hear and what you see
The mass reintroduction
Of society to society
Together we got 100 years of sobriety
These clones
Who be flippin like new phones be surprisin me
Turned out
They happy just to be in the house
So im a call emout
I aint no church mouse
Luvout

[Griff's verse]
I master rap
Write a 16 and half of that
Then eat some mix greens after that
My raps niggerish black like licorice
While wack rappers get rich off some jibberish
The hoods begging for deliverance"g"
I'm just a hood figure to deliverance this
L y should get into the "sy"
I'm thinkng me and pe should have passed it on
Society's the menace
He get's more love than tennis
On the road to riches
Cause revolutions expensive
Finance whips. finance clips spend our chips
In the ghetto raising rebelz with some fine azz tits.
No champagne no campaign no ice on my wrist
While bred'z dipp'n on fedz sipp'n on crys
Out of my mind ethiopian wine on my lips
Still aint signed the master mind
The masters mine. hey!!!!

Back in your dome where the rebelz rome
The greatest weapon in the hands of the oppressor is the mind of the oppressed

Public enemy the 7th octave we out

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Check What You're Listening To"

[verse 1]
The Black falling down, its goin down
No subject matter, I dont hear it goin around
Minds over matter, they don't mind cause
We dont matter, DJ Lord's on the platter
Cant shake this, the gott-damn matrix
Got actors winning politics, the tricks
Got hot chicks in the back of of wack ass rap flicks
Called videos (hoooo)
Turn off the got-damn radio
Cause they dont show yall what yall need to know
Cant fade it though, Lord don't fade it yo
Year of the Lord, make love fuck war tour
After before 2004, I swore
Dj Lord come bust down the door
Los Angel-less, New Jack Pity
They say fuck the sticks cause they be the city
Homeless sitting outside smellin shitty
Thanks for not giving a got-damn thing pretty
So called land of plenty, can't spare a penny
It's the have nots against the haves,
Is you wit me?

Check What You Listening To

[verse 2]
You might be cuttin tracks
But he's cuttin edge
The sword of Lord high like Phil Upchurch
Through the verse, the truth hurts
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph
Lord, don't make him mad
So I spit, how loud you want it to get?
Cold sweat.
2005 flicks, new trips through dirty beats
Hits and all those bass kicks
Lookout yall,
Cmon, cant forget to kick this
If the shoe fits get with the ramblin wreck
Check it, to stomp out
All dem nitwits Chuck D stylin
Don't you know where?
On the new Buckwhylin
Cross the Land, cause the band
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam
Yes they can can, beware the man
Take a stand yall, wreck the plan

Check What You Listening To

[verse 3]
One foot stuck in the rave
Millennium dance craze
Cross fade to the new phase
Like the old days, twisted in convoluted systems
Existed in the beats of wisdom existance
Cross the Land, cause the band
Hits the fans, watch them all SLAM the jam
Illegal beats, frisk him
Find not a pop thing with him
Multi-ethnic like a prism
Cant hear this?
You in audio prison
Hands be whizzin, cross the wax
Movin tracks from across the tracks
Through your mind he attacks, DJ Lord.
Scratch the gospel, tell them wack ass beats
They can go to hell, 'ding'
The rave bell
See the crowd swell, got even when the needle fell
Still heard them cuts over the yell!
Through the verse, the truth hurts
From the aftermath of that sonic autograph
Mr Chuck, DJ Lord attack the tracks
Yall CHECK WHAT YOU LISTENING TO....

Public Enemy Lyrics

"As Long As The People Got Somethin To Say"

[Chuck verse 1]
We dont control sht
No education
Enforcement
Economics
Depending on governments
Forever in a plantation state
Damn this is why i hate hate
Wanna do something for the people
Make us equal
Instead of creatures
Who got human features
Let the whole world reach you
Things classrooms cant teach you
Now can you dig it?
Sing the song till we all get along
Feed the poor
Damn the law
When they trained em, taught em
Killed em when they caught em
Set up wet up
When they no longer could afford em
Put disease across the seas
Got the third world on their knees
Get it
As long as the people got something to say

As long as the people got something to say

[Griff verse 2]
At this critical junction the administration can't function
Taking our civil liberties over high price luncheons it's nothin when your considered a sheepole
As long as the people got something to say
"We the people"

They need a war to justify the taking of lives, they manage the lie behind the lie behind the lie.
Now you can't run and hide it's high tech genocide
They never taught you the truth or how to survive
They clone doctors to put a spin on it
Hip hop heads to shook to pull the cover off it.

It may effect there sales tip the scale
The way it looks they'll end up dead or in jail.

We busy spinning and grinning on 26's you sitting
Change your god for your wealth thinking heaven your gettin.

You must be pre-sistance in mass resistance
Love thy enemy and make this committment
To engage in struggle, with a clench fist lift it
Be true to self before the GOD end this.

Yo! Public enemy we back in your.....

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Y'all Don't Know"

In the whip, try'n to a grip on how to bring the next and the new shit brain lit.
No pen no pad this the sickest, Illest thought I ever hade thoughts of my ole dad.....

According to the word on the streets
The votes were bought to insure the presidency lets see.

The election was privatized co-operation control the votes right before your very eyes
Rienforce the lie, on CNN, fox, 9 live at 5 @ 5.

As far as the public domain,
National elections have been takin out of the public Brain the publics insane.
The facts still remain the same

The bushes are dummer and dummer
7 take away 1 in the brain nummer and nummer
They capitalize off the fear of the people
Hip hop in the head of the people lethal

Yall don't know yall don't know
What you talkin bout
Yall don't know yall don't know
So what you saying
(Come on come on)

Like the chickens coming home to roost
It's not a Question of why but what party you choose

(The Governments the enemy)

Don't know about you but it's clear to me
Uncle sam wants me to be all that I can be to keep his enemies free.

Yall don't know yall don't know
What you talkin bout
Yall don't know yall don't know
So what you sayin

I got a black thought to send ya!
Bush N Kerry the New world Oder Agenda's in ya!
And it's a well known fact.
The next election you'll vote Republicrate
And that's a fact and ill bet a stack on that

Shhhhhhhhhh those are the lies and the liars that tell them, liars that lie like the lies they tell them.

Here's all the news that's fit to print
From the mind of a pro black militant.....uhhhhhhh

Yall don't know yall don't know...

Bio micro chips in the arms of pimps
Snitches aint shit along with the trick
The shady bunchcan get the dic-tionary
It's very neccessary that tom got me out on the ridge homeless with nowhere to live.....they fig
They called me the last NIG so I brought the noise and still lived.

The beast restored a puppet regime population 8 point 9 human being beings
Mental cap of a black it's a fact
Done deal dude it's a RAP.

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Supermans Black In The Building"

Jump back poppin that track
Gonna wreck it now

Watchin yall --to the record now
Catchin yall attention
So shake it now
Oh no find my flow
Gonna break it down
Came a long way
You cant take it now
--regulatin on the regular
Do your thing. on the floor
Can you kick it now

Do your thing
Do the damn thing baby
Cmon bring it now
Go back like 8 tracks and cadillacs
Way before crack even similac
Hell wit the wire taps
New booby traps
Hear the hand claps uh
Where the party at?

Do the damn thing
Getcha gravy on
Cause i be gettin it down
And your crazy on
Go on and on an on till the break of dawn
I give a damn
Cause damn is ya baby gone

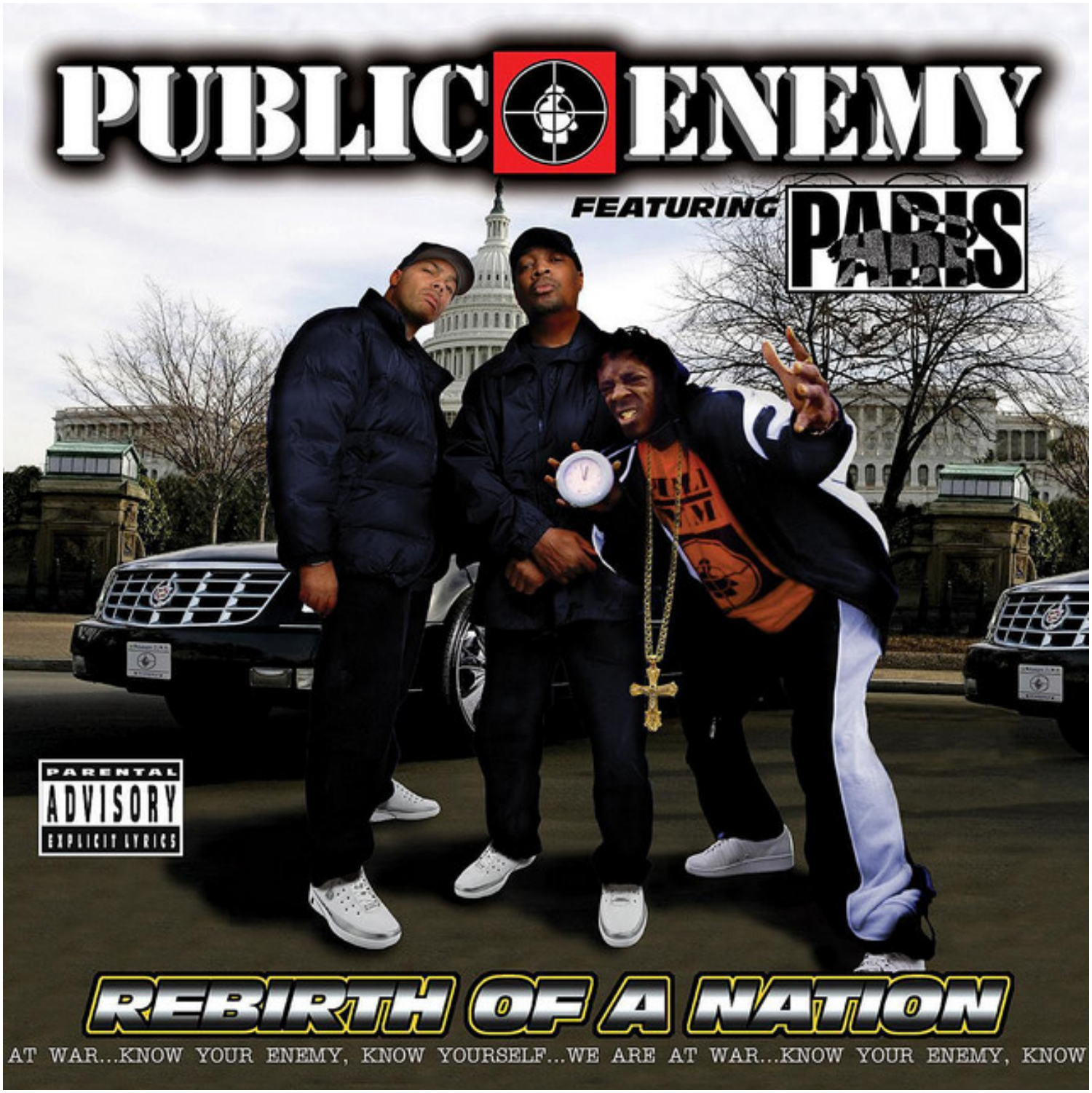
Do whatcha wanna do
But try to do the right thing
If its the right thing
Then go on
Do the damn thing
I know you get soul
Like a bbq chicken wing
Thet me like a king
Lemme hear you sing

Money cant buy you love
Thought you knew that
Eight days a week
Livin like a rugrat
Sex machine cant face fact

Gotta chase the cat
Hear the hand claps
Turn the damn thing up
Here we go again
No means no
So now you know again
Flow it like a poet
Get ready then
Dance gotcha trembin in dem timberland
Jumpback poppin that track
Gonna shake it now
Check the cat
Gettin wreck gonna break it down the record now
Gotta break it down
Rhymin this flow on the go
Cmon get it now

Yeah...
I'm saying we went from Gods to niggas
From queens to bitches
Who in the hell told you that you were in heaven
Who in the hell told you that you were in heaven
Platinum gold a house and a car
But poverty all around you by far
People living under bridges or in a car
Heaven for the super rich who call it modern living
But the Man from the east calls it a wilderness
Cause heaven for whites is hell for blacks in america
Heaven and hell are two conditions of Life
Not a place up there or a place down there
It's a condition of life on earth so value Life
Heaven is not things
It's a higher level of thinking
And at the moment one may change the conditions of Life
Our people think a job, partying and endless flow of women and moet,
Krystal and how much sex you can have is heaven
Sometimes you got to think that it may not be heaven all the time
But being able to meet Life's struggles head on, head on, head on
Without compromising your Soul soul soul soul
In this worlds Life
Not Life after death
Life on earth
Life
Not worrying about how you are gonna eat or put clothes on your children
Sit yourself in heaven at once
A woman is a very important part of heaven
She produces heaven with you
And if she is connected to the source of Life
So heaven is a condition of Life
And you can have it on earth
SO VALUE LIFE
VALUE LIFE
Who in the hell told yall you were in heaven

Oh, Oh
Lord Have Mercy!


PUBLIC ENEMY
FEATURING PARIS
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT LYRICS
REBIRTH OF A NATION
AT WAR...KNOW YOUR ENEMY, KNOW YOURSELF...WE ARE AT WAR...KNOW YOUR ENEMY, KNOW

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Raw Shit"

(feat. Paris, MC Ren)

[Chuck D: x4 repeat in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Paris]
Yes, live, real rap's back again
You in tune to the real, Hard Truth Soldier radio
The _Sonic Jihad_ continues
Where you either with us, or you against us
Dogs of the world unite
It's Public Enemy

[Verse 1: Chuck D]
GOD DAMN I state with my fist uplifted
In a state where our freedom is severely twisted and
abused, I'm used to rhythm of rebel
I've been fightin this shit with the volume level up to
ten and spendin my time on the rhyme battlefield
Watchin as my brothers are killed with no justice
or peace, in the middle of hell
And I was out on the Isle when the two Towers fell
So now you're gonna tell that the war is won
and what's done is done, an all-good _Son of a Bush_
I've been there before, "got a letter from government"
Slid underneath, my front door
The poor get fucked while the rich is still amused
And what's left of the Bill of Rights is pimped and abused
While the patriots actin like kings
But the black is back, I'm all in with the noise I bring!

[Chuck D: x4 repeat in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Flavor Flav]
Yeah that's right, we're Public Enemy #1 in New York
Public Enemy #1 in Chicago
Public Enemy #1 in Detroit
Public Enemy #1 in Oakland
Public Enemy #1 in Baltimore
Public Enemy #1 in Miami
Public Enemy #1 in Indiana
Also Public Enemy #1 in L.A., boyeee

[Verse 2: Paris]
Ask yourself why we just get by
While we struggle to maintain, bring sight to the blind
Up against the machine the _Bush Killer_ remain

In between the government and the public that's trained
Where white companies profit off black death
And house nigga rap thugs sell murder to kids
Where the media maintains all thought control
And fake news propaganda serve to rot the soul
We all unified to fight, keep the message and awake black
Open up your eyes, see the enemy and shake that
Bullshit lyin, free your mind, we combine
To combat the perpetrator of the crime design
With fake patri-ots and religion the same
Both blind and repressed, both practicin hate
Both followin the lead of people never concerned
with justice when the motive is the profit return
we justice when motivate and positive return
We servin

[Chuck D: x4 in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Paris]
Yeah, all day everyday we bring believe
All day everyday the most extreme
All day everyday we bring believe
Yeah, all day everyday we break the scheme

[Verse 3: MC Ren]
Worldwide vendetta, these reperations above cheddar
We got to fuckin get it together
So each one, teach one, fo' the straggle
Bein black in America's some shit to juggle
They won't give motherfuckers a job
They wanna throw you in the pen when you forced to rob
But the Villain is back, with the Black Panther of rap
Paris my nigga, you other fools never got bigger
I make this whole system quiver
With the street shit I'ma deliver, from my villa
Here I go again scarin people to death
America hold yo' breath, we the last left
And still got my black ass on the bottom
You motherfuckers in the jury that's why I shot 'em
I shot down one, to get away from two
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to do

[Chuck D: x4 in the background]
Raw shit, hardcore hip-hop hits

[Flavor Flav]
Bust it, we're Public Enemy #1 in D.C.
Public Enemy #1 in New Jersey
Public Enemy #1 in Cleveland, Ohio
Public Enemy #1 in Alabama y'all
Public Enemy #1 in Tennessee
Public Enemy #1 in Mississippi

Public Enemy #1 in Philly, in Atlanta
Also we're Public Enemy #1 in St. Louis

[Outro: Flavor Flav]
But let tell you a little somethin man
I'm tired of all these flatheads and all these coneheads
You know what I'm sayin? I'ma tell you somethin
There's nuttin but spies out there, you know what I'm sayin?
Somebody is always out there with the binoculars
Somebody's always lookin out they window, and you know who know, that
You don't see everybody that see you, you know what I'm sayin?
So yo, to all you spies, creatin nuttin but lies, yo
In your face you need nuttin but pies, pies, pies
Cold pies, you know what I'm sayin?
You know how that go G

[Chuck D]
Public Enemy #1

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hard Rhymin'"

(feat. Paris, Sister Souljah)

Hard Truth Soldier radio

[Sister Souljah]
Brothers and sisters, this is not a test
I've been asked by Public Enemy leader Chuck D to make this emergency announcement
The police in your cities, for all intents and purposes
have declared open season on black people (hey yo check one two)
Public Enemy was driven into the underground by government forces
However a small resistance is forming
Both Terminator X and Chuck D have resurfaced
Leading a small mobile rebel unit, "The Valley of the Jeep Beats" (1-2-3-4-5-6)

[Chuck D]
Hard rhyme and the rebel is on the mic
One time, rhyme animal's on the mic
They're still keepin, youth asleep an'
We in the hood with heat and still beatin
And we back with the rap that packs the room
Black tracks with the rhythm that make you move
Can't hush the bumrush, we bust the sound
with these sonic bombs, feel the pressure all around
Raise the level I'm up again rhymin
Ridin on the devil since I began rhymin
Hell we bring back the meat that rap lacks
Cause like I said, we got sold down the river
And I ain't for these racist wars
A lie's fed by these TV whores
I know it's more to news fake the truth
We break through won't lose we move with Public Enemy

[Chorus x2: Chuck D (Paris)]
Hard rhyme when the rebel is on the mic
One time rhyme animal's on the mic
(It's P.E. - whattup - it's on you, brother what'chu wanna do)
(Brother tell me if it's on, it's on)

[Chuck D]
Now hip-hop was a gift that lifted up
Loved rap 'til the companies ripped it up
Now the soul is set, we've been had like jazz
If you down for change then they take your voice away
And then they tell you the best is white
Co-signed by a nigga that pimped the mic
Make the rule the view that the beef is cool
But what it do is fool the few fools who buy the feud

Keep the people all blind and dumb dancin
Never let a record that wreck become rampant
See the street copycat the crap rap and songs
Not knowin "There's a POISON Goin' On"
'Til the message revealed and I show
But you never get to hear it on the radio
Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, fuck Jack!
Bust that, squeeze, rewind the shit, c'mon

[Chorus]

[Interlude: scratching and samples]
"C'mon now!" DJ Lord
"Here we go again"
"C'mon now!" Guerilla Funk
(Hey yo check one..)

[Chuck D]
We move as a team to keep them demons out
Y'all know what I'm talkin about
See 'em used, abused, confused us into thinkin that
bein ghetto mean the same as bein ignorant
And so we strive to rise and get by
No peace for the beast we police and shine the light
Culture vanish on the television pimpin those
on "Cribs" in a home that they never own
Damn! Tell me that once again
Radio and the video don't uplift
Take a stand be demandin all my freedom and my civil rights
Worldwide fight the plan and they genocide
Yes the road is long and hard
And when I'm gone you'll say I did my part
Keep gunnin, we the crew that never lose
on the ones and the motherfuckin twos, Public Enemy

[Chorus x2]

[Flavor Flav]
Hey yo check one two
Yeah that's right, Flavor Flav takin you back to the next millineum
You know what I'm sayin? Always cold cold kille-enum
You know what I'm sayin? And I ain't playin
It's all in the message that we're layin
I got a secret weapon, you know what I'm sayin?
Let's take two steps to the rear, we gettin out of here
You know what I'm sayin? Operation Cold Killin 'Em to the next millenium

Flavor Flav, rock the house

Hey yo check one two

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rise"

[Flavor Flav]
Yeah that's right Chuck man, that's what you gotta do
You got to tell 'em JUST LIKE THAT, you know what I'm sayin?
Cause yo, man let me tell you a little somethin man
All these brothers around here fiendin for that crack-a-lack-a-lack
You dig what I'm sayin? Yo man, all they wanna do is get what you got
But when you ain't got nuttin, then they wanna cut you off
So what you gotta do, you gotta play 'em long distance
You know what I'm sayin? I mean long distance
They think we takin shorts, show 'em this is Cold Medina man
C'mon, kick it!

[Chuck D]
Back one more time, here to put the message in a rough rhyme
It's important that you knowin the time
Cause I'm seein the program, know what I know and
until we get together we will never be up for sure
So I wreck like I'm posessed by Malcolm X
See the feds want us dead, we too complex
I always speak the truth, comin from me to you
We movin as a unit so you KNOW we refuse to lose
I got my eyes on the lies from Washington
I'm a survivor, I know how the West was won
See a show and tell, the way the CoIntel
undermind the REAL hip-hop so the cops can trail
But know bad boys move in silence
Save us all from the pain of a life of violence
They tappin my phone, full grown and knowin
And still prone to refute the lies, won't stop until we rise

[Chorus: Chuck D + various samples]
Rise up! "C'mon, ah-c'mon"
Rise... rise up! "One more time"
We rise... rise up! "C'mon, ah-c'mon"
Rise... rise up! "To the beat y'all"

[Chuck D]
I'm a hard truth soldier to the bone for change
Demonstrate and seperate the fact from strange
Blame companies killin our children
When the villain's on the record never think for a second that's the way we live
Wanna squeeze on the fleas at MTV
We quiz knots for the cops at BET
Seize the time, always rhymin combinin the antidote
for dope Interscope and fake gangster quotes
Cause I can recollect times when records set
Collect a dead brother you mind if you silence it yet

Rest the program, defeat the beastie
Cause on the street they do as we influenced by what we see
And yes it "Weighs a Ton" I say it once again
That's why the Enemy is down with Paris and KAM
It's all fam, we collide we live
Better decide on which side you ride, won't stop until we rise

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav]
Y'all don't know, y'all don't know uhh *[x4]*

[Chuck D]
I know the power of fame, ain't never playin no games
Never croonin is provin, that we ready for change
Never simpin but they pimpin my people, for the dollars
So I holla back it keep us from EVIL 'til them devils are collared
And like I said it's on, I say it once again
Better know the plan to keep us ignorant
Brother to brother, ain't no other can smother
Or erase my case, we marry words with BASS
Just another wicked rhyme that I'm rappin on
S1's got my back if the clappin come
Pass on the work, makin sure the words are known
Keep 'em nervous, make 'em understand we servin foes
Keep it goin strong, nevertheless, know the enemy
And never back down, you can take it to press
'Less the mic like the art dart told you before
We for the prize emphasis the fight, now c'mon and rise

[Chorus]

[ad libs of Chorus to fade]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can't Hold Us Back"

(feat. Dead Prez, KAM, Paris, Professor Griff)

[Intro: Revolutionary]
Today we are together, we are unified and on runnin' cower
When we are together we got power
That is why we gathered today, celebratin' our own....

[Chuck D]
We spit flows on foes
Listen to the message that you never know
Got a plan for the man and it's federal
The rhyme animal, back to play the part again
Clear the madness, and put the message in
D, the Enemy is back to rip the mic
We come together, so don't believe the hype
Check my tone, there's a war here at home
We united and strong, and never move alone

[Paris]
We rep justice, equality and freedom now
Put fam first, man, woman and child
Never mild, keep it hostile 'til we raise
Where we say, what we mean and we mean what we say
It's been a long time comin' that we mob as one
Guerrilla Funk, Hard Truth nigga, that's what's up
No peace on the street 'til the justice come
From the ballot to the bullet, if it's on, it's on

[Chorus: Paris]
I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
See, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
Believe, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My brother, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
That's real talk on the one

[Professor Griff]
Yo, yo, yo, yo, I'm a target, I got proof
My buildin' got an 'X' on it
Bloomberg threw the hex on it
It's like a pistol with effects on it
On a nigga with arrest warrants
Hittin' pigs in their chests Quadrant where they vest wasn't
Now he dead cousin
All you snitches hit the red buttons, we some Uncle-Tom killers

Mini-nina concealers, political cap-peelers for this freedom for rilla

[Dead Prez]
Yo, if police stop the whip you got to eat them trees
I ain't got no 'G' to give it to them crackers and court fees
You know my steez, security first, prepare for the worst
Never caught slippin' if you stay on alert
Malcolm X said send them to the cemetery if they touch you
A revolutionary virtue, a dull blade'll hurt you
I'm up early workin' my machete
In war, it ain't no warning, you just got to be ready

[Chorus: Dead Prez w/ Minor Variations]
I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My nigga, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My nigga, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
You see, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me, yeah, uha

[KAM]
Yeah, my nigga it's bigger than rap
You really think you gon' be left alone
On sayin' that you believe and ain't gon' have to get your scrap on?
Then yap on, and will see if that's the right route
While I get my clap on and turn niggas' lights out
I tried to be nice, now we gon' have to bleed them
I'm willin' to do a killin' for the price of freedom "that's right"
Comin' from the left, nigga, hood is how we kept it "right"
So prison or death is just somethin' I done accepted
So we'll murder a snake, and we'll kill a skunk "that's right"
This ain't the word of a fake, it's Guerrilla Funk
So right now is the time and you turf the location
Y'all about to see the Rebirth Of a Nation
Even if some got de-rebelized
The revolution still will not be televised
U.S. Government tellin' hell of lies
And it's evident, when you look in this president's devil eyes

[Chorus: KAM w/ Minor Variations]
I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
Yeah, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
No homie, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me
My brother, I ain't lettin' nothin' hold me back or block me
They gon' have to pop me to stop me

[Paris]
That's real talk on the one

[Outro: Revolutionary]
That is why, I challenged you now
To stand together, raise your fists together
And engage in our national black messiness
Do it courage and determination..
I AM, "I AM" - SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I AM, "I AM" - SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I LIVE IN POOR "I LIVE IN POOR"
BUT I AM, "BUT I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I NEED YOUR WELFARE "I NEED YOUR WELFARE"
BUT I AM, "I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I'm MAYBE YOUR SEAL "I'M MAYBE YOUR SEAL"
BUT I AM, "BUT I AM" SOMEBODY "SOMEBODY"
I AM "I AM" BLACK "BLACK" BEAUTIFUL "BEAUTIFUL" RAW "RAW"
I MUST BE EFFECTIVE "I MUST BE EFFECTIVE"
I MUST BE PROTECTED " I MUST BE PROTECTED"
WHAT TIME IS IT? "UNIFICATION"
WHEN WE STAND TOGETHER, WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHEN WE SAY NO MORE ?? WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHAT TIME IS IT?
WHAT TIME IS IT?

[A Great Round Of Applause]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hard Truth Soldiers"

(feat. Paris, Dead Prez, The Conscious Daughters, MC Ren)

[Verse 1: Chuck D]
Bring that beat back, we set it off "we set it off"
Got us back for combat, we get it raw "we get it raw"
With a counterattack over tracks we build minds of the blind
never calm when we bomb on neocons "let's go"
Pump the level, the rebel to you
Never lose or let a devil break up my crew
Never nervous, serve 'em with the words with purpose it's the
CoIntel killa black hard truth silverback "damn"
Still checkin to see just who's set to come along
when brothers revive that movement
We bringing the balance back, never non-violent tact
Guerrillla Funk and P.E. connect
So know it when you're hearin the rhymes that I'm givin' 'em
combined with the rythmn designed to expose the sins
all in it's the master plan
until the curse is reversed I'm sayin, rebirth of a nation...

[Verse 2: Professor Griff]
They call me E-M-E, U-N-O, you know
P.A., niggaz is opposite of the Po Po
We say together the ants can conquer the elephants
They say, fuck what they say 'cause shit is irrelevant
Soldiers, where's your heart? Show me that love
What you made of? This is the shit that could make thugs
Turn revolutionary, 360 he with me she with me
Anything for you, give up my kidney...

[Verse 3: Dead Prez]
Up early in the morning, training with the machete
Revolutionary, ready for war, never scary
As an African, my daily regimen is development
Malcolm X said self defense is intelligent
So I train in the martial arts
It's something for warriors, not those with partial hearts "partial hearts"
We recognize that our people need a military
So we could take care what's already necessary....

[Chorus x2: Paris]
What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 4: Paris]
It's the killa Cal nigga now, showin' disgust

One hitter, still bitter, clips ready to bust
Gat Turner with the twin burner 21 shots in my drawz
Red beam on a pig make 'em pause
And y'all can't fuck with the style I bring
Been wild as a child ever since I came
To the knowledge of myself, raise 'em up, maintain
P-Dog and the Enemy, we bringin' the pain...

[Verse 5: Conscious Daughters]
It's the squaw, quick on the draw and quite clean
Verbal attack, I'm never seen, comin'
Niggas take off runnin', they know in my tribe
I'm pitchin' venomous arrows and shovin' bitches aside
We ride, unified, playin' our part
Bein' sure that a woman's voice'll never get lost
Still a soldier in the struggle and aware of the cost
Motherfucker, thought you knew the people ready for war...

So before I begin, let's commit to rhyme
Keep the women in the mix and do it one more time
And that when I get to hittin', know the powder is dry
Spittin' 'power to the people', hoe, the real gon' shine
Conscious Daughters in the front, soldier first brigade
Special One, CMG, Guerrilla Funk, we raid
Blaze through the competition and we all get paid
But keep it revolutionary each and every day.....

[Chorus x2: Paris]
What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Verse 6: MC Ren]
Who that nigga you can call to spit some shit
And ain't scared of the government, you niggaz lovin' it
We spread out in different positions
Tryin' to break these motherfuckers outta prison, listen "yeah"
Mayday on the front line
Nigga we G's up in the game, we bust 'till we flatline "what"
Then they want my black ass to Rock The Vote
They want as many niggaz they can to fill the boat
But these house niggaz go fight in Iraq
Cryin' to they mamma now they wanna come back
Should'nta took your black ass in the service
And fuck if I make you nervous, I'ma speak it
Black revolutionary, that's my title
While these stupid niggaz wanna be American Idols
Still ride for the streets, since day one
We rough with ours homie, straight outta Compton...

[Chorus x2: Paris]
What they say, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah

Straight Hard Truth Soldier
Believe, You ain't nothin' but a soldier, yeah
Straight Hard Truth Soldier

[Outro: MC Ren Talking]
yeah, MC motherfuckin Ren, with my nigga Paris
Guerrilla Funk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hannibal Lecture"

(feat. Paris)

[Malcolm X]
Being here in America doesn't make you an American
Being born here in America doesn't make you an American
Why if birth made you an American you wouldn't need any legislation
You wouldn't need any amendments to the Constitution
I don't see any American dream, I see an American nightmare
I'm one of the 42 million black people who are the victims of America

[Paris]
Aiyyo we all in together now, all in together now
Hard truth soldierin, hard truth soldier SHIT
Keep on servin 'em, cause you know we do work
Mashin in my Chevy down the streets of New York, they feel me
I smooth grip, and hit up the spot
Snatch Flav as my dual pipes burn up the block
We bumpin hardcore, heavyweight, b-boy blast
On the street they hear my beat, my 69 is fast
Smash down Lennox, head up to the 'View
Some reporter wanna holla and I said it was cool
Wanna know about the album and the Enemy's new
How P.E. and Guerilla Funk is keepin it movin
Breakin bread talkin politics, you know how it go
'Bout the war and how it's shitty that we murder for dough
Then the reporter asked a question, that I had to mash
How, I would act if every day was maybe my last
How if every day I worried 'bout my family in this
I'd be murdered on these street in a puddle of piss
Or if I would get some news that my brother had died
If they ran up in my house and held my kids and my wife
Or if we was looted and somebody took all our thangs
If my sister was abducted, never heard from again
I began to compare it, so he could observe
When I made the parallels with how they livin abroad
I can't ignore it, these pigs ride deep in the streets
Cap a nigga for his wallet, beat another for free
And the cold part about it, life is cheaper than that
Down there people on the bottom kill each other for scraps
Imagine that, propoganda got the people confused
Damned by the media that keep 'em subdued
I been around the world, seen a lot of shit in my life
Same sirens, same ghetto birds swirlin at night
Same racism, profilin each of us all
Same outsiders where we live enforcin the law
Gats clappin on the streets, gunplayin with heat
Same prisons full of brothers herded in like sheep
Same turncoats that'll burn folks for pay

Same conditions in communities we die everyday
Same brutality and ignorance, now what will it take
to break the motherfuckin cycle, get the people away?
That's why I'm fresh out of tears for 'em, all out of tears for 'em
Even though my heart goes out, what the fuck you cryin 'bout?
Money for rebuilding but, what about home?
When the way we live is shitty where's the love for our own?
I can't decide it, it's real, I hit you with proof
Maybe I'll be suicided cause I hit you with truth
See they kill for less than what we say on records to you
Hear the message in the music from a rebel to you, now listen

[Outro: x6 to end]
Save my life you gotta, save my life you gotta *[x3]*
Save us, save us

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rebirth Of A Nation"

(feat. Professor Griff)

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[Flavor Flav (Chuck D)]
P.E., c'mon now!
Here the... here the, hear the beat go
(C'mon!) Hit me
Cold live can, cold live
(Bring the noise!) To the beat y'all
{"Turn it up!}
C'mon now! That's all?
Ah-ah-ah-aight I got it, ah-ah-alright y'all, alright y'all

[Chuck D]
We come rough with the rhythm and rhymes that pack 'em in
Bust with the rhythm that shines back once again
Still ride with releases reachin each
Still strive to revive and keep the peace
And still knowin how to crush the mo'
We still showin with the monster flows that you know
And bleed the beast that, keeps the peace back
Must defeat that, bring that beat back!
When X plays on the crossfades we rave
To make us all come together, brothers doin our thang
In this land where the plan is to blind the mind
We go wild and understand the grand design
We brought BACK what'cha missed, feel the voice resist
Black fist got us sittin on the government list (oh shit!)
From the North to the near, hear it loud and clear
There's no fear, keep the people aware with Public Enemy

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[Chuck D] Rhyme animal
[F. Flav] C'mon Griff
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go, Terminator what?
[Chuck D] DJ lord... c'mon now!
[Chuck D] Guerilla Funk'n
[F. Flav] To the beat y'all, shakin the ground
[F. Flav] P.E.
[Chuck D] What a brother know
[Chuck D] Once again back is the incredible

[Professor Griff]
It's P.G. out the gutter to absorb the fight
Six shots, slang shots, stick cops at night
Might pass on the black ski-mask and gloves

Revolutionary love, in Allah we trust
This one's for the workers in the struggle to rise
For the brothers in the pen and the women despised
For all the people's pain from the brain control
For niggaz in the game that done lost their soul
Hope goes to the folks don't hold the max
And the ten percent blood suckin askin blacks
to pass the gat, and snatch that book off the shelf
It don't mean shit without knowlege of self
Don't trip when the real clip rip the club
Cause when the brothers get together we gon' all come up
Keep it live in your ear so it's loud and clear
There's no fear keep the people aware with Public Enemy

"The Enemy the Enemy the Enemy the Enemy" *[repeat in background]*

[F. Flav] Huh! Terminator's back
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go
[Chuck D] Let me hear you say c'mon now
[F. Flav] Bring the noise - YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH
[F. Flav] Hey yo check one two
[Chuck D] Guerilla Funk'n, here we go again
[F. Flav] Hear the beat go, P.E.
[F. Flav] Cold live, can cold live

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Pump The Music. Pump The Sound"

[Chuck D]
Public Enemy...
Public Enemy... c'mon!
Public Enemy...
Public Enemy...

Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this (c'mon!)
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this

[Sister Souljah]
WE ARE AT WAR!!!

[speech (Souljah)]
The American people, must rise up (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
Out of the evils of war (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
The evil of racism, and the evil of politics (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
I am constantly reminded of the fact (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

[Chuck D]
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this (c'mon!)
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this
Pump the music, pump the sound! (Public Enemy)
Once again we gonna do it like this (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)

[speech (Sister Souljah)]
The war, is only a symptom (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
Of international militarism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
Racism, and imperialism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
And an unworkable capitalism (WE ARE AT WAR!!!)
That makes the rich richer and the poor poorer

[Chuck D]
Public Enemy...

Public Enemy...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Make It Hardcore"

(feat. Paris)

[Paris]
Ain't that a bitch, I heard somebody think
Rap is dead cause people runnin out of shit to say
So ridiculous and so absurd
I was almost at a loss for words, then I started to serve
Off the line of the Enemy's mind
Back in 2005 droppin hammers without the time
Bring the ruckus from the booth to the hood
Motherfucker cause it ain't all good, now I wish they would
Get yo' vest on, we rain on Babylon
The anti-Fox News, anti-pop, original group
P and the Enemy policin the beast
Until we rise it'll never be peace, I put that on Jesus
Back with vocals, no whack shit, no glory focus
No gimmick tracks, just hard truth and rough raps
Plus that gear that keep 'em fearin the crime
Makin sure brothers knowin the time, that's why it ain't no smilin
See the army as they're snatchin us up, yeah
At yo' high school, promisin what?
Better recognize the bling of the murder machine
That's why it's meaning in the words when we serve and ask you to think
Who the whores that embed with the swords
Who the ones pimp us all sellin death for Murder Dog
The imagery is dead-ly so what the fuck?
Interscope ah better hope we never knowin and bringin the ruckus
Like Nas said, it's a coon parade, yeah
Bitch niggaz goin out all day
We pullin guns on Uncle Tom to bomb on Viacom
It's on, long as needed we competin keep-keepin it strong
Ain't no (Comic) in my (View) as long as they sell the black out
I grip my shit and blow your back out
We act out, cause you know we reppin the cause
Still a (Rebel) never needin a (Pause), I check drawers for balls

[Chorus: Chuck D (singers)]
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Ridin with a soldier, hard truth soldiers in the game)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Keep the record rollin, ain't nobody colder when we play)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Hard truth soldier, ridin with a soldier in the game)
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore!
(Keep the record rollin, can't nobody hold the spot we claim)

[Paris]
Soul survivors, now tell me who can bring it liver

It's P.E., still beatin the beast
In this game of latecomers, fake friends and flakes
And grown men actin like teenagers, we raisin the stakes
What'cha know about words I throw around
When I say it loud better know that I'm black and I'm proud
(This is what I mean, an Anti-Nigger Machine)
Take a look around and see the way they keepin the realest from reachin
But I bet you never hear it again, naw
Clear Channel never heat it again
It never fit into the corporate plan of attack
They genocidal practices only givin us "Murder on Wax"
Keep us terrified, music sterilized
Back the lies of the homicide and smile while
life imitates what we make; they all
makin money off the African's fall, that's why I'm callin out

[Chorus]

[Paris]
Because a (Nation of Millions) is fearin the (Black)
When we (Bumrush the Show) (The Enemy Strike Back)
With mo' game than the music and our message attract
(Revolverlution) and (Rebirth)'ll keep the music in tact
Fuck that, bust back on they criminal ways
No compassion in they action for the son of a slave
Now the church used to hurt us, make somebody behave
Like this devil up in office really worship and pray
Like God speak to him and he does what he wants
But you know they steal the vote if anybody gets smart
The real sin is the dilemma when the people support
the death penalty but call abortion murder for sport
For the fake patri-OT, ain't no questions asked
'Specially, when the babies kill each other for gas
Known to blast on a menace that don't even exist
Set up puppet governments, for the rich to get richer
More money for them hoods, but the hood's in pain
When the schools close cause they say no money remain
Still undereducated, makin minimum wage
Got your Wal*Mart, makin new century slaves
Who's crazy? I can see, through the disguise
See, through the media's propaganda and lies
See a nation full of sheep still simple and blind
So we burn 'em with the sermon that's designed with a rhyme, we do it

[Chorus]

[Chuck D]
Whatever it takes to make it hardcore! *[x2]*

[Chorus: second half only]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"They Call Me Flava"

[Flavor Flav]
Yooooooooooooooooooooo!
That's what I got everybody up in the Bronx sayin
(Get the fuck outta here)
Everybody up in the Bronx is sayin yooooooooooooooooooooo!
That's Flav shit nigga

[Chorus: x2]
They call me Flavor, Flavoristic majestic Flavor
Don't you know that I'm the Flavor that you gave-ah
I'm in the life that you live when you..
Ahh do it again *[laughing]*

[Flavor Flav]
Now they call me Flavor
I'm in the shot that you shoot when you swishin
I'm in your dip and your dive when you dippin
I'm the aroma in your motherfuckin kitchen (Now that shit's hot!)
Now they call me Flavor
I'm in your mouth when you wake up in the mornin (DAMN!)
I'm the stink on your breath when you yawnin (WHAT!)
I'm in the milk in the cows of the corn an'
Flavor Flav is the Flav, a mack
Flavor Flav will never stick you in your back
Flavor Flav is on the reel to reel
Flavor Flav is in what you feel, BOYEEE!
Now they call me Flavor
Flav will never stick you in your back
Flavor Flav is on the reel to reel, oh noooo!
Aiyyo {?} I don't know what the fuck I'm sayin

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav]
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH!!
Get up get up get up and get down
Rock to the beat of a funky sound
Beat so sweet won't never go sour
Day by day every minute of the hour
The mornin hard eggs and tell me what's new
Got nuttin else to do but drink brew
Tryin to feel the flow, gettin so low
Standin there drinkin a quart of Old Gold
That's right, that's the way we gonna do it
And that's the way we gonna get through it
That's why I put my mind to it
And that's the way we gonna get through it *[laughing]*

South Freeport, break down
That's, where my families frown
After dark, Centennial Park
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav: over Chorus]
GET IT NOW! WHAT?! HUH!
But I ain't playin, you know what I mean?
Ohhh shit, one more time

[Flavor Flav]
If you really want it put I can put a nigga's light out
On the strength but I don't go that length
Cause, Flavor Flav don't live on that tip G
But don't get sleep on me
I get lurky boy
When you eat a beef jerky boy
Suey sauce and soy boy
I did it to 'em with Roy boy, whaaaaaaaaat?

[Chorus]

[Flavor Flav: over Chorus]
C'mon, WHAT! Daaamn
C'mon, the rap Superman, CHAAAAAAAAAARGE
YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

[Flavor Flav]
Bring that beat back (hehehehe)
Bring that beat back (brrrrrrrr)
Bring that beat back *[snickering]*
Bring that beat back
Do you know what I ain't got time to waste on this shit all night
Fuck that, fuck that you know cause I got other shit to do
We gone!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Plastic Nation"

[conversation between woman and plastic surgeon]
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Uh, I need liposuction, under my chin - and everywhere
I hate the.. bump on my nose
I hate my breasts, and my stomach has stretch marks
They make me sick - I'd like those to go away
Been saving up my money for this

[Chuck D]
What if she tried to get her face erased like it was commonplace
Maybe just crazy because the doctor said she could
With new hips and tits, maybe fuller lips
All it take a day and some pay, for the tuck and nip
Call the Hoover remover, by the time they was through-ah
Her whole body would look the way she thought it should
They shake a splatter of fat and move from this to that
Like Frankenstein but blind because it's in her mind
Don't know what she felt, or why she hated herself
Maybe dolls and shows, or maybe videos
Now it's plain to see, the girl loves TV
Because she's chasin a dream we know can never be
Was all part of the plan to keep her lookin right
Thinkin she could be Janet, if she took the knife
It's not a sin to be thin, she tryin hard to fit in
Knowin soon she'll be a citizen, of the Plastic Nation

[Chorus x2: conversation between women and plastic surgeon]
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
I wanna change my face, and I wanna change my body, I wanna change my body
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
I wanna change my face, it would be so.. great

[Chuck D]
Now she was more crazy than lazy 'til she had a baby
Tryin to move and improve upon on what God gave her
Just like the swan she thought she had it goin on
But never once thought it was wrong or that it wouldn't save her
Went to the clinic was in it for over half a day
As they sliced and diced and put the parts in place
Her body's bruised, abused, cause her mind's confused
Bent on livin a lie but never satisfied
And you know it ain't right, that's somebody's daughter
Now her face is so tight that you can bounce a quarter
And the feeling ain't back, they said it'll never be back
She's a creature with features, broken out of order
That's why we try to find a way to get inside
And make you love your life and never need the knife

It's not a sin to be thin, don't need to bleed to fit in
Now she's another citizen, of the Plastic Nation

[Chorus]

[women talking to end]
I need liposuction
I'd like bigger calves
I need liposuction
And, I'd also like to go up to a C cup
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Maybe I could have her ears
Maybe I could have her ears, and I like her nose
Tell me what you don't like about yourself
Because they don't stick out like ours does see
[suction sounds]

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Coinsequences"

(feat. Paris)

[Intro/Chorus: Paris]
Is it a, coincidence that we ain't taught truth
A, coincidence that they target the youth
A, coincidence everything is the same
That a message in the music ain't a part of the game
A, coincidence that we livin a lie
A, coincidence that we only get by
A, coincidence that so many are lost
And do prison time 'fore we notice the cost

[Paris]
It really ain't difficult to break the mold
And take a close look at the lies we're told
Wipe away the facade, see we got to know
See the plot to control and to rot the soul
You can make anybody that don't read believe
anything that they see on the TV screen
That a lie is reality, the sky is green
That there's weapons in Iraq, and the President's clean
When it's on, thinkin you can trust police
Every black is a beast and our women are cheap
And that brothers gettin murdered is the way of the streets
That it's normal to die when we still in our teens
And that's the way it is, what's the use to try
That school is a motherfuckin waste of time
Slang yay, die young, maybe get rich rhymin
And prison if you black is just a part of life
And that all of America support the Pres'
Religion is the way, and we all full of sin
That it's better after death if we suffer and pray
Even though they fuck us off in this life today
And that white Jesus hangin on the wall in church
ain't a part of a lie to keep a brother subservient
And that the whole world need the word "Amen"
Got troops overseas gettin murdered for free
If you buy that shit, I got a bridge to sell
Like I said I'm a rebel, so I must re-bel
And lies be the truth now, war is peace
Like corporations don't dictate the streets
Like brothers don't die for the diamond or bling
Like brothers don't die over songs we sing
Like patri-ots act like the Patriot Act
While we swing on this bitch 'til we break it in half

[Chorus]

[Paris]
You guilty if arrested and niggaz are thugs
Only good for welfare, murder and drugs
The media is true, with no bias at all
And Fox News ain't on the President's balls
That Lacey and O.J. and Kobe and Mike
ain't bullshit and really do matter in life
That you shouldn't be insulted they give 'em the time
but never talk about all this corporate crime
That they generatin news stay loose with facts
Relate fake views that'll keep us attracted
like sheep so we don't think, never react
Never question authority, never suspect
Never trip off of why what matters to us
always seem unimportant, and never get love
Why it's never any money for the school support
But it's fallin out the sky for these corporate wars

[Chorus]

[Paris]
They never give real shit space to shine
Just donkey-ass niggaz on assembly line
Cookie cutter pop-slutter make music designed
to pedal Coca-Cola, Motorola and Sprite
No love for the Enemy with video play
But they give Flav a show to take the focus away
from the realest group ever made, whaddya say
when to them it's Eminem that's goin down as the greatest?
When the plan is a shame like we makin a choice
Understand it's a scam who get handed a voice
And it's only a few and they decide in advance
Like votin for the President and both of them fam
All that "God bless America, and nobody else"
But I can smell racism, however it's dealt
Know the real shit never miss, see how it's felt
All around the world, hear the people cryin for help

[Chorus]

[Outro: Paris]
A, coincidence ex-cons can't vote
A, coincidence they can't get no work
A, coincidence that they can't hold heat
Now they know that they enemy don't look like me
A, coincidence that we shit out of luck
The consequence of coincidences all add up
When you never know the reason and you're set up to suffer
The offense is coincidence is never the cause

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Invisible Man"

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
I came from a place I forgot
I woke up in the parking lot, far from a meal and a cot
On the corner where all the streets got the same name
Maybe my brain's on the brink of (INSANE!)
Pain between the papers while sleepin on the train
This the land of milk and honey (know what I'm sayin?!)
The invisible man times three
Black, down and out - out standin on a corner (no doubt)
Now a nation of homeless sleepin in bus stations
Another win for the pilgrims who said (NO MORE HAITIANS)
As I proceed, someone to feed me is what I need
(Three blocks of dealers tryin to hit me off with some weed)
Yeah, avenues and boulevards hungry as a (FUCKER)
Hope to get a ride from a (TRUCKER - aiyyo man)
Everybody know I ain't no (SUCKER)
Every time I used to drop thirty at the (RUCKER - that's it)
Away from the crazy kids in Generation Wrecked
Dissin pyramids while praisin projects
(Walk past old folks gettin no respect!)
Callin young folks a bunch a no-good rejects
And I walk on

[Chorus: Chuck D]
An eye for an eye, I can't recognize the man in the mirror
Is it I? It is I
Now who this cat I'm lookin at?
Cause I've been waitin so long, to get where I'm goin
An eye for a eye, in this country 'tis of thee
Now how the hell, can I be free
And who this cat I'm lookin at?
Cause I've been lost so long without anybody knowin

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
So I move on (uh-huh) and I walk on (yeah-yeah!)
Past the preachers and the pimps gettin their talk on (SAY WORD?!)
Why do home gotta be where the negative roam
To be or not to be (so I roll alone)
I'm trapped within, this skin and these bones
Amongst temporary kings, on cellular phones
Can I last, as I walk past
Mad cigarette billboards, and malt liquor ads
(Walkin on da bottles and potato chip bags)
Everyone I see got the nerve to brag
Where they from, what they got, and don't own squat
Disrespect where they from and you might get shot *[click click BOOM]*
Zombies askin me, what the latest bomb be

(You shoulda shot the fuckin sheriff and the fuckin deputy G!)
For okayin the drug trade and lettin it be
But I know prison for me, is an industry
So I walk, heard the best things in life be free
(Didn't God make this land and the air that we breathe)
Not for the homeless, don't give a damn about me
In the mirror somebody else is starin at me
Maybe prison is the skin I'm within
All this time I been sufferin can't fix it with a Bufferin
Plus they said I'll never work in this town again (God damn!)
So I keep on walkin - yeah

[Chorus]

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Lil' DayDay is Big Day and just did time
Seen him standin (on the unemployment line?!)
Which collided with the line of the health clinic
I seen Crazy Stacy, her ass standin up in it
No more welfare, they cut her Medicaid
(DAMN! My momma used to do her braids)
I keep walkin, so they don't see me
But I doubt if they doin much better than me
So I walk on, never take the planet for granted
I paved the concrete, asphalt and granite
I walked past three brothers, sittin on the porch
With a yard of dirt, and littered with Newports
Talkin how they comin up while they sittin on they ass
As I walk past 'em I'm the target of they laughs
And one said "Let's get him for his fuckin stash"
As I walked fast, past the other yards with grass
Had a little cash, I tried to make it last
From a few deals I made from cleanin windshields
I ran like a (rally) they caught me in the (alley)
Can't get out the ghetto from New York to (Cali)
I thought I had nothin, 'til I felt the knife
And now I ain't even got a life... *[echoes]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hell No We Ain't All Right!"

[Chuck D: storm raging in the background]
Does it gotta come down to this...
In order to see things for what they are and what it is...
We still might not be free up in this piece
Or treated very equally as far as I can see...
Hell no we ain't alright!

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Now all these press conferences, breaking news alert (this just in)
While your government looks for a war to win
Flames for the blame game, names where I begin
Walls closin and get some help to my kin
(Who cares?) While the rest of the Bush nation stares
As the drama unfolds, as we the people under the stairs
Fifty percent of this "Son of a Bush" nation
is like, hatin on Haiti and settin up assassinations
Ask Pat Robertson, quiz him (mmm - smells like terrorism)
Racism in the news, still one-sided views
Sayin whites find food
Pray for the National Guard who be ready to shoot
Because they be sayin us blacks loot
(What is your boy "Son of a Bush" doin?) *[laughing]*
(NUTTIN!)

[Chorus 1: x3]
New Orleans in the mornin afternoon and night
Hell naw! {HELL NAW} We ain't alright

[Chorus 2]
New Orleans in the mornin afternoon and night
Hell naw! "Damn, damn!"

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Now them fires, earthquakes, tsunamis, I don't mean to scare
... wasn't this written somewhere?
Disgrace is all I be seein is hurtin black faces
Moved out to all them far away places
(Emergency) state, corpses alligators and snakes
Big difference between this haze and (the little diamonds on the VMA's)
You better look what's really important
Y'all under the sun, especially if you over 21
This ain't no TV show, ain't no video (this is really real!)
Beyond them same ol' keep it real
quotes from them TV stars, drivin big rim cars (streets keep floodin B)
No matter where you at no gas, driving is a luxury (urgency)
Don't y'all know? They said it's a state of emergency
Show somebody's government is far from reality

(Aiyyo check one two!)

[Chorus 1: repeat x4 instead of x3]

[TV broadcast samples]
And they don't have a CLUE of what's going on down there
I'm like you've gotta be kidding me, this is a NATIONAL disaster
It's awful down here man
God is lookin down on all this
And if they are not doin everything in their power to save people
They are gonna pay the price

[Chuck D (Flavor Flav)]
Now I see we be the new faces of refugees, who ain't even overseas
But stuck here on our knees
Forget the plasma TV, ain't no electricity
New world's upside down and OUT of order
Shelter, food, what's up yo? (Where's the water?)
No answers from disaster, them masses be hurtin
So who the f#$! they call - HALLIBURTON?!
"Son of a Bush" how you gonna just trust that cat
to fix s%#t when all that help is stuck in Iraq?
Makin war plans takin more stands in Afghanistan
Two thousands soldiers there dyin in the sand
But that's over there, right? What's over here?
It's a noise so loud some of y'all can't hear
But on TV I know that I can see
Bunches of people, lookin just like me

[Chorus 1 x4: change city/state name each refrain]
[1:] New Orleans
[2:] Mississippi
[3:] Alabama
[4:] U.S.A.

[Chuck D]
We definitely ain't alright
And some of y'all voted for that cat! "Son of a Bush"
That's right, what God giveth sometimes your country taketh away
Yeah, one love, comin from Public Enemy, #1 y'all
Public Enemy, 2006 (yeah)
Public Enemy 2007, all gettin together now

[Flavor Flav]
Let me tell y'all somethin
All of our hearts is out there with y'all, you know what I'm sayin?
And we sendin trucks, we sendin boats
Boxes of.. cans of soup and everything
Clothes and all of that, shoes
We donating everything to y'all, you know what I'm sayin?
Don't worry, y'all ain't by yourself
You need to know that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Watch The Door"

[Intro: Chuck D]
Watch the door, Chuck D, Public Enemy
Paris, Guerilla Funk, Rebirth of a Nation 2006
Everybody needs somebody to watch the door as it's goin on
Securin you - who's securin what?!
Watch the door

[Chuck D]
Now I'm down to do your thing if your thing's the right thing
P.E. ain't tryin to hear no fat lady sing (naw)
Don't get it twisted cause we still love the music in the past
Through the years see them use it then abuse it
Some of these cats ain't sat down, washed their hands
and say to the grace to the game, so they're a disgrace to the race
Dig it, P-Dog we be diggin them party joints
Beats for everybody joints
Takin care and persevere I'm makin my point
Message around the world, rap be's for the poor
You on the floor, we at the door
Rob the rich, give to the poor

[Chorus: x2]
Rob the rich, give to the poor
Give back to get back cause we watch the door

[Chuck D]
Cause it's about to go down these cowboys have jumped the corral
Survival yeah we got the nerve to serve
Like a hip-hop bible, don't libel
Guerilla Funk, they got the title
The late great, no need to donate dollars
I don't care if they poppin collars and holla's
Who can't think between drinks, Chuck D I'm the driver
Hard act to follow, I think for tomorrow
Remix of old P.E. hits, I ain't up against it
If it was up to me I'd give it all away (yeah)
Anyway, uploads for my people to download
Shit so hot, iPods explode
One at a time baby, for your mind baby
Uhh, to keep your soul in control baby
Not crazy this party's for everybody
You on the floor, and I be watchin the door

[Chorus x2]

[samples: some scratched]
"You sold us out!"

"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"
"You sold us out!"
"Some things you don't sell"
"You sold us out!"
"They don't pay you enough to do that boy"
"You sold us out!"
"Too much, get away from stuff like that"

[Chuck D]
Multiply, do not divide
Think globally, act locally
Passport, showin no support
Makin World War III, lookin like a sport
Human race, in the only place
we know as Earth, right in our face
And the firebombs, and the toxic waste
Will leave this world without a trace
And we don't want no other war
Too late the feds done closed the door
And we the peeps get spoken for
The people want peace but the people get a quota
Got the cure, high price for sure
Fix the rich, and damn the poor
Laptops, shoes, off says the law
Make love, fuck the war

[Chorus x2: fades out]

[Chuck D - continues to fade]
You're damn right!
Public Enemy, Rebirth of a Nation
Paris, Guerilla Funk
2006 for yo' bad ass
Yeah, somebody gotta watch the damn door!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Field Nigga Boogie (XLR8R Remix)"

(feat. Paris, Immortal Technique)

[Paris]
Take it back to the days when we raised us up
'Fore coward-ass rap made the game corrupt
P-Dog in the cut back to bring the pain
Puttin wood on they ass can't stand the rain
And bring heat over beats, and scratch the itch
In a "No Spin Zone," fuck a scanadalous bitch
It's the return of the (Bush Killa) back to bust
Just us for the justice, in God we trust
I rush truth to the youth, and shine the light
Take the red pill, open up your eyes to life
In this land of these crack fiends sheep and moles
See us overthrow the hold of the devil control
And roll deep, keep it underground for the streets
I'm the last sayin, get 'em outta bounds, retreat
Like ants in this war dance, if one fall
Ten more's in his place to advance the cause, it's all

[reggae chat interlude]

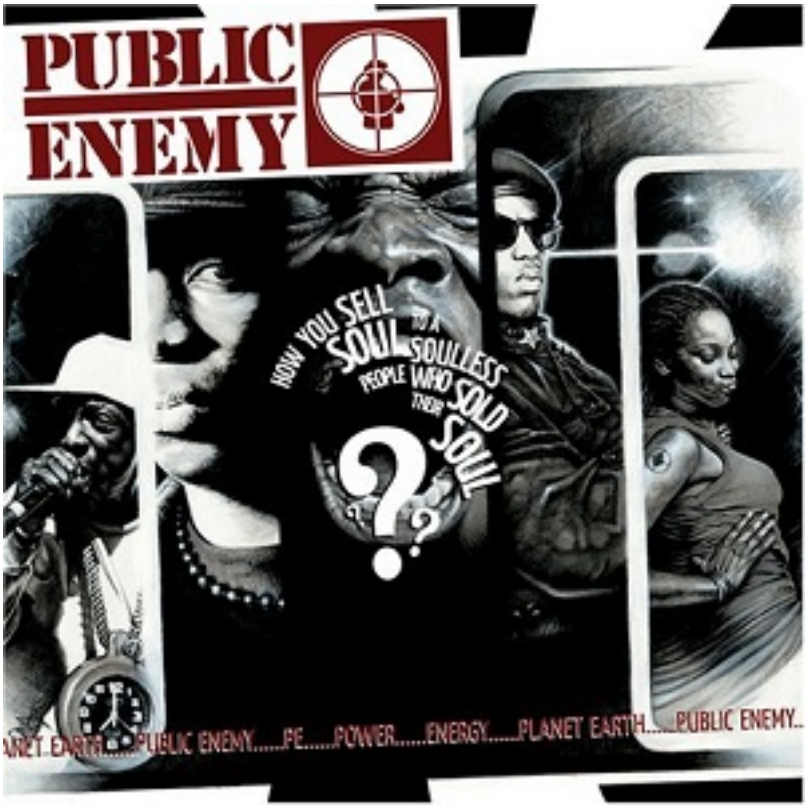
[various samples]
"This program includes dramatic re-enactments of scenes which depict real events
and contains material which is intended for" (HIP-HOP)
"Welcome to the show!"
[Dan Rather] "Today, more drugs are coming into America than ever before"
"We have the best intelligence in the world, we can stop anything we wanna stop"
"You still may know little about" - Dan Rather
"The C.I.A.'s involvement with drug lords"
"This was a, a multi-billion dollar business"
"Even more menacing" - D.R. "The C.I.A."
[D.R.] "Have gone into the drug trade, and are trying to take over the government"
"In the war", "on drugs" - D.R.
"Which side is the C.I.A. on?"
"We need a change! We need a change.." *[x2]*

"One of these motherfuckers different"

Bringing you back what you miss in hip-hop
Hard truth sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-sol-soldier radio
Word! "Pay attention real close, we just begun"

[Immortal Technique]
Yeah! Immortal Technique, part of the rebel militia
Weapon I brandish, don't need the canvas to paint a picture
Fuck who you askin, I'll tell you what it is
It ain't music motherfucker it's the way that we live

Party crashin, leavin the door with a broke lock
And make a toast to the cancer of Rupert Murdoch
I got a hit, on the Grand Wizard and the cyclops
And I'll be snipin, campus security bike cops
Fuck around, and I'ma start blastin they kids
Payback, for what they did to John Africa's crib
These pigs talk a lot of shit, shit, wavin the badge
Can put it down and go the fuck home wrapped in a flag
I have nothin but, empty shells for enemies
Strike me down, that'll give birth to ten of me
Forbidden chemistry, my verse is the dirty bomb
Urban combat, next year nigga it's on


PUBLIC
ENEMY
HOW YOU SELL SOUL TO A SOULLESS PEOPLE WHO SOLD THEIR SOUL
?
PUBLIC ENEMY.....PE.....POWER.....ENERGY.....PLANET EARTH.....PUBLIC ENEMY..

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How You Sell Soul To A Soulless People Who Sold Their Soul"

[verse 1]
Banned from our damn so called country
No claim yall know the name
Some got the rest of the planet
To feel us damn it
Substance over style
Thats right we on exile
Them ol heads from strong i the velt
No love good lookin out
But damn sure felt

Hear me fear me appeared to
Dissapear
The sequel
Said keep pe from from the people

Stole ya soul keft the groove
On ya body black
Now you cant getcha mind back

Too dirty for the source power 30
Too clean for 30 year olds
Who wanna act sixteen

I beg ya pardon
We be live in other genres
While ya favorites just startin

We come back to do a soul check
Every once in a while like a sonic messiah
To find out these cats
Got this thing runnin wild
God bless the child

[verse 2]
Im spittin in the wind
Till it knocks a tree down in the woods

(allah u akbar)
God is good

Either you stand for something
Or fall for anything

You can get all the money cars jewelry and things
And still have nothing

Lookin for love in all the wrong places
Between gettin high on the price tags
And smilin faces

Thinkin you need
Rings and things rims and timbs
That aint rap thats bein slaves again

Pretendin

Hip hop says you can be what you wanna be
As long as you aint f-a-k-e

Its a four letter word like fame
That fades and if you believe it

Your f-u-c-k- e-d

But how you sell soul to a
Souless people who sold their soul?

I guess we all got stole on
By some of the same cats

That sold ya soul out
Dj lord

Being that beat back

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Black Is Back"

[verse 1]
Full blown
Rap rock and roll
Whatever happened to solid gold?
Aint like it cant and wont get sold
Sold by the same cats
Stole yo soul
Back on a track
That dont sound too old
Whats goin on? i dont know its trouble
Back in black to bust that bubble
Black supermans back and not daredevil
Dont wear throwbacks
Cause im a throwback
So i threw that throwback on the racks
So lets go back
Way on back
Before 8 tracks and cadillacs
Cats still on crack
Screamin what they lack
It started with your baby on similac
Dont get me started
Get it up to speed
Gettin back your soul
Is what you need

[verse 2]
Get on the soul train
Getcha soul drained
If ya souls drained
Backed right to yo brain
Keep the peoples away from pe the peeps
So the top 10 joints
Keep em all asleep
So what they got
You think is hot
But the real things in life
Your soul forgot
Dont hear it on the radio
Or mtv
I damn dont know about b-e-t

[verse 3]
If we cant reach em
Damn cant teach em
Somebody hatin
Cause we gots the information

Do this once a moon
Like an eclipse
So back to them politics
Off my lips
Tell the scurred beware of them ghetto tricks
Tell the government
Please stay off my dick
The criss whatever i never sip
Keep the whole damn bottle
I dont even trip

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Harder Than You Think"

[verse 1]
What goes on?
Rollin stones of the rap game not braggin
Lips bigger than jagger , not saggin
Spell it backwards
Im a leave it at that..

That aint got nothin to do with rap
Check the facts expose those cats
Who pose as heros and take advantage of blacks
Your governments gangster so cut the crap
A war goin on so where you at?

Fight the power comes great responsiblity
F the police but whos stoppin you from killin me?
Disasters , fiascos over a loop by pe
If its an i instead of we
Believin tv
Spittin riches , bitches, and this new thing about snitches
Watch them asses move the masses switches
System dissed them but barely missed her
My soul intention to save my brothers and sisters

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

[verse 2]
Screamin gangsta 20 years later
Of course endorsed while consciousness faded
New generations believing them fables
Gangster boogie on two turntables

Show no love so its easy to hate it
Desecrated while the coroner waited
Any given sunday so where yall rate it?
Wit slavery, lynching , and them drugs infiltrated

Im like that doll chuckie , baby
Keep comin back to live love life like i'm crazy
Keep it movin risin to the top
Doug fresh clean livin you dont stop

Revolution means change
Dont look at me strange
So i cant repeat what other rappers be sayin
You dont stand for something
You fall for anything
Harder than you think
Its a beautiful thing

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

[verse 3]
So its time to leave you a preview
So you too can review what we do
20 years in this business
How you sell sell soul, g wiz
People bear witness
Thank you for lettin us be ourself
So dont mind me if i repeat myself
These simple lines be good for your health
To keep them crime rhymes on the shelf
Live life love like you just dont care
5000 leaders never scared
Bring the noise its the moment they fear
Get up still a beautiful idea

Get up
Throw yo hands in the air
Get up show no fear
Get up if yall really care
Pe 20 years
Now get up

Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that
Get up
Hard...just like that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sex, Drugs & Violence"

(feat. KRS-One)

[Hook]
We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[Chuck D]
Once upon a time, not long ago
A rapper got shot, and no one knows
Who pulled the trigga on the kid and layed him in his grave
And after the prayers and the street parade
Shit got forgot, and now he's dead
And all the fans loved everything he said
So understand this, you don't wanna miss
Sex, drugs, and violence

[Hook]
We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[KRS-One]
Ayo once upon a time in Jamaica, Queens
An icon gets shot and no one knew what it means
It was just another muder scene
But let's get on with the bling bling
Ching ching and half naked chicks that can't sing
Murder weapon, never found. Police, never around
The respect, the intellect, and the suspect all out of town
It's all out of bounds. KRS, Chuck D makin our rounds, man
While they takin us down, man
We're takin you down. I got another new sound
It's really an old sound, but you know how me and Chuck get down
We got peace, love, unity, and having the fun
But you all want sex, drugs, violence 101
Here it is... Bam
Stop being a little boy with a little toy, stand up and be a man
Now you see the plan, from west to east
Instead of sex, drugs, and violence we got love, purpose, and peace
We be hurtin the least. We be workin, no seats
Bringing it to America like Geronimo and Cochise
Get that, but make sure when you spit rap
If you ain't really ready to die, yo, don't spit that!

[Hook]

We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

[Flavor Flav]
Once upon a time I was on Long Island
A man got shot and he wasn't smilin
He was bleedin from his guts, yo
A policeman was sittin and he drove up on the spot, yo
Now when police light came on
When the man died, who was the blame on?
Wasn't me. Not you
I didn't kill nobody cuz my records don't do that
I make the records for the kids
Gangsta rap flippin people's kid's lids

[Hook]
We like those gangsta rhymes...
Just make sure they don't corrupt our minds...
These rappers kill and thief...
A lot of times it's only make believe...

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Can You Hear Me Now"

[VERSE 1]
Damn if i be some slave again
Got no fake ass friends no timbs or rims
Sure nuff dont know no designer names
And i never played no video games
I aint got no diamond rings
No bling, bling, no minks
No 2 earrings
No pimp glasses mugs
Or cups and things
Or whatever the hell they be
Carryin
Dont treat my highs too high
Or my lows too low
You wont see my soul souled on no video
Bdont need no checks to get no chicks
Or be some hypocrite to get you on my
So let the young sing and rap to the young
As long as yall dont think freedom
Is free to be dumb

[VERSE 2]
Its suicidal to think im your american idol
Hypnotic trapped in a 3000 mile box
Chicks bobby sox today be botox
Now that hip hops the new so called rock
Parents dressin the outside
Of their kids
An what they wear
Instead of stressin the inside
Way back , my peoples gave me pride
Now in 2004 i aint gotta hide
If you cant afford it just leave it to the side
Cause you looking real stupid with that tear in your eye
Gotta a 1994 hear you talkin
But its damn sure better than walkin
It might be old, it sure aint gold
Better than stylin in the cold
It aint no rolls,so wont get stoled
But you wont see me walking on no side of the road

[VERSE 3]
At the age i am now
If i cant teach
I shouldnt even open up my mouth begin to speak
I need some radio
To help me reach

But i heard they get their money on
By makin you weak
Drowning in the sea of
Some big dose of now
No past no future
Let the young grow wild
Aint gave em nuttin
Some done robbed the child
From substance
Dont currr , fill em up wit style
Like hip hop started on trl, like wow
Took the game and made it a gdamn shame
Hell wit history you dont even
Know my name
I aint the same damn thing
That yall used to playin
Im non stop rocket
Headin to your brain
Now thats what im sayin

[VERSE 4]
I may not got no flow
But i aint pimped by no negro
Backed by some
Cracka wit
His ass by the door
Therefore
I can never be poor
Cause my mind , body, and soul
Cannot be sold
Priceless
So i avoid the trifelin
Worms in my cipher
Stuff yall cant get enough off
Gots no time for
Somebodys jail
My time is just like the US mail
My time is richer
Than them new astro pitchers
I be damn if my face
Be under some picture
Where you heard the nword
So save your liquid
Pe we just here to flip it
Find somebody new to get wit
The next time you hear a
Cat who cant Stand or even look in the mirror

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Flavor Man"

[Intro:]
Yeah that's right we gon' take this all the way back to the top kid
That's right boy, ha ha, hit your man off
AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW-YEAH YEAH~!
Flavor Flav is back, with the hottest track
Y'knahmsayin kid!

[Chorus: x8]
Flavor, Flavor, Flavor Man

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... yeah! WHAT... yeah!
What... yeah! WHOAHHHHHHHH-HOOO!!!

[Flavor Flav:]
For all you motherfuckers who think I fell off
I'm Flavor Flav nigga, I'm still the boss~!
Go, live, king, throw live
I live Uptown in the Bronx, gimme a hi-five
Yankee Stadium is where I'm from
We get up over beats and then we beat the drum
Born and raised in Freeport, Long Island
(What) We keep 'em smilin
South Freeport, get down
That's where my family is found
After dark, just gimme a spark
Go to Jones Beach, get on the back of a shark
Have him take me down to Florida
I'm the flyest nigga down in Florida
Gimme the mic, move over, I'm takin this shit
I'm back in control, gimme your soul
Check it out - make room for daddy! (What)
Before I have to get the belt (what)
Beat your ass all the way back to the felt (what)
Make you do the wop
Shimmy shimmy go go pop

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!
What, who!

[Flavor Flav:]
I'm fakin no moves and fakin no jax

Flavor Flav is back on the dome relax
I push all the buttons around this bitch
I'ma go get money from Bill Gates, get rich
So I can build me a psycho-loft
So I can go psycho with my Micro-soft
Flavor Windows is the new invention
Colorful windows to get the attention
(Knock knock) Flavor Flav is eatin with Bill Gates
Bill, had to have a certain flavor
To have the highest, bank rates in the world
(Word up) But he don't stand alone
Joey Fatone, is in my bones
Jackie Hamilton, dollar bill
Sittin real high on Capitol Hill

[Chorus]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... yeah!
What... yeah! What... yeah!
Who, yeah!!

[Flavor Flav:]
Knock knock baby!

[Chorus - 1/2]

[Flavor - over Chorus:]
What... who! What... who!
What... who! What... who!

[Flavor Flav - ad libbing:]
What... knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock
Knock knock, knock knock right here at your door
Givin you more of what you bargained for
Flavor Flav - back in your face
Mess with my kids and I'll catch a case
Y'knahmsayin, I ain't playin
It's all in the message I'm relayin
Right here in DeVante's studio
That's where I'm sayin, that's right
All the way to Penn Station, Jackson Station and the nation
Feature your generation, yo Flavor Flav is out
Two steps automatic and I'm out kid

Public Enemy Lyrics

"The Enemy Battle Hymn Of The Public"

[verse 1]
No election
Remember that presidential selection
Got us in another
Erection of body part
Dick bush and colin
Tape is rollin
New whirl odor
Flowin way past deodorant
Got the masses ignorant
Them dumb asses
The whirl surrenders
To the way of the beltway
Created a nore bin laden found saddam
Yo griff,
'what good is a gotdamn bomb
I know they been lyin bout bin ladin
Fight the power
You dont know who hit them towers
And they dont care
Tony blair
Ask the axis of hate
Is the uk the 51st state

[verse 2]
Gettin the bomb sht
Aint like gettin bombed and sht
Orders from your
Commander and theif
Headcheif hankercheif
Aint that right griff
You gonna go in there
And take things and bomb thangs
2007 high tech thug gang
I rather be gettin it
Than gettin hit
Presidential orders
From this new whirl odor
Stressin peoples of color
Across the water and the borders
Peeps need food education employment
And damn that high tech equipment

[verse 3]
And the rhetoric
From one sided politricks
From a government on some ol

World war 3 trip
If i was there id quit
Go home and be gettin it
Stick a bush and dick in the world
And watch it twirl
Americas a dude
And the earth a girl
You gotta fight for your love
Remain a cut above
The rest of the world
Dont matter
Sounds like propaganda
New facism on another channel
Turn offa that thing
And see the sun
Ima take my black ass home
And get some

One

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Escapism"

[verse 1]
Is the groove good to you
Like when you lose your thing
Forgetten grits is grocery
And eggs is poultry

Makin a livin against those makin a killin
Super blackman gotha back
And is back in the building
If the prison is that skin you in
And your cell sittin inside your skull
They say you cant getaway
From ya damn self
When your earth is heaven
And your world be hell
Check your head
Armageddons at the foot of your bed

You aint heard a word i said
Forget them slacks

Im that throwback that
Threw that throwback
Back on the racks
To get my mind back

O say can you see
I get back its still just a black and white tv
In lyin color brother
Gots to getaway to the other.

[verse 2]
Never was too good
Off the top of my head

Cause i want yall to know
Exactly what i said

This so called war in iraq
Over a thousand dead
Thats about
10 a week
Even as i speak

33% of black males in jail
55% of black students will fail
85% of black folks forgot

We were slaves
Up inside this box

America got folks brains on lock
Forget the connects

Some wanna buy whats next
Wear it like a sign up in that chest

Yall should know papa dont take no mess

If you think your past is irrelevant
Dont you know ol soul pays the gt damn rent
That messiah aint never
Gonna come as long as

You thinkin freedom
Is bein free to be dumb

[verse 3]
Soul is back
So flip them hits back
Damn the fashion
I wanna know wheres the passion

Thinkin we came a long way baby

Sayin poor michaels psycho
And prince hes crazy

But what has bob mick sir paul
Done for you lately

How they maintain on your brain
Seems to escape me

Heard some ghetto cats
Dont like metal rap

Hear it and fear it
And they think its wack

They dont even know that the blues is black
And when i rap is back to the roots

Where i be at

Not some 30 year old who dont know facts
Whos wild sayin things like some juvenile

Remember 2 million black folks in the penile
Got a world of whitefolks
Thinkin its style

Think im hatin cause you lack the information
Cause we the fbi still gots on file

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Frankenstar"

We the fans
Hopin they would be open
Tinted glass
Behind that tinted glass
Crowd waiting in limbo
Is that the limo?
But he dont give a damn
She dont give a damn
Just buy their product
Cause they a by product of a marketing plan
Can i just get an autograph?
Im fanatic number 2 million
Sign it to my mama
So she can cut the drama
Bought in a store in nicaragua
But you ignore the poor
Cant even get to your door

Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
I dont give a damn about your car
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
We dont give a damn about your crib
Only give a damn about what you did
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar

Can i get a ride on that music
Can i get a look on that movie
All you gotta do is groove me
Security aint got to shoot me
How a fan get get close to you
What do you think im supposed to do?
Shit by the way i bought a poster too
I didnt take it back
Cause the show was whack
Bought a hundred dollar ticket
Told us where we could stick it
Frankenstar
Let us fans know
That you gonna do a 10 minute show

Hooooooo

Hooooooo

Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
I dont give a damn about your car
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
You dont even know who the hell you are
We dont give a damn about your crib
Only give a damn about what you did
Frankenstar
Frankenstar
Frankenstar

Now you say you from the hood
Paid and laid
And now you think you gonna get sprayed
I see you grinnin at them humble beginnings
Fame just is like water to a gremlin
Fame is fake and it fades
Millinnum stars can be like grenades
Blowin up thinking we all got it made
In a mtv cribs
To fool them kids
The new monster mash
See em all dance for cash
Saw ya wit a new lawyer
So you
Better stash
But the vip section got your attention
And you cannot see that far past
Wrong inspiration
For a young nation
When you dismiss education
And your living rooms a playstation
Do your thing, not the thing do you
Dont fame gotta hold on you

Public Enemy Lyrics

"See Something, Say Something"

[verse 1]

Welcome home to the terrordome
Land of the forbidden
Cause that man be sinnen
And his hand be hidden
To rule the planet
He planned from the beginnin
Superegoman sounds like lucifer is winnin
Yo he wanna buck us
So im stoppin all that ruckus
Yall dont know the d in my name
Is like fredrick as in douglas
Another body
Cause the feds crashed the party
You confuse your own folk
Running from the paparazzi
Dirty mind and tap water
Consumin yo body
Illuminati in the tomb
Poisonin the womb
Cant be a guinea pig
With the glock to the wig
10 years since we lost pac and big
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

[verse 2]

Genocide on us where
They practice this
Thats why i pack the fifth
See how wack this is
They ready the clips
Replaced the whips
Not cars im tallkin bout them things that cause scars
Night and days i know i still fight the power
I know we came a different way than the mayflower
All them players rentin rims and hummers
Got taught by a teacher defending columbus
New thug robbin ids and pin numbers

Spot on my block
Be hotter than 10 summers
Stuck in last century like a fax machine
Left back from the future
Like some vaccine
From ghana, botswana to watts and queens
Is the tv killing black teens
And their dreams?
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

[verse 3]

While some pass the criss
They happen to miss
The unexpected revolution
From some young catalyst
Untouchable on the fbi list
Not know knowin these facts is more hazardous
I rock intense
Knock your block wit sense
Welfare cut from them documents
Masses volunteering for them chips
Trace the hiv lane up that blood vessel
Irs in that chest
You gotta wrestle
Life is not a game
New war apocalyptic
See the wicked run and try to hide the statistic
Aint nuttin changed
Pe be the same crew
It aint a game
Once again gonna save you
Dont get it twisted dont get it confused
The term snitch
Revolutionaries use
When the government got the hood rhymin the blues
Thats the term when the whole town lose

See something you better say something
Cause saving something aint worth sayin nothing

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Long And Whining Road"

[verse 1]

Its been a long and whining road
Even though time keeps a changin
Ima bring it all back home
I been told i spit lyrics wit politics
Why wouldnt i?
Says negro on my birth certificate

Born in 1960 in a nation
Throughout / ive been a spokesperson
For a generation
Within the same ol fear of a black planet
20 years of blood sweat and no tears for fanatics

So damn it
If times is hard
Time is god
Understand it
Never took time for granted
Its all right ma
As child of the sixties
All along the watchtower
I cant bet they gonna miss me

Im only bleeding
Every grain in me
Fans if not for you
There be no pe
From the nashville skyline
Girls in south country
In this world gone wrong
So heres another love song

[verse 2]

We came a long way baby
You know whats amazin
The surprise we told these new guys
Flav has always been crazy
Hit london 87 like it was an invasion
Toured the world for 3 years
Hell with vacation
Vocation of vocalization
Especially with the impact of it takes a nation
Of millions to hold us back
You bet theres blood on them bomb squad tracks

Black steel , baseheads, party for your right to fight
Prophets of rage , bring the noise
Dont believe the hype
Cant do nuttin for you man
911 is a joke
20 years we got here by actin like common folk
Touring the world like a rolling stone
Then the nineties came
Welcomed yall to the terrordome
Some threw it away , instead of something to say
Cause the streets still ended up havin no names
Since rebel without a pause beats were never the same
And by 1998 we still had game.

[verse 3]

Only a pawn in the game
Chastised for namin names
What was said and who said it
Anti nothing so forget it
Tears of rage left a friend
Blowin in the wind
But time is god
Been back for 10 years and black again
Some of them same cats
Help usher in gangster rap
Damn our interviews were better than a lotta them acts.
Praised the gangsta
Just because it sold
While consciousness
Went from platinum to gold
Seen a nation reduce fight the power to gin and juice
Some people gave it up and turned it loose.

[verse 4]

Beethoven, bach brahms
I want some james brown
Even bruce, brian, bono, beck, yeah chuck berry
Prince stevie sly smokey johnny cash in my chevy
Heard some call me an uncle tom
Now thats petty
I'm a songwriter fool
I condense sense from right and wrong
Livin in the key of protest songs
From basement tapes
Beyond them dollars and cents
Changin of the guards spent
Where the--went
Most of their time out of mind
Hatin my mess age rhymes
Cant truss it, shut em down call it whatcha wanna
But they made a day fit for a king

By the time we got to arizona

Tommorrows a long time
We got god on our side
Over bass and drum beats hear the good rhymes ride
A poison goin on
Shelter from the storm
Hard rain gonna fall
Still the people rock on.

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Eve Of Destruction"

The eastern world, it is explodin'
Violence flarin' and bullets loadin'
You're old enough to kill, but not for votin'
And that Jordan River has bodies floatin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

Don't you understand what I'm tryin' to say
Can't you feel the fears that I'm feelin' today?
If the button is pushed there's no runnin' away
There'll be no one to save with the world in a grave
Take a look around ya boy, it's bound to scare ya boy

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

My blood's so mad, it feels like coagulatin'
I'm sitting here just contemplatin'
You can't twist the truth, it knows no regulation
And a handful of senators can't pass legislation
And marches alone can't bring integration
When human respect is disintegratin'
Now this whole crazy world is just too frustratin'

But you tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
[?]

People I hate, that's understood
It will make stuff hard to under
Was feeling blooded to human race
If you win your war it's the same old place

The poundin' drums, the pride and disgrace
You can bury your dead, but don't leave a trace
Hate your next-door neighbor, but don't forget to say grace

But tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe

We're on the eve of

But tell me
Over and over and over again, my friend
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
You don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction
Yeah, you don't believe
We're on the eve of destruction

Public Enemy Lyrics

"How You Sell Soul (Time Is God Refrain)"

We've heard all the great teachings from Malcolm to Martin
Now we have this last chance with our brother minister
To rise out of the ashes of slavery
Time is a very important element in this journey
We can't continue to be 24 karat dumb
Addicted to retail and bling
Wasting time has spent on nonsense
We got grown men in toy stores like little children in candy stores
Buying PS2's 35 and 40
Black men reduced to boys

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god *[x2]*

Enough said we got to feed our heads
This shit is piping over the pulpits: TV sets and radios
Hip-hop is moving the masses
We've got to take back our children and guide them
When you love something you develop the mental capacity to reach the thing that you love
No more nonsense
The airwaves are poisonous with this gibberish
These grim hymns lack light
We need to get their ass off the mic
If hip-hop is the seeing end of the voices
Why is the dead teaching the dead
We got to end the reign of pimping and ho-ing
And entertainment for the masses
Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god *[x3]* (Allahu Akbar)

Some say we only have a little time left
We can use it wisely
To teach, think and rebuild our mental banks
Great people don't ask comedians, actors and entertainers to lead
Great people produce what we need
For history to record our deeds as a great nation
Or will we continue to be a shell of a once great people
Wasting time on nonsense

Time dictates the agenda here
Time is god *[x8]*

Soul power *[x8]*

PUBLIC
ENEMY
MOST OF MY HEROES STILL
DON'T APPEAR ON NO STAMP

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Run Till It's Dark"

Bomb drop designed as
A warning shot
Listen
Cause some of us don't check statistics
Kick it
40or so so million blacks in america
How can 13.5% of the population be scaring ya
88% of us cites are black
95% of americas suburbs are white
But 10% of blacks are 50% white
But post racial politics
Tricks and lessens the fight
Education economics enforcement of law
The gaps the ratio even
Worse than before obama baby
The truth is america
Will show you the door,

Survey says
Run till its dark

Truth hurts
Makes me curse in this fight the power church
Stole history from everybody
Sellin lies at the tea party
Shame
Survey says peeps fed up with the feds
40 acres to 40 yards to 40 feet
Might as well be sleep
Down laid out 6 feet....
Deep respect
Not yet
You gotta give it to get
Survey says
You gotta learn to earn way beyond your check
Lovable as huggin a bull
Thats some bull
Niggativity
Gotta lotta pull
Whats the use
If you tie the noose
And love the abuse?
Hanging yourself while you loving the loot
DJ lord knock it
Outta the park

Survey says

Run till its dark

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get Up Stand Up"

(feat. Brother Ali)

[Chuck D]
This song don't give a damn
If the rhymes don't fit
Beat don't bounce
If the dj quit
This song
Don't give a damn
If you can't sing to dance to it
Can't romance to it
This song ain't arrogant
If you don't try it
Buy it
If your radio deny it
Don't care bout what who got
What's cool on tv
Or what spots hot I forgot
I ain't mad at evolution
But I stand for revolution
Enough is enough
Somebody stand up

Get up, stand up,
Get up, stand up

[Brother Ali]
This track ain't asking you a damn thing
Not the brand name bottle with your champagne
Not where you land your private airplane
How many blood diamonds shining in that chain?
How much compromise is tied to that fame?
How many more times we gotta hear that lame
Line I'm inspiring them
To do what? roll better weed and get higher than them?
Feed the needy greedy ass fire in them?
Be the same damn dog but to finer women?
They gonna tell me that I'm preaching to the choir than I'm
Sure they right but I'm trying to light a fire in them
Cause I was raised by the enemy
And ever since then thats been my identity
So I'm trying to give back whats was given me
Truth told delivery is my tendency
Youth fold to the spirit of my energy
Bottom of my feet is something that you'll never see
Thats cause I'm standing singing the anthem
Fist on my hand, and a list of demands and
When they hear this might piss in their pants and

Try to get the children to not listen to the man
But the mighty pe is what birthed ali
So what you gonna think come after me?
Chuck d

Get up, stand up

[Chuck D]
Occupy if you denied
Protest songs cause I see wrong
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
So I rant even when they say I can't
[pause]
I rise against
Rage against
Hope I don't end up being the same thing I'm fighting against
Hence
I wince never on the fence
Since they think the masses powerless
Ain't on no power list
I ball my fist w my audience
Like this

Get up, stand up,
Get up, stand up

[Chuck D]
Got so much to shout about
What the 1% is gettin out
Recession depression desperation due
Never have so many been screwed by so few
Cheapest price is to pay attention
No need to dumb down to what I mention
No need to young down how I mention
In spanish portuguese english french and
No satisfaction
Listen to the world reaction
Americas still black and white
Like an old tv set
What we gonna do about it?
Laugh sit back forget & quit?
I get racial
Just talkin about the ratio
People are no longer patient
Now the brown they don't want around
Thats why sammy got that facial
My wife says its spacial
Politics that stick way beyond baseball
I think its self hateful
Anti immigration
Disgraceful

Get up, stand up,

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Most Of My Heroes Still..."

(feat. Z-Trip)

[Chuck D]
You may never heard it
I be spittin on the senior circuit
After splittin from the major circus
Check how I re word this
Duckin young tigers shittin the woods

[Flavor Flav]
Some cats be up to no good

[Chuck D]
I'm jack niggerless to my hood
I'm from the velt
Roosevelt
You know whats wild
I never felt like some motherless
Or fatherless child

[Flavor Flav]
So I grew up to change the style

[Chuck D]
I don't care what that company spent
Its inevitable
They cant prevent the event
Through it all
I tell em all to stand tall
If I fall
Just add another face to the wall
After all
These are the faces
That they wont show

[Flavor Flav]
Cause these are the names they don't want you to know

Yes we can they say no we cant
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Professor Griff]
From the pin, of the mind, of the minista
Those oppose, and the s 1's will see ya

All praises are due, don't forget this
On the grind, now dig this.

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Flavor Flav]
No envy in me
Rip c delores tucker
Salute cynthia mckinney
And the crowd goes whoa

[Chuck D]
To some of my heroes
Be most of yalls foes
So I stay on my toes
Belafontes to bikos
Some dying incognegro
Che chavezes and castros

[Flavor Flav]
You don't know how it goes

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

[Flavor Flav]
Public enemy we back on the map yeah yeah cmon

[Chuck D]
Say who what be starin at me
Expect me
Prince the first lady and muhammad ali

[Flavor Flav]
Huey p newton, h rap brown, marcus garvey, angela davis
Don't get no plain cramp, my heroes still ain't got no stamp'
Kick that sht g

Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp
Most of my heroes still don't appear on no stamp

Public Enemy Lyrics

"I Shall Not Be Moved"

Say what you oughta
World outta order
Paid the cost father time ain't never lost
The boss
Yall ain't heard it
I work it
The senior circuit
See some quit it
Cuz they don't get it
Fire music
My aim is
Forget what my name is
Yeah I ain't famous to be famous
Remember troy davis
Beware
Clive davis
Swarming to your art form
Cuz there's a party goin on
Hotel motel I'm goin in
Don't care what they spent
Cant prevent the event
Some run to it
Shun from it
Been through it
Still rock to it
I sue I've been sued dude
With this news fit to spit
And the beat goes on

[Break]

Never bitter but better
Backed by the fact
All I got is my word
The new curse word is black
Say the test
Is being at your best
The curse
Is livin at your worst
Crawling like a maggot outta they mind
Faster than a go go 45
Shit is live, survive
High with out a gottdamn reason why basketball wives
Ain't really wives
Birds droppin out ff the sky
And yall google why?

[Chorus]
I shall not be moved

[Bridge]
Feel the people
Heal the people
Need the people
So heed the people
Help the homeless
Underfed
Revolution
Stop the feds
Leavin people
Left for dead
Wheres your groove?
Check your heads
I shall not not be moved
I shall not be moved
Uh come on.

Drive by trucker I play it loud motherfucker
Use it don't abuse it the voice gets rougher
Shout my vocals I salute all the locals
Slept on kept them out of radio focus
Hocus pocus spooks sitting by the sound
Corporations dictate what goin down
Local acts I got your back
Underground make em run till its dark
Run em out of town
They got me started where I start?
Cause I do it to support the art
What good is learnin from some record
When yall only listen to 15 seconds?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Get It In"

(feat. Bumpy Knuckles)

My pens the ride
On the pad the road
Yall must've known
This is the way
I unwind and unload
Over beats overload
Mind explodes
Stress in this depression
New ghosts of tom joad
New dust bowl blues
Back to fake jewels
So I drop jewels
To inform the fooled
Clock tickin 3 songs a day
Like its food
Carry on
I am that ramblin man dude
Updated
I was born
To deliver car songs
D still drives a caddy
I'll mess with a ford
Now songs are blood
And songs are swords
Everybody should be able to afford
Home food and a job to work
We the people gettin robbed by these corporate jerks
I wonder how they sleep at night
When the people hitch hiking the turnpike
Yall know that ain't right
So I gotta get it in tonight
Gotta
Get it in tonight

[Bumpy Knuckles bridge hook]
Bump knucks in the house
And I came to (get it in)
Rock rock with the best of the best
And I'm get it in
Touch mics I a beast when I (get it in) (get it in)
Yeah word throw your hands up
When theres war for the cause
Of course I gotta (get it in)
On the blaze on the mic (get it in)
You know I gotta (get it in)
When pe calls I fight so watch me

(get it in)
Yo, lets rock, word

[Bumpy Knuckles]
I always wanted to be an s1
March my dance steps and carry two guns
Cause I a rider for the strong island
Wilin stylin 98 crew retirin salute
For the culture ill shoot
Ha, boom bap at you
I'm nice chuck bars go too
We embargo too
We prohibit wack rappers to move
Ha, or we'll stomp on you
Throw your hands up five fingers
Close your fist
Then repeat after me and it goes like this
Cmon (get it in) word the rhymes are sick
This info in flow wherever it ends up
Copyright law that will leave you a
Sloppy right jaw
Hard as I work to write more
So flavor flav if you're ready to win
Why don't cha
Get on the mic and (get it in) (get it in)

[Flavor Flav]
In order to reach status like us you gotta
(get it in)
Public enemy number one baby yo we
(get it in)
Chuck d is the hard rhymer yo because he
(get it in)
Flavor flav he
(get it in)
Riding on the block you gotta
(get it in)
In the bronx we rock the block you gotta
(get it in)
Nassau county on the rock you gotta
(get it in)
When you got to do your time you gotta
(get it in)
In rikers c-76 I had to
(get it in)
On the streets in a fight I had to
(get it in)
Running from the cops I had to
(get it in)
I was fighting with my girl I had to
(get it in)
It was me against the world I gotta
(get it in)

I'm in a high speed chase I gotta
(get it in)
I got the cops on my case I gotta
(get it in)
I got the irs all after me yo I gotta
(get it in)
I got the feds after me yo I gotta
(get it in)
I got my girl after me yo I gotta
(get it in)
When the boys is after you yo better
(get it in)
If you in a gang fight yo you better
(get it in)
When you go to jail you got no choice but to
(get it in)
If he bend you over you know he gonna
(get it in)

(get it in)
(get it in)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Hoovermusic"

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

How you gonna make music
When you take music
And abuse it make my crew sick
So nobody else can use it
More than just some
Non singin
Drug slingin
Hollywood swingin
Fling
Sing
Is it rating or raping
No more taping
But somebody is still regulating
These love to hate songs
Yall know thats wrong
Anything for the money
Tough guy
Bet, mtv pic
The mic the pig
Honesty
This policy
Be killin me
Good for who
Good for what
Is your mind body soul
Is it better from it
Tell me why do yall love it?
Songs meant to send you to prison
Bids to influence a million and half kids

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv

The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds

Monstars lurking the planet fame
1 hand in your pocket
1 hand in your brain
Sucking your soul like a video game
I don't even understand what the f you sayin
Whos consumin the boom
As they vaccuum your room
Shake your boom boom
They finance your doom
You think its romance
Just because you dance
That black exec you know he didn't stand a chance
Trapped in the middle of what you be doin
Increased market position
Down to what and how you listenin
Came in this game
Never thought that id ever
Seehiphop
The game in the name of jedgar

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

From cats told crap
Young rappers gettin trapped.
Buying the same of trick
On some of the same ol tracks
The rich stackin chips
Poor banging with new slang
In the ghost and the shadow of your government name
Made in the usa
Fighting the power in brooklyn
To grinnin in juicin while crooked
Say you don't know me
Or owe me or us
My disgust
Interrupting my black august
I fuss
Cause these white kids confusing the worst of us
Can it be a lil bit more
Than sex and drinks songs

Fight clubs gettin they strip on
Gangs of kids
Who copy what they did
Both coasts are clear
Some people got no idea
Who sent em here

[Chorus]
You got the mic
People
So called street cred
The radio
The tv
The world wide web
But we cant do nothing with what you said
Sounds like somebodys in bed wit the feds
Hoovermusic

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Catch The Thrown"

(feat. Large Professor & Cormega)

What you reap is what you sow
And what you keep is what you owe
And what the people want to know
Is whose gonna catch the thrown?

And what you got is what they want
And what they see they say they need
And people bleeding from the greed
Now whose gonna catch the thrown?

[Chuck D]
Thrown at
Thrown under
Thrown to the side
Throwin up disgusted
So were throwin down
Thrown under the bus draggin on the
Ground
Power to the people salute the underground
Against those standing
In mansions
Spittin at us from up that higher ground
Feed the people
Fight the power
Fix the poor
But that 1% done shut the door
In god we trust on money
Is a slap in the face
To the rest of the whole human race
Post racial wealth and taste
Change a name
But you cant change race in the united states
People say they kings
Plus say they're queens
If we all don't eat
What does it all mean?
We watch and listen
But I'll leave it alone
But who's gonna catch the thrown?

What you reap is what you sow
And what you keep is what you owe
And what the people want to know
Is whose gonna catch the thrown?

And what you got is what they want

And what they see they say they need
And people bleeding from the greed
Now whose gonna catch the thrown?

[Chuck D]
Divide and conquer
Oldest trick in the game
War between people who are really the same
As the rich get richer
The poor get bitchin
The people keep kissin
The feds don't listen
This recession seen a black depression
In a nation headed for desperation
No quarterback and sacked on a couch
Sound of black america is ouch
Governments don't love you
When prisons and executions
End up looking like some final solutions
Murder is an institution
Backed up and hacked up
By some handwritten constitution
Do what you do
Buddist christian hindu muslim & hebrew
You are what you do
I be seein human beings as stew
Yet never have so many been screwed by so few
We watch the kings&queens
And what they own
But
Who's gonna catch the thrown?

[Cormega]
The system is designed to incriminate
Genocide was devolved to eliminate
Equality is a myth
They had me in jail for a crime I didn't even commit
A stereotype
They feel every color is inferior right
Brothers who resist are considered a threat
From sitting bull to malcolm x
In the land of the free and suspect elections
John kennedy had the mob connections
President reagan sold guns to iraq
Yet they try to say that criminals are all black
Whats up with these corrupt politicians
And drugs they be shipping
But they never go to prison
This fucked up system better never try to bag me
Fuck zimmerman, guilty
Clearly

[Bridge]

Catch the thrown, you got to testify
Is that the 1% that you need says that you occupy
Catch the thrown I got ta testify
Is that the 1% that yall want says that you occupy

[Chuck D]
Free the mind prisoners
They ain't listening
F the popo
But who dat whistling?
Foes making a killing
Juxtaposed against those getting a livin
Gimme shelter cause these issues be official
Is the need to feed
Replaced by the greed?
I ain't trying to yell at you
Sell to you
Some bs they already told to you
Ended up being sold to you
Did I mention?
Cheapest price is to pay attention
Now the test is just being at your best
With that you can
Hold your own
But who's gonna catch the thrown?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"RLTK"

(feat. DMC)

[Chuck D]
5-1 not 5-0
Ima b52
Bomb drop non stop spitting on you
Never have so many
Been screwed by so few
Call to save y'all
So whatcho wanna do?
At the age I'm at now if I can't teach
I shouldn't even open my mouth to speak
Real talk raising strong down from the weak
Chuck d got tea party beef
Why represent where you cant sleep?
40 aches jackass is six feet deep
Lost in the same space y'all call the streets
I walk real talk across these beats

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24hours 7 days a week

[DMC]
I be the king from the streets of hollis queens new york
The only thing you get from dmc is real talk
The cow makes beef and the pig makes pork
I gotta walk this way 'cause it's the way I walk
From the halls in the hood to the halls of fame
I got that east coast flavor and that west coast game
I jam with jackal and jesse james
You gotta call me the king when you say my name

[Chorus - DMC]
I go hard for the people in the streets (real talk)
The king of the rhymes and the beats (real talk)
Adidas is the sneakers on my feet (real talk)
And it's the children in the streets we gotta reach (real talk)

I rock on real talk
The way the side walks
Whats up with the radio inside new york
Underneath them streets
Man made concrete
Is mother earth
And gods work

This ain't new
Cause y'all ain't never knew
No tears tell your peers inform your crew
Causetruth is truth
No matter what I think
I take out garbage
When it tends to stink
No joke no smoke
I don't drink
Mrchuck d
Tweet me so we can link
See I been your age
You ain't been mine
Feels like I was born a second time this rhyme I wrote
Took a long ass time
Leave that wackness way behind

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24hours7 days a week

[DMC]
I be the good crowd rocker, the best mc
I be the world's greatest rapper if you want me to be
But all that crap means nothing to me
If I can't give 'em vision and something to see
It's more powerful than your politics
All you stupid politicians can suck a thumb
Me and chuck d we do not run
Like my man said a change is gonna come
So don't be stupid don't be so dumb
There are no cuss words for y'all to beep
But I am cursing out the leaders that are still asleep
And all you wack-ass rappers, your talk is cheap
See my talk is really real 'cause my voice is deep
Now I used to rock rhymes with the reverend
From run dmc there's nothing better than...
The microphone killin', head severin'
And if you're sick of wack rappin' I'm the medicine.

Noise of my voice
Voice of the voiceless
Against the
Racist
Classist
Homophobic
Sexist,
Xenophobic
That sits
So deep
Within us

Can't get help
From those
Famous just to be famous
The powers that be separate us and hate us
When you need em
They go on hiatus
They hate us
It don't matter
They cant mistake us
For somebody else
They tried to break us
No need to dumb down or even young down
Cause my standards
Is high
They cant understand it
Some of them cant stand it
They cant understand it
Songwriter yall know it
More than a poet
Living life not lies
So the people can know it

At the age I am now
If I can't teach
I should even open my mouth to speak
I bomb drop on those that be makin y'all weak
24 hours 7 days a week

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Truth Decay"

[Chorus]
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice

[Chuck D]
Truth is truth
No matter what I think
Knowledge is power
But it ain't
If you cant occupy your own body & mind
See thru the blind
In this place full a lies
Television tellin lies
To your vision and face
Seems like more of us in prison
Than the workplace
Gettin gadgets
So it's easy to forget
Economics
No money
Not a damn thing funny
Some diggin every minute of it
I'm hatin every second of it
Driven
Ever since I heard the lie about thanksgiving
While in still thankful through all that fibbin
The truth dies while lies make a living
History games
Playing stealing family names
Slave names turned into government names
Name of the game is to hide that game
And them lies living on with no shame ..no lie

[Chorus]
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice

Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just dismiss us
But enlist us to grow and pick their stuff

[Chuck D]
Truth is truth
No matter what I think
I ain't drunk
Cause I don't drink
Don't smoke
Or
Laugh at the facts like stupid ass jokes
Or get lost in my own sauce, I check the source
I challenge information
Trace it to the boss
Refuse to accept the truth
When it be be lost
Lies in the key of new songs
You think it's old news
How come the young don't know
It ain't new because you never knew
I tell them, it's only new to you
Opinion is what it is and its up to you
The challenge information
To see if it's true
Never have so many been screwed by so few
You heard I'm using it for this song too
Damn crooks
Ask a question get some stupid ass looks
Truth don't sell a lotta records or books
To hell with rapes to murder rates
To lyin on a mixtapes
I want the truth

[Chorus]
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they just miss us
But enlist us to fight for their justice
Truth decay brush up on your facts.
All you gotta do is check them stats
But what sense is a census
When they forget us
We were here first
The term indigenous

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fassfood"

[Flavor Flav]
In the bronx we got to go to cuchi frito
Rice and beans penim and some coquito

[Chuck D]
I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
So we speak
Corporate suits
Company seats
Fooled like fast food
Like artificial beef
Yall know I got
I got no beef
Listen to the words of this song
Between my teeth
Wiki leaks
Sitcom
Y'all know I can't sit calm
Yo sha mello where's vietnam
Atomic bomb
Nuked

I eat you eat
You eat I eat
But dude don't get fooled
By this fassfood

[Flavor Flav]
Don't mean to be rude dude
But thats what they call fassfood
This sht is for real
This ain't no fkn interlude

[Chuck D]
I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood in this kitchen
Fast forward

Listen
Songs meant yo send you to prison
Increased market position
Short bids to influence a million kids
Headed in
States gettin it in
Lethal murder injection
In the young black produce section
What it all mean?

[Flavor Flav]
From mickey ds to fratista freeze
I'm barbequing birds and I'm eatin the bees
I'm back on track with the restaurant
House of flavor in vegas
Yo, what you want?
I got chicken for ya
Mac and cheese
Collard greens that will knock you
Down to your knees
Don't mean to be rude dude
But thats what they call fassfood
This sht is for real
This ain't no fkn interlude

[Flavor Flav]
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Disrespect collect a broken neck
Its your funeral you wont get to spend your check

[Chuck D]
Rock some instrumental
Lawyers laughing at us over
A lunch bowl of lentils
They ain't gentle
Punishment is mental
Not coincidental
Charged by a large incidental
Non accidental

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
The fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

[Flavor Flav]
He went to the bathroom
Didn't even wash his hands
Hes fixing my food dude
That ain't part of the plan
Put the gloves on son
What is you doin?

[Chuck D]
Rock some instrumental
Lawyers laughing at us over
A lunch bowl of lentils
Cause you know they ain't gentle
Punishment is mental
Not coincidental

[Flavor Flav]
Not minding your mf business
Now look what happened to you

[Chuck D]
Dude getting this fassfood
Offa my dental

I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
You talk about switching
Attitude for this bitchin
Fassfood
In this kitchen
Fast forward
Listen

[Flavor Flav]
So watch what you eat
Cause you're in the street
Fassfood fassfood
Can knock you off your feet

So watch what you eat
Cause you're in the street
Fassfood fassfood
Can knock you off your feet

[Chuck D]
I eat she eat
She eat he eat
Lookout I spit
On the heat
Of these beats
So we speak
Corporate suits
Company seats
But dude don't get fooled
By this fassfood

Public Enemy Lyrics

"WTF?"

[Chuck D]
I occupy this state of mind
Like I'm born a second time
The masses ask the question why
Them asses spend a life behind
On the mic the pic
Against this prison industry
Where most of them look just like me
Mf'-k the tea party
Made you pay for education
Got no money got you waitin
Tricks to keep the people fooled
Something in the food my dude
About your future where you rank
Who you think and who you thank
Behind the banks and all them tanks
New whirl odor on the brink
Revolution stop the feds
Count the homeless under fed
Sue the pharmaceutical off the meds
Leavin people left for dead
Look back 80 years instead
Simply blamed it on the reds
Pay close attention to what is said
But while you listen watch your heads.
You chase the money you chase the fame
The human race is what they're playing
A game of life is what I'm sayin
Split em up call them names
At the age I am if I can't teach
I shouldn't open my mouth to speak
Talking loud and sayin nothing
And frontin like they doin something
Feel the people
Heal the people
Power goes out
To the people
18-35 is grown
Cant afford to leave the home
Can't afford to buy a home
Can't afford to keep a home
Boarded up foreclosed cribs
Based on whatcha bank did
Yet see these guys advertise to the poor for clothes
The doors are closed
They slam the doors on your nose
Who the hell is telling you

What the hell they selling you
Why the hell do you believe
Where we headed when we leave

WTF?
WTF?
WTF?

[Flavor Flav]
From barack obama to flavor flav
We both be a first till we get to our grave
I'm the first hype man in music
He's the first black president
He's the first black resident
To be ever come president
Free your mind your ass will follow
Flavor flav all the way to the apollo
Freeport li to la
Throw a frito olay off the dock of the bay
You wanna know why a kid goes to school?
And in his book-bag he carries a tool
Because hes trying to be like his idols in the streets
Gang warfare to the raw fare
Don't even try to go up there
Penalties that you cant bear
You lose your sight your ass cant hear
It weighs so much it'll crush your life
Don't play with god he gave you live
The last man standing he hopes to behold
His weight in stature his weight in gold
What goes in your wash comes out in your rinse
Back down so tight that you call it condensed
Cant stand the pressure, cant stand the pain
My life is so dry I wish it would rain
Just like the temptations not just the singing group
I'm here to tell you now so don't ignore the scoop
I been in this rap game for 25 years
If we made the rock and roll hall of fame
We deserve our chairs
To what we fought the power to who stole the soul
Brothers gonna work it out
From the ground we hold
God says to man ima let you live
God says to man ima let you live
God says to man ima give you power
Not for the intent to misuse your power
If you wanna dance you got to play the bands
People die by other hands
The innocent, the ku klux klan
Iraq and iran an afhganistan
They go to war they don't come back
The note comes home killed in attack
All the medals from fort bragg

Collected by a widow along with the flag
41 gun salute 4 jets in the air
Now thats going out of style the
Contribution was fear
What you reap is what you sow
A man got killed for what he know
If you wanna be a -- and get a good wife
Stay the fuck offa skype and don't believe the hype

WTF?
WTF?
WTF?

PUBLIC
ENEMY
The Evil Empire of Everything
t Price To Pay…Is Attention…The Cheapest Price To Pay…Is Attention…The Cheapest Price To Pay…I

Public Enemy Lyrics

"The Evil Empire Of"

Beware
We live in times
Under the influence of rhyme
To make the masses scared
Seems like everything is everywhere
Fear the media
They make yall swallow the pill
Until we clear the air
Beware because adversaries barely care
You start off doing it
It ends up doing you
And using it ends up abusing you
And your surrounding crew
Charisma of ignorance
Makes you hate where you at?
Bitter makes you better when you backed by the fact
Segregation intergration aggregavation
Anti immigration from a land in total desparation
Yall ain't gotta buy it or try it
Ill say it
They wont play it
But coming is a new breed of mcs to relay it
Easier to be misunderstood
Than understand this song
Beware
...the youth is not youth for long
Rip trayvon

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Don't Give Up The Fight"

(feat. Ziggy Marley)

I occupy
The planet earth
I testify
Its a piece of woirk
I'm gratified
Down to the dirt
Been around the world a few times
So I seen the hurt
Quakes hurricanes and tornados
Warning times to mans designs
Under that concrete
Yall call the street
The heart of land
You can hear the beat

Pain of all the lies
Pain in all them lives
Pain of losin homes
Pain of the unknown
Pain of what you spent
Pain of government
No matter what you say
You don't pay
Here they come to take it away

Don't give up the fight *[2x]*

Foreign lands and the 7 seas
Radiation is the worlds disease
Bringing nations down to the knees
Mother nature she ain't pleased
Trees diseased
Deep freeze
Doin us like that govt cheese
Smell that burning in the breeze
Summertime 120 degrees

Pain of all the lies
Pain in all them lives
Pain of losin homes
Pain of the unknown
Pain of what you spent
Pain of government
No matter what you say
You don't pay
Here they come to take it away

Don't give up
Don't give up the fight *[2x]*

So shut em down
In appreciation
Of the world itself
And gods creation
What good is the hood if you up to no good
Them govt gangsters would hang you on wood
Stop the tape
My minds stuck in 68
Haight asbury
Now our ass buried in hate
I paraphrase
Beyond the gaze
A haze hovers over a crowd that disobeys
Staying rich off them so called better days
Do I do a song for the masses
Besides whats moving them asses
I make stew out of the ashes

Public Enemy Lyrics

"1 (Peace)"

So long ago
The story go
I testify
I occupy
All the battlin and wrastlin
On capitol hill
Now the pill got you ill
And yall digital
I dig the dig
Been offed the pig
Diggin the digital
And I never renigged
Slow down
They want a slower damn sound
Machine?
Who me
They don't even know what I mean
What I'm sayin
'what I'm seein
Is human beings
Who I'm seeing
What I'm saying
Who be playing
Whatim sayin
Seeing beings
Humans turned into damn machines
They don't even know what the fk it means
Yall can stop it on the 3
But they dropped it on the 1
The p e a c e just begun

Yes we can
Its out the can
This mf beat is african
I rhyme once a while
When the sht is wild
Some people confused
Consumin
Style
As you grab it
They come to grab us
Now they gots us
I think they shot us
Corporations
Down to your bone
I ain't no dumb mf on a smart ass phone
I been legit

We never quit
Exploded
Uploaded
So yall can spit
Go on and downloaded
Mixtape
But it mixed
And it ain't tape
Don't rhyme for the sake of riddlin
Tweet for the joke of twitterin
My intuition
Got me trippin
Position
Humans turned into damn machines
They don't even know what the fk I mean
Yall can stop it on the 3
But they dropped it on the 1
The p e a c e just begun

My mind is mine
My grind design
I been that age
They ain't been mine
So watch me work it
From my circuit
Against their purpose
Of keepin truth from the youth
A p.i .circus
They tell yall speed
Is what yall need
Make you consume
To get the boom
No answers
No dancin
Y'all just consume
When the partys done
They
Just tearin up the room
Bomb the earth to pieces
They cant calm the world to peace
The lease is up in this
The belly of this beast
Humans turned into damn machines
They don't even know what the fk I mean
Yall can stop it on the 3
But they dropped it on the 1
The p e a c e just begun

Public Enemy Lyrics

"2 (Respect)"

(feat. Davy DMX)

Dave cut the record
Down to the bone
Now hes on the bass
I'm on the microphone
Real talk new york
So now we rock
1 rhyme at a time
Old school design
You candance to it
Romance to it
Throw your hands in the air
Take a chance to it
Run till its dark
Knock it out the park
Rock that box
With the real hip hop
Ordodox
Not on my watch
Ain't paying for pay
To pay no jox
Beats doing work
Rhymes in reverse
My hood is hurt
From all the dirt

Underneath them streets
And all concrete
Is mother earth
For all its worth

Pay attention
Cheapest price to pay
Might save your life
Give you another day
And rock on

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Beyond Trayvon"

(feat. NME Sun)

[Professor Griff]
From the pages of the cress theory, I know you hear me
If you out there, listen up, u might feel me
Do I, look suspicious on this track, wit the black in it
Black hoodie, consciousness and black facts
Young kid shot, is the cry we heard
Like emmitt til, it was tears and our hearts fell
No arrest warrant and no weapon found
One eye witness, black body down
I can hear it now, it's the same ole racist shit
Thought he had a gun, is the same ole some bullshit
Confessions, of a trigger happy hit man
Murderous homicidal nature, there racist plan
Burying our black boys, blood thirsty hungar games
The face of race is white, they got no shame
Stand your ground, legalize lynch law
Touch another black kid you have to touch us all

[Rahmega]
Its time to stand up and just fight for what you believe in
I don't call it violence I just call it self defense, call it black intelligence braw to you by the people
You just in it to get it, I am in it to make a change, in it to change the game, in it to rearrange, modern day lynching

All that leave us is pain, knowledge is power, all I give you is with brains, you see its money power respect, all seems the same.

[Khalilwho]
Get fear looks
But I live round here
My house right next to yours
But I still get stares
In a
World of wrongness
And fights for the strongest
What's the innocent to do
When the fight gets brought kid
No way your that scared of my hoodie
People everywhere getting snared over hoodies
Seen a couple pairs get aired by the hoodies
But
They don't care
My skin's bared under hoodies

[Jamal Malik aka Young Junior]
This world is so chaotic

all I witness is violence
Watching my brothers die and their sons grow with no guidance
Truth's what I'm providing
to all those who've been blinded
Being sold this equality bullshit I ain't buying
I'm so sick and tired of being profiled and instantly
Watched close suspiciously because of my ethnicity
So stereotypical its despicable
And every black male in a hoodie isn't a criminal

[Goonie B]
This is everyday life where I'm from it goes on but I swear it can not go beyond trevon because I'm wearing a hoodie I gotta get shot or stopped by the cops its not just in flordia its out in farrock people really expect us to act civil right we got a black president and still fighting for civil rights we need to come togeather and unite because its time to fight the power so put your fists up in the sky

[Chuck D]
Freed the ass
Mind followed
With raps that killed tomorrow
Cant support it
Fought it
But somebody bought it
Community caught it
But the government taught it
And all you heard
Violence hard drugs sex and murder
Songs never hated artists who
Keep making em
Strong against the wrong
Whats been created
But look
Many neighborhoods still devestated
I say it
Flows overrated
Shows underrated
I hate it
When its degrated and downgraded
Spittin copywritten
To music
Some of yall grew up to use it
People don't dance to it and just abuse it
Yall say that
When I say this
Injustice still goes on
Beyond trayvon
Thank you nme sun
For this word to the young
You the future
Save our daughters and sons

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Everything"

(feat. Gerald Albright & Sheila Brody)

I got no fancy car
Never was no superstar
I got no grammy trophy
Got no problem if you approach me
Never had no rolling stone cover
Never had no top 10 hits brother
Got no tv show
Got no maybach benz or rolls
Got no movie roles
Got no platinum or gold
I got no diamond rings
Watches and all them things
Got no waiting plane
What I mean is
I got no private jets
But I also got no regrets
Got no swag
But got no love
For something I ain't never had

Got no mansions
Restaurants
I got no yacht
But I got no choice
But to show
What some of us forgot
Never was hot
Never was pop
But I never ever stoppin
That real hip hop
Got no million follower friends
On twitter
On and facebook
Look my friends
Got no thing for video games
Got no shame
Sayin I ain't never playin

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Riotstarted"

(feat. Tom Morello & Henry Rollins)

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Spent a buck in the 90's - whatcha you got is a preacher
Forgivin' this torture of the system that brought 'cha
I'm on a mission and you got that right
Addin' fuel to the fire - punch to the fight
Many have forgotten what we came here for
Never knew or had a clue - so you're on the floor
Just growin not knowin about your past
Now you're lookin' pretty stupid while you're shakin' your ass

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Some people fear me when I talk this way
Some come near me - some run away
Some people take heed to every word I say
Some wanna build a posse - some stay away
Some people think that we plan to fail
Wonder why we go under or we go to jail
Some ask us why we act the way we act
Without lookin' how long they kept us back

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Yes you if I bore you - I won't ignore you
I'm sayin things that they say I'm not supposed to
Give you pride that you may not find
If you're blind about your past then I'll point behind
Kings, queens, warriors, lovers
People proud - sisters and brothers
Their biggest fear - suckers get tears
When we can top their best idea

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Mind revolution - our solution
Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Corners don't sell it - no you can't buy it

Defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Our solution - mind revolution
Can't sell it - no you can't buy it in a potion
You lie about the life that you wanted to try
Tellin' me about a head - you decided to fly
Another brother with the same woes that you face
But you shot with the same hands - you fall from grace
Every brother should be every brother's keeper
But you shot with your left while your right was on your beeper

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

As the world turns - it's a terrible waste
To see the stupid look stuck on your face
Timebomb alarm for the world - just try it
Known to all zones as the one man riot
I'm on a mission to set you straight
Children - it's not too late
Explain to the world when it's plain to see
To be what the world doesn't want us to be

Mind over matter - mouth in motion
Can't defy cause I'll never be quiet
They started a riot

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Notice (Know This)"

[Chuck D]
No disrespect
To the rap heroes
The late great otis
But
Notice
And
Know this
In this time heres a part time rhyme
Respect to you two heroes
But trickle down got us less than zero
Respect , but last I checked
Prison industrial complex
No swagger
Millions, billions trillions'
Whips wheelin
Is a million miles to what peoples feelin
No gas
Try a lil compassion
2012 fashion
Style your insides
We outside
Fasten a broke seat belt
Unemployed ride thru hell
Smdh omg no lol

Know this
Have you forgotten
Latinos and blacks
Pickin electronic cotton
No stax
16.2%
Is depression inside a recession
Spend money and time
On hair and how we dressing
Losin homes, holmes
These stats be on smart phones
Don't need new slang to express the pain
Of whats really goin
In the real game of life
And now what?
Please discuss
With no education
Knowledge of self
45 years of fkd up health
Like otis
Know this

Teach em when you reach em
Yall the heroes..
Notice
Know this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Icebreaker"

(feat. The Impossebulls, Kyle Jason, Sekreto & True Mathematics)

[Chuck D]
I know a silent nation in dislocation
Frustration from legislation
Led to demographic in isolation
Another participation in decapitation
10-4 die river deep mountain high
Is a wall stuck between dying and doing time
Cant ignore smack dab border war
As the beat goes on, words flowed on
I caught the law
Pyramids machu pichu
Things they don't teach you
Don't apologize
You were here first on this earth
Before these millennial cowboys claimed their turf
Now who's 1000 miles and ran
Deserted in the desert
Wild wild west hurt to the dirt
Anti immigration
Against brown swkin
Sounds like brown shirts
Silenced by so called legal violence
Somebody had permission
To put humans in this condition
This land is who's land??
They must've forgot
Kicking the black in the ass
While keeping the brown out
This one sided law makes me scream and shout
I. c. e. is what I'm talking about

[Sgt Hawke]
Sgt hawke and I'm found where the cop be
I get on illegals like I'm a paparazzi
You see the flash but it ain't a camera
Gunfire shells hot enough to damage ya
No trafficking no drug smuggling
I.c.e and we came in thugging
Straight off the wire like snoop and chris
You get rush like limbargh we get at you quick

[Sekreto (translated in english)]
What will they do when they find out about this
Come for me, for what I represent
This is my accent and I'm proud of it.
We're bunches and cannot be stopped

Absurd laws with racist intentions
Benefit only to these classifiers
They insist, I insist - so here we go
Broken chains, jumping borders
Thrive or die, we're no longer satisfied
Its time for power to change hands
More righteous humans, is more human rights
They say, they owners, but we were here first
The world is free and without fear we broadcast
Multi-color race, is how we're painted
I have a dream and that dream has become my desire
Power to my peoples, not power to the governments

[Chuck D]
Car radios highway hoes
Motorbike types
Skateboard whores watch em close them doors
Clap them hands and stomp them feet
To more government wars
Good man bad government
Great driver wack car
So I seen it before
Marxism dual citizens
China support
Meaning yall go get a passport
Slavery is americas past sport
Homeland security
Against my homeboys securing me
Chained brains diaspora
Comin nafta
The same idea of the united states of africa
Bering strait
Before palin and paleface
Waiting for the ice to break
70% of americans ain't been no place
So the human race gets displaced
While the greedy man
Sees the land
His plan
Seize the land
To feed his face
A child lost in the wild
Picked your food
Built your house
While still on exile
Barbed wire and cactus the new middle passage
To a person
This new whirl odors just rehearsing

[Marcus J]
By the time I get to the end of my verse
Calisthenics of the tongue exercising the first
That's freedom of speech so I speak my right

Seems to me there will always be powers to fight
So chuck let them know that the bulls break ice
With the power of these words that we put within a mic
Like those in the past put power to pen
It was number 13 made us all equal men
Now arizona back to legislate the hate
Guess freedom ain't free on this side of the gate
But everything changes if I look a certain way
Securing the homeland from how it was made
Now the ice that we skate upon is definitely thin
But we got to break bad to let the good begin
A cold flag pole grabbed a hold of my tongue
5-0 froze and we all got dumb

[Tiradiation]
One man's terrorist, another's freedom fighter
Future tech molotov cocktails and a lighter
Legalized gang shit, federal b.i.
You wanna buy a weapon, they won't hesitate a second
Wether african, mexican, middle east of haitian
They'll slaughter the indigenous and plunder your nation
Petition the u.n. to gain legal traction
Then call you the enemy to justify the action
The brown in this world is to draw ire
Of the secret society soul sucking vampire
Either I come from a long line of liars
Or a degenerate senator's pants are on fire
Surround you with walls to protect freedom
Over-lapping laws to ensure confusion
Protect your neck in the 2012 season
Then bounce a check in the bank of illusion

[Professor Griff]
Home grown terrorist, for the benefit
Can't find a title or a name that truly fits
These land jackers, pale face land grabbers
Caught in a border war, the stench from the border whores
Real demons, feinin for a real reason
Can't truss em cause they always fuckin schemin.
Broke treaty's wit the redman, they said dam
Klan disqized as fam, fuck uncle sam

Pause for the cause, open the mental doors
Foreign invaders, human traffic traders
Un-documented worker, want it back
Panic when the brown man link wit the pro blacks

Who's the real citizen, have you ever been
You raped and robbed every people that ever let you in
Legalized theft , of the natives land
Speak with a fork tongue, rum and gun in hand

The I c e,

Who get's deported and who goes free
Who get's detained and remains
Who get's a card and who gets the blame

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fame"

[Chuck D]
Make you feel like you can walk on water
Oughta blame the fame see the list gots shorter
Famous fame in nations
Publicist managers public relations
Sometimes the first gets all the perks
Publicist manager lawyer lurks
Who ends up as the jerk who jerks
Everybody eventually hits the dirt
Sometimes fame ain't got nothing to do with work
Check the list read between the tears who got jerked.
Across the 7 lands 7 seas omg time flys
DJ lord give me a fly by
It is I
Mindin my own mind
Father time be the boss
Comes at a cost
He ain't never lost
Fame is fake
Cause it fades
Pop the fame bubble
Cause he and she got game trouble
Missing person alert
Everybodys pockets and feeling hurt
Fame fortune attention did I mention

[Flavor]
Flavor wood I mean hollywood
Oscar even smokin newports
Sippin that drink
What the fuck you think?
My head got big
Cause I got that crank
Fame is my new name
Rolls Royce is my new game
I got that bank
I can make it rain
Cash money baby so remember the name
Yeah thats right I came back home one time
To put ret tops out on the block
And got the stock
And broke out and took a different route
And moved to la to throw a frito lay
Off the dock of the bay
Now me and chuck d still making records
That you play
Every wrong sht that gets in our way we slay

Well bulldoze you down like
Elin nordegren
Did to tiger woods crib
Its on the internet

[Chuck D]
Either makes you you hit it or quit it
No sht
So what you wanna do
What you gonna do
I come off the road from nowhere
And I brought my crew
Make yourself valuable so the money chases you
Fame ain't equal cause it can degrade you
Somebody claim they made you
Fame may make you breakable then break you
Instead of not paying teachers for teachin
The young get hung up and murder for sneakers
Famous just to be famous
Paparazzi aim is
What my name is
She used to sing gospel
Then broke away from gods spell
Pitfall was pitiful
As she lay in the hospital
Famous politicians in the 80s
Led to the birth of crack babies
DJ lord save us
From those that cried davis
Machine of the acts created
I hate it.

[Flavor]
Flavor wood I mean hollywood
Oscar even smokin newports
Sippin that drink
What the fuck you think?
My head got big
Cause I got that crank
Fame is my new name
Rolls Royce is my new game
I got that bank
I can make you think
Cash money baby so remember the name
Yeah thats right I came back home one time
To put red tops out on the block
Got in a stock
And broke out and took a different route
And moved to la to throw a frito lay
Off the dock of the bay
Now me and chuck d still making records
That you play
Every one that gets in our way we slay

We fooled those who doubt like
Elin nordegren
Did to tiger woods crib
Its on the internet

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Broke Diva"

Tried to boss me
Tried to out outfloss me
I just don't need her
Broke diva

It ain't cheaper to keep her
Should I love her or leave her
I just don't need
Another broke diva

See I work
She don't work
But shes first to curse
Whit sht don't work
I take my ass around the earth
So she can spend my money first
Ok?
I forgot how we became 2 people
A couple
Damn sure not financially equal
She lost me
When it started to cost me
Lost me
She tried to out floss me

Yall should hear her
Always I the mirror
You should see her
Some of yall wish you can be her
Getting up in the afternoon
While the whole world

2-3oclock
I been up and down the block
Gotta tell this woman to bounce
Buying these designer tags she cant pronounce
With my bank account
Down and out
She ain't even got the nerve to keep count

Hard odd
Got
Jacked up credit cards

Exotic cars
With notes paid off
From my checks she wrote

I hope she know
I ain't no casino
I got a job and you gotta go
Don't get it twisted
If you trying to get famous
For being famous I missed it
You still want me to kick out;
I just did baby
You out

Public Enemy Lyrics

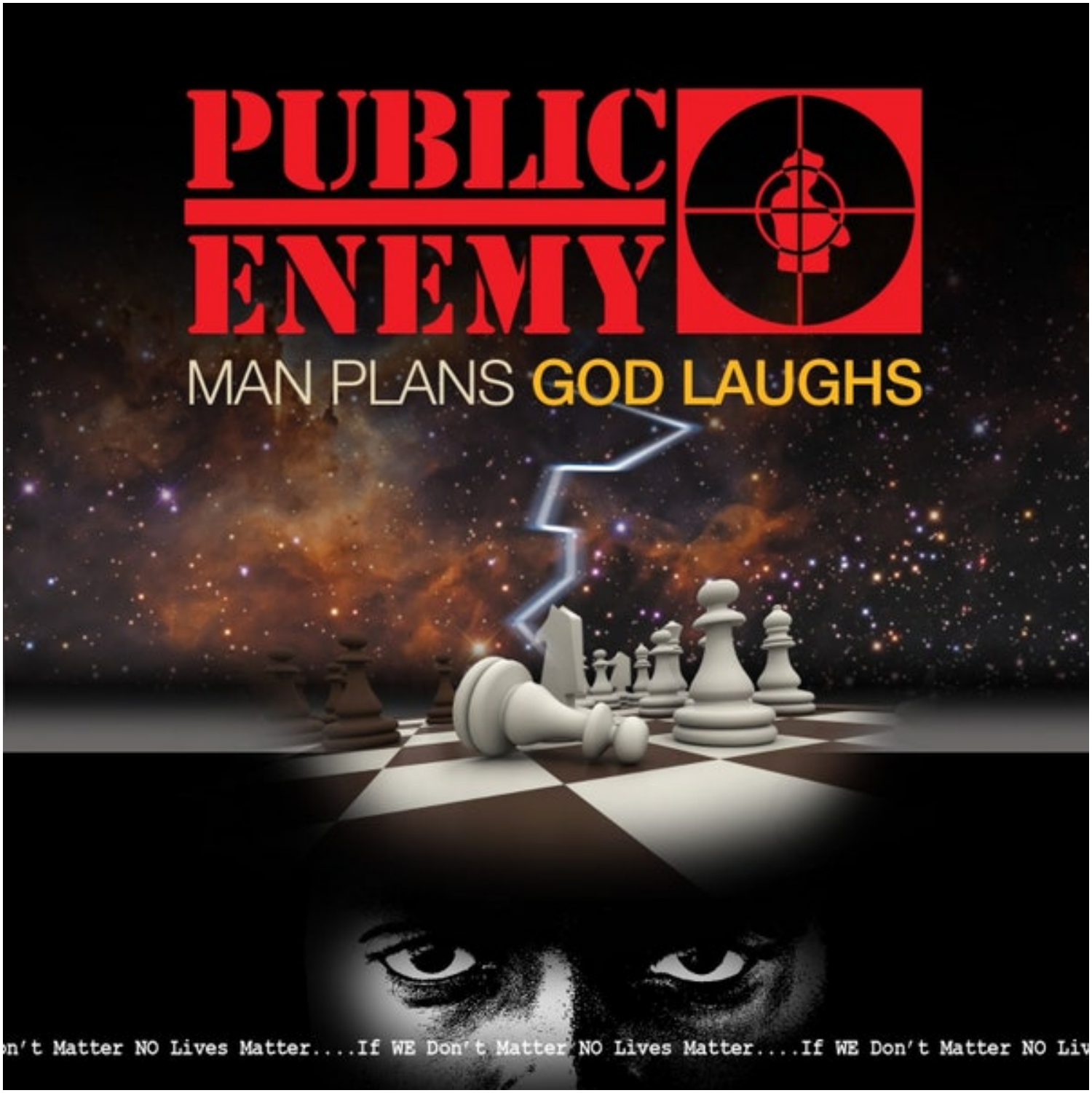
"Say It Like It Really Is"

Get up
Back atcha
Gettin it on
Still wide awake
6 in the mornin
Still comin atcha
Till the breaka dawn
This revolution goes on and on
Stop that
Askin
Do we still rap?
Do yall still scream?
Yall still clap?
Who dat
Gonna tell yall we too old
But we still bold
And I got soul
Its my birthday
And I'm fitty years...
Quiet as kept
All them vjs and djs be old
Their jobs sell the young
Don't tell em what needs to be told
When they made pe
They broke the mold
Didn't quit nothin
Just hit the road
I just got back from soweto
You only know half of whatcha say you know
I know this records too hot for the radio
Did yall hear what I said if you did
Lets go

Knock knock
We still here still doing our thing
Public enemy
Doing the right thing
We ain't just say any ol thing
Just to get material things
I ain't sayin we ain't bought anything
Stuck with the rapping
Never tried to sing.
Bring the noise raise the roof
They afraid of the youth
Lookout, duckdown
(cant handle the truth)
Now the club ain't no church

The church ain't no club
Check them djs mixin up
Murder and love
Who shoulders the burdn
Of all that murderin
The people
Love spelled backwards is evol
Misspelled
What the hell
The people get pain
Dumbed from
Another marketing campaign
Its my birthday
We still killin the stage
I don't give a damn about poppin champaign
Say what yall wanna say about
Change
Revolution I'm a say what I'm saying

Rather be stuck up than stuck down
Heres the difference
I picks up the black and brown
Against mr man informants and government
While real people starve and cant pay their rent
They you seriously don't mean what you meant
I ain't tricked deceived paid off inagreement
Somebody planned it
Glad yall understand it
Those that don't
Headharded like granite
We look out for them too
And don't take em for granted
Like said
Somebody planned it.
If I see one more person
Gonna ask me
Again'
Yall still making music
Where I begin
Now yall know you don't buy no records no more
No tapes, no cds, no record store
Got download zones and ringtones
But yo mama and them cant work them cell phones
But the revolution goes on and on
Still wide awake at 6 in the morning
Had to get it out
To the break of dawn
We still sayin what we sayin
And not playin


PUBLIC ENEMY
MAN PLANS GOD LAUGHS
on't Matter NO Lives Matter....If WE Don't Matter NO Lives Matter....If WE Don't Matter NO Liv

Public Enemy Lyrics

"No Sympathy From The Devil"

No sympathy.....
No sympathy.....

News fit for rhyme
BS fit to spit
The hate that hate produced
Swung up in a noose
Most them history pages
Comin' off stages
Colors genders and ages
Devil
Black brown yellow red but
White
Supremacy
Tendency in currency
Estrogen
Robbin my oxygen
Still dissin skin
Inform my next of kin

(Now get in the back of the car
For What?
Let's go!)

Crazy
Govt created grown up
80s crack babies
Treat your ass cold
Till the frostbite bites
In December
The devil remembers

[Hook:]
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down

[James Bomb:]
Pitch black
It was you who got in the devil's bed
Didn't you see this coming?
The great satan, a global terrorist
Didn't you see the smoke?
Maybe it's time for us to pick up the gun
No sympathy from the devil

Ain't lettin it slide
Flippin
Love
And genocide
Ain't forgiven that spit
That came wit a
Culture kit
Since when did you decide
The truth should hide
You 20-30-40 I'm 55
Double nickel
Sick this cell
Like sickle
I ain't your typical
Watch what you heard
Ain't revenge of the nerds
I'm in my September
But the devil remembers

[Hook:]
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (God) No! Get down
Man don't you worry 'bout (Evil) No! Get down

There's been nights
Where them knights cursed us
Who fills the jail cells right up and first us
I don't believe a damn word I receive
Gotta lotta nerve saying
If you dont like it just leave
Like who gives a damn
If they kill another man
Woman or child
Behind another smile
Now see young folk
Pass the baton
In the same ol' thing
Carry on
Carry on

No sympathy

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Me To We"

Get up! Get up and let ‘em know you still with ‘em no matter what happens!
Put your goddamn hands together for Public Enemy number one!

[Flavor Flav:]
That’s the way we gonna do it
And that’s the way we gonna get through it

[Hook:]
We the people can we get together?
Hell yeah
Can we get together we the people?
Oh yeah
See the people are they free and equal?
Hell no
Can we get from me to we my people?
We don’t know

[Flavor Flav;]
Don’t you know

[Chuck D:]
Here we come
From another time
We be family
Type of rhyme
Public Enemy
Might disagree
The deaf can’t hear it
The blind can’t see
Dumb is relative
Blind can’t see
We all relatives
Human family
No I in team
But who we be?
Thinking how we’d be
From me to we

[Hook:]
We the people can we get together?
Hell yeah
Can we get together we the people?
Oh yeah
See the people are they free and equal?
Hell no
Can we get from me to we my people?
We don’t know

[Flavor Flav:]
Don’t you know
Here we come
Here we go
If you don’t know
I am the show
We get down
For the crown
Step by step
We build this town
Overseas
On the road
Die hard fans
At our show
How do we get from me to we?
Turn the M upside down
I mean and you will see

[Hook:]
We the people can we get together?
Hell yeah
Can we get together we the people?
Oh yeah
See the people are they free and equal?
Hell no
Can we get from me to we my people?
We don’t know

[Flavor Flav:]
It’s always for something
And something is nuttin’

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Man Plans God Laughs"

God damn, damn man,
Man laughs at gods plan
God laughs at man's trash
Man plans
God laughs

Let it be
What it is
Fight the power
For the kids
Who don't know
You may ask yourself
Figured out

Bad news
Is
Bad news
The damn plan
Got you confused
Hood news
No good news
Ghettoburbs
See em as views

Am I a radical *[x5]*
Am I a pacifist
Am I scared to fight
Ain't askin you
Am I grown
Do I stand up
Am I owned

Let it be
Speaking words
But no wisdom
Make em dumb
Damn the plan
That man made
Threw the monkey wrench

Praise their favs
What they gave
Get attention
Nowadays
It's the way
They get paid
To get saved

Pray to a stage

Half pint
Do it for the culture, do it for the youth *[x4]*

Am I a radical
Am I a pacifist
Am I scared to fight
Ain't askin you
Am I grown
Do I stand up
Am I owned

Be the change
You wanna see
And wanna be
Let it be
Revolution
What it is
Bring the noise
89 another summer
Me to we
89 another summer
Me to we

Do it for the youth *[x4]*

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Give Peace A Damn"

Live it up

[Chuck D:]
Two fingers up
Mother earth screwed up
Beautiful scenery
Betray that scenery
Pray to machinery
Tombstone cowboy
Start where your head at
Some wanna shout
Some gotta cut
Some get caught
Many fought
Untaught
Get ‘em in court
Save my hood
But what good is my hood
When God say it’s no good?
It’s no good when its no God
Know God

[Hook - Sample, Flavor Flav:]
Give peace a damn
Or we don’t stand a chance
Give a damn

Live it up

[Chuck D:]
I get like Mingus
Ain’t askin' y'all to sing this
Every hood is the same
The only difference is the slang
Deeds of evil
Game changers
Upheaval
Evil salutations
To your mutations
Lotta nerve
To say you disturbed
Guess who’s coming to dinner
The same folks who picked your dinner
It don't sound like a winnin'
Only just the beginning
Respect the beginning
Peace to the world we all living in it

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Those Who Know Know Who"

[Hook:]
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked

[Verse 1 - Chuck D:]
I'mma point a finger
And the fingers at you
I know what you did
And I know what you do
Flipping that news
Got the people confused
Abusin' all the rhythm
Leaving us the damn blues
Wicked while you winnin'
While the rest of us lose
Nobody knowin' just who
The fuck who
So I identify
I identify you
Those who know know who

[Hook:]
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked

[Verse 2 - Chuck D:]
Got a first and a middle
And a unknown name
Signed the dotted line
And charged your game
See they be lyin'
Nobody knows names
X the damn rhyme
In a low down shame
Pushing all the buttons
Pulling all the levers
You know who it is
It's the so called devil
Beyond what you see
And now another level
Deeds of evil
Pick, ho, ax, shovel
Get to picking

While they politickin
Known all alone
In a room like quicken
Expose who they are
And what they do
Those who know know who

[Hook:]
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked
Hear the- Hear the- Hear the drummer get wicked

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Honky Talk Rules"

[Verse 1 - Chuck D, Chuck D & Sheila Brody:]
I let the entire world know of your problem
But let everybody also know of your crimes
But you don't want to fix this world by solving
Rather have the earth singing to your lies
I'm just tired of your talk
Tired of your talk
You can keep it
Y'all can keep it, keep it, keep it
Your honky talk rules
Screw your rules

[Verse 2 - Chuck D, Sheila Brody:]
I'm tired of their style
Got y'all turnt up break and say: "Wow!"
Worldwide shuttin' down
All of their game
You don't know
We're in the hall of fame
Tell all the young people
Who don't know who
Dig in that pocket - If you don't know
And go Google
Learn about truth
Then we gonna raise the roof - You better ask somebody
It's the time to salute the youth
Yeah

[Hook - Shelia Brody, Chuck D & Sheila Brody, Flavor Flav:]
It's the honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh, baby
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

It's the honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on

I got to say:
It's the honky talk
Honky talk rules
Bounce - come on, bounce

Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
It's the honky, honky, honky, honky talk rules

[Verse 3 - Chuck D, Shelia Brody:]
All you got is your money
Only thing that y'all can stand on
Shutting my culture down - it ain't funny
See y'all peeking to the break of dawn
I'm just just bragging
Yes I'm boasting
Toast to the blues
So I gotta ego
I got to say yo
Learn little something
Y'all don't know
Those of y'all ready
I tell them now
So let's go

[Bridge - Shelia Brody:]
I tell them now
You? You tell me something, that you think I don't know
Think again, yeah
Well, well, well, well

[Hook - Shelia Brody, Chuck D & Sheila Brody, Flavor Flav:]
Honky, honky, honky, honky talk rules
Honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh, baby
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

It's the honky talk, honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

I got to say:
It's the honky talk
Honky talk rules
Uuuh baby
Bounce - come on, bounce
Come on, bounce
Come on, bounce

It's the honky, honky, honky, honky talk rules

You can keep it baby

Honky talk

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Mine Again"

[James Bomb:]
I boarded a plane headstrong
Landed with a smile on my face
To give service back to the land that's our home
I long for coming back to Africa

[Chuck D:]
So it's cool to be black until it’s time to be black
Ain’t never too late to go back and give back
So I let born-afters know I rap for Africa
To give to the motherland, to see what’s mine again
Be of service, land of dark faces
Split, colonized in 53 places
The greed went on 'til everything was gone
Wiped out by previous wars, I work on
Graves of the poor
To clean up this mess left by the west
My duty to the African, tell my next of kin
In a song, but damn, nothing around me
And what the hell I step on?

[James Bomb:]
With my head on straight
I was gone too damn long
Over 450 years, to be exact
Not paying attention, I stepped on a mine

[Chuck D:]
On the edge of motherland, around my head
Compromised in this Christian missionary position
Fear, there must be some way up out of here
Whatta bitch, mother eff it in a clean up ditch effort
Stepped on some bomb shit that a past war left it
Kids dying in them nearby diamond mines
Out here working that worldwide grind
Hope somebody finds me out left behind
Silent ticks killing me softly, Malaria
But DeBeers, they the ones got me sick
Isolated while I waited with thoughts in my head
About my sole intention to save my brothers and sisters

[James Bomb:]
My thoughts is racing as my tears run down my face
I came back to help repair what's mine
If I move, I'm a goner

[Chuck D:]

My sole intention to save my brothers and sisters
How we became boy instead of mister
I came too far here to be called some nigger
My foot on some bomb, I’ma end up worse than a drifter
Myself and what my foot stuck on?
360 degrees
Mine again, mine again

[James Bomb:]
Was it all worth it?
Is Africa really ours?
This mine got me thinking
All this death and destruction
Let's not forget about the corruption
To rob the motherland of its resources
Is Africa mine?
Or the people who sit in the seat of power?
Mine again, mine again

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Lost In Space Music"

[Intro - Chuck D, Flavor Flav]
Lost in space... music

Yeah!

[Verse 1 - Chuck D Flavor Flav:]
Every generation
Got their music
Kick it!
Beyond this hatin’
Every generation
Gots its favorite (Haha)
Favorite nation (Hahaha)
New releases
Label ceases
To release it
Magazine pieces
Lambo leases
Gabardine creases
What we gonna do?
Fashionistas
Lovin’ that music

[Hook - Chuck D, Flavor Flav:]
Lost in music
Don't understand it!
Lost in music
I’m lost in music

Ya know... some of these dudes out here ain’t right

[Verse 2 - Chuck D:]
Lovin’ believin’ it
Without even seein’ it
Young folk feel it
Not even bein’ it
People say steal it
I’m a realist
Damn
Pass the cam
(Daaaaaam!)
Turnt up brand

[Hook - Chuck D, Flavor Flav:]
Lost-Lost-Lost in music
Don’t understand it!
Lost in music

Yeah!

Space music

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Corplantationopoly"

(I bite the apple
And the apple bite me back)

Uh!
Corplantationopoly
Corplantationopoly

[Verse 1 - Chuck D:]
Bump bump bump bump bump bump bumpin
Music you love
Owned by something
Pity pity
Flock to these cities
Seem to forgot
Punch the robot
New ways replace the old daze
Know the old guys rule in disguise

Owning them masters
Corplantations
Making disasters

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y'all, you don't stop
To the beat y'all, you don't quit

[Verse 2 - Professor Griff:]
Manipulate thought
Bait and switch
Mind corp
Caught but never taught
Who owns the corp
Free the body
Arrest the spirit
Everybody's looking around
Waiting for them to hear it
Capital court
Ad psyche
Soul is bought
Your soul just might be
Triggered by greed
That feeds the lust
They live for the
Pleasure
The high
The head rush

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y’all, you don’t stop
To the beat y’all, you don’t quit

[Verse 3 - Chuck D:]
Bump bump bump bump bump bump bumpin’

Bump bump bump bump bump bump bumpin’

Bump bump
How can I say this?

Here I go
Here go the black hippy
Cause they trippin’
C’mon get wit me

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y’all, you don’t stop
To the beat y’all, you don’t quit

[Verse 4 - Chuck D:]
Bump bump
How can I say this?
Corplantations spreading that matrix
Pity pity
Flock to these cities
Seem to forgot
Punch the robot
Made a livin’
Steal thanksgivin’
The law been givin’
Blood in my pocket
Can’t stop the corporate prophet
Out for just profit
Dare you to stop it

[Hook - Flavor Flav sample:]
To the beat y’all, you don’t stop
To the beat y’all, you don’t quit

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Earthizen"

[Verse 1 - Chuck D:]
A - The war of art against the art of war
B - Be yourself then see yourself
C - Check yourself don’t destroy yourself
D - Don’t love yourself can’t love nobody else
E - Planet Earth I’m a Earthizen
F - Don’t forget the god within
G - Grind to find yourself again
H - Have art fill what’s missin’

The earth without art is just...

[Verse 2 - Chuck D:]
I - I am awake not sleep
J - No justice no peace
K - Ain’t ok to be sheep
L - Listen to the words speakers speak
M - Black lives matter c’mon now
N - No lives matter if we don’t matter
O - Oh say can y’all see?
P - Planet Earth - Public Enemy

The earth without art is just...

[Verse 3 - Chuck D:]
Q - Question is it right or is it wrong?
R - Right on, listen to the song
S - Sacrifice for the team
T - Time to make something mean
U - Means we under arrest
V - Victims of the system stress
W - We instead of me the narrative
X
Y
Z
Cause art is how we live

[DJ Lord scratches:]
So it’s time to leave you a preview
So you too can review what we do

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Praise The Loud"

Bring that beat back man!
Bring that beat back!
Bring that beat back!
Y'all wanna hear that beat, right?
Bring that beat back!

Yeah!

Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Brothers and sisters!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution (yea)
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Watch your step boy!
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Brothers and sisters!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call
Get-Get-Get-Get-Get loud!
Revolution
Re-Re-Re-Revolution
Yeah!
Ca-Ca-Ca-Call me the triggerman
Yeah!

Bring that beat back man!
Bring that beat back!
Bring that beat back!
Y'all wanna hear that beat, right?
Bring that beat back!

Hey yo Chuck
From the-From-From the base motherland
Brothers and sisters!

From the-From the base motherland
Tell em!
From the base motherland
Yeah!
Get-Get-Get
From the-From the base motherland
Uh!
From the-From the base motherland
Better watch your step!
From the base motherland
Yeah!
From the base motherland
The place of the drum

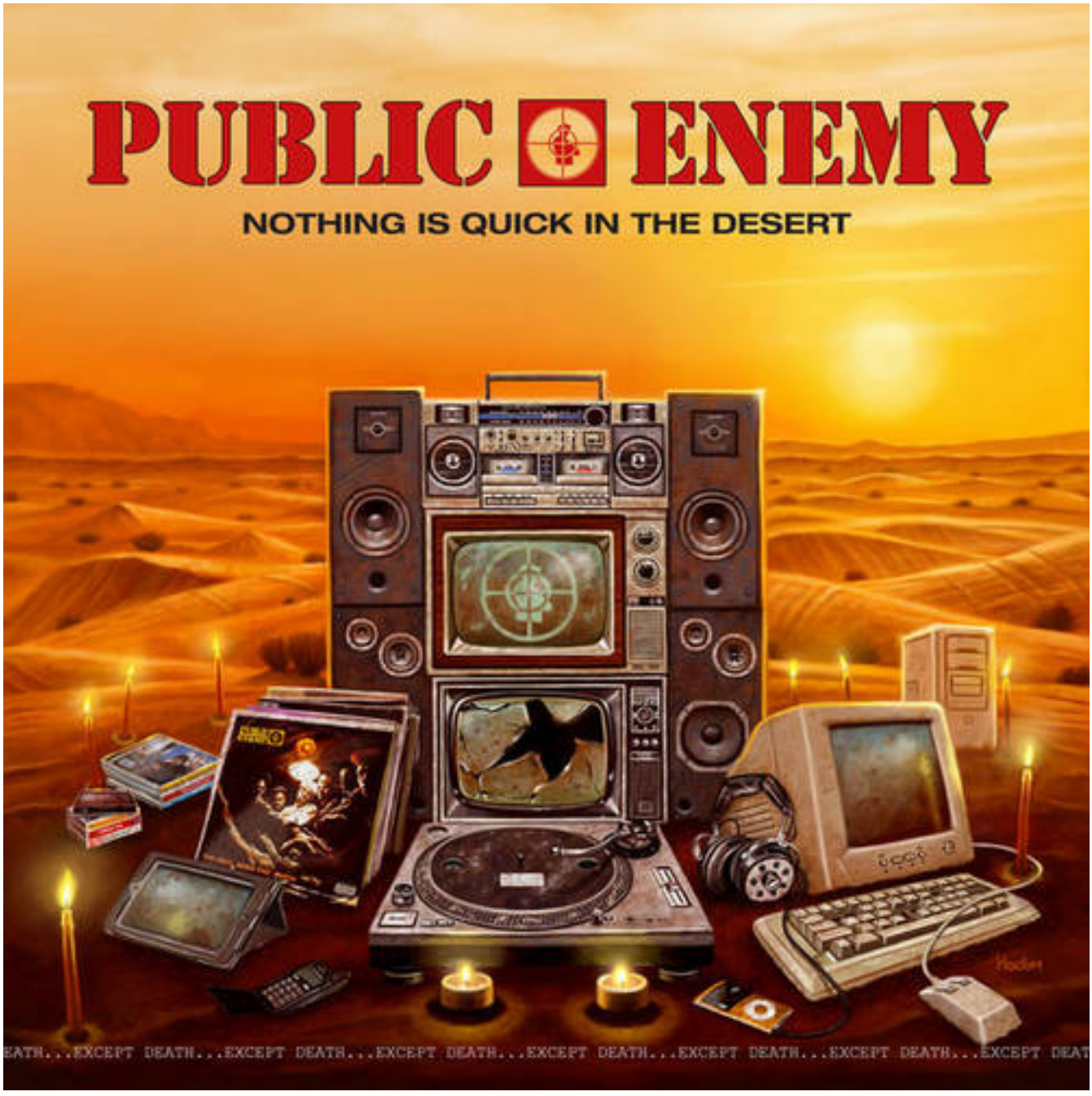
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Brothers and sisters!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Yeah!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Yeah!
Here go the sound
Boom and pound!
Get-Get-Get loud

Bring that beat back man!
Bring that beat back!
Bring that beat back!
Y’all wanna hear that beat, right?
Bring that beat back!

The unexpected revolution
Brothers and sisters!
The unexpected revolution
Loud!
The unexpected revolution
Get-Get-Get-Get
Yeah!
The unexpected revolution
The unexpec-pec-pected revolution
The unexpec-pec-pected revolution
Yeah!

Get loud!

...Back one more time…
...Back one more time…
...Back one more time…
...Back one more time...


PUBLIC ENEMY
NOTHING IS QUICK IN THE DESERT
EATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEATH...EXCEPT DEAT

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Nothing Is Quick In The Desert"

Stay out of the desert

1, 2, 1, 2, Yo
Yo 1, 2
Nothing is Quick in the Desert
1, 2
Yo

Not put here to judge between the quick and the dead
I be slick with this nick of time rhyme that I said (Go!)
Digitize the present, download it in a minute
The future is now, cause there ain't no frontin' in it
Steady stayin' chained to that wagon of old ways
That last pass second, we now call the old days
Yesterday slaves, just hangin' to get hung
Oblivious to those slangin' poison with the tongue (Yo!)
Unaware that being everywhere just ain't no lie
Desert MCs those who deserve to die
Or get poor trying, bitch stop lying
Everybody sellin', but ain't nobody buyin' (Uh!)
Adrenaline rushin', like my blood be gold
Like in 1849, rhyme soul is sold
Like all good people could be cowards in the end
And the death comes quick in the desert my friend
Nothing is quick in the desert!

If I had to describe the way I survive
The radio, the TV, the worldwide web

Nothing is quick in the desert!

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Speak!"

Old enough, bold enough
Man up, woman up
Think you had enough?
What you know about
Whatever you know about
Question is, uh, can you get it out?
Spoke!
Stay woke
Gun culture silenced
Stop the violence made all the brilliant silent
World ain’t gonna fix itself
World ain’t gonna change itself
Run your mouth
Don’t be dumb
But bump them gums
I know that the insecure be sure that their adversaries
End up shootin’ them guns
Dumb shit rises to the top
Ain’t got shit to say
Shut the words
Makin’ action stop
Diction avoids friction
Speak and aim
Ain’t playin’
Make it plain
Express yourself
Stand up to the game
Cause it’s stupid being afraid
Of the same egg you laid
Talk it over!

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time

Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Speak! Speak! (Believe me when I speak it)

Woaaaah!

Dumb shit
Who can’t talk
Need a gun
Cause the brain
Can’t change the terrain
Trained by a government chain
Makin’ it rain in the club
That goes without sayin’ the devil don’t want change
You old enough to shave you old enough to save
Speak easy talkin’ somethin’
Say it loud
Malcolm, Garvey, Sonia Sanchez proud
Sister Souljah, Jesse, Al, Huey
Orator heard
Hip hop got the culture
Rap is the words
Having the blind
Loving some dumb aimed and directed death
And end up callin’ it def
Feds to protect black crime from the threat of community
Keeping truth from the youth, have them shootin’ me
And at each other, sister and brother
Lockin’ the rest up in them federal ovens
What y’all know about whatever you know about
Question is can you get it out?
Talk it over

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)
Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Your peace (Believe me when I speak it)

Speak! Be free

Speak! Your mind
Speak! It’s time
Speak! Speak! Speak! (Believe me when I speak it)

Speak!

Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it
Believe me when I speak it

Believe me when I speak it

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Yesterday Man"

(feat. Daddy-O)

Yo come on
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are

We did it yesterday, and we'll do it again
Tomorrow we'll all still be yesterday men
If you'd like to be more than yesterday boys
Then sit down and listen while they bring the noise

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Some wanna be a spectacle …what happened?
Instead of spectacular …what happened?
Check the sally vernacular …what happened?
Now they mumblin' back at her …what happened?

Kanye marryin' Kim …what happened?
Bruce Jenner turned to fem …what happened?
Is rap still a black CNN? ...what happened?
Is Run and DMC still friends? ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose

So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Yesterday being everything I ever said
Echo of the past comin out of my head
Sayin' new is better
So that new gets sold
They don't want any better
They want different from old
But I ain't buyin' what they wanna sell now
I ain't believin' everything they be tellin me now
Say tomorrow is better
What today got wrong
Right now I'm the man yesterday is the song

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Brooklyn lookin' like it's L.A...what happened?
Sway movin' out of the bay ...what happened?
Eazy singin' Boyz N The Hood ...what happened?
Pac ridin' shotgun with Suge ...what happened?

Common used to love her, did he leave her? ...what happened?
Now it's no love of hip hop either ...what happened?
What the fuck OMG the pain? ...what happened?
I'mma just stay in my lane ...what happened?

Rappers all doin' TV ...what happened?
Kids lookin' older than me ...what happened?
3 Stacks ain't makin' songs? ...what happened?
Cam and Jimmy don't get along ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'

If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Exit Your Mind"

Greatness awaits us in hell for centuries
Still able to pull good out of nothing
And every time we go there
The world witness our creative genius
The arts and science
The gods and culture
Unlimited progress for the original people
We brought civilization to the world
The fathers and mothers of it all
America would not have no flavor if it wasn’t for the black population
Come on black people, it’s our time
The great musicians we brought
Science and mathematics to the world
Stop copying
We’re the original people
It was the mathematical genius of three black women
Who put the man on the moon
From the traffic light, down to heart surgery
Experience life from the creator of life
There is no way around it
We are the people of God
Exit your mind, enter the thinking of God

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Beat Them All"

We start controlling the Dow Jones Industrial, and start using niggers in the world bank, and every time the president wanna raise the price of gold, he gotta call twelve of us in and six of them, then we set

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

Hey dude, why you buildin' the wall
Think you got enough balls
You ain't got enough nerves
You ain't got enough gall
Finger pointin' at y'all
Tired of you pickin' my pocket
Sucker sucker you fall
Hear me rage like a prophet
Face to face and who smack it
Hear my point so you got it
See your ass try to stop it
You ain't never improved
Now you fuckin' up food
We the people get sued
Is that arrogance dude
Got you comin' off rude

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all

Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

To the beat y'all, you don't stop

Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
What the fuck is the problem
That your world ain't solvin'
Where your planet dissolvin'
Corporations replacin'
What y'all callin' a nation
Playin' with population
Why the fuck you surprised
45 spreadin' hatred
Lids over the eyes
Push you once, push you twice
When the fuck are y'all ready to fight?

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

And hear the beat go

Get the fuck outta here
It's weird engineers
Got millennials
Got 'em got 'em livin' in fear
Strippin' robbin' their years
Peers, digital tears
Drippin' into their beers

Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)

Writer(s): Ridenhour Carlton Douglas, Snyder David C

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Smash The Crowd"

(feat. PMD, Ice-T)

Hooooo!
Come on!

Haters gonna hate
Fakers gonna fake
Breakers gonna break
Neophytes gonna make mistakes
Sleepers gotta wake
I'ma say it again
I'ma say it loud
Gimme a group
Not one man
To smash the crowd
We get panoramic
Across the stage
Like a whole planet dammit
One man or one woman
Can't understand
The group plan
Making of the band
Gimme some bass and guitar and some drums
(God-God-Goddamn!)
I get bored from R&B keyboards
Unless they cut like a sword
I bet on DJ Lord
On two turntables
Do I say willin' and able
A lotta Serato
Revolving from old record labels
Party's over, oops outta time
Smashin' this crowd was designed
(Everybody now)

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

Give it to the man, he know how to rock the crowd

Ice with the enemy
Iceberg's the enemy

Smashers of this mosh pit
Hardcore rap shit
Black mask shit
Pop off get your ass kicked
Or worse, a casket
S1s who blast it
I'm not happy with this soft hippy cotton candy
Bang the crowd hard or get the fuck out my yard
I crash crowds from all angles
Destroy bars like Hell's Angels

Bleed the needle from the left
Bleed it to the right
These vocals gone electric
Loudness for these masses
Keep the catalog from fallin' apart
Reach teaching new tunes from them old masters
(Uh!)
Excuse me?
(Dynamite soul!)
Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
But what the fuck is the problem that this world ain't solvin'

It's the get rich scheme
And chasing the fake dream
I spit like a black tech 9 with infrared beam
Been feedin' hip hop fiends since a teen
My mic still blow steam
I'm a mix between
Doc Strange and David Blaine
Spittin' blue flames
Slow Flow smashin' the crowd
Like I smashed Jane
Fear of a black planet
Time to pop the chain
Cause hip hop got them goin' insane

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"If You Can't Join Em Beat Em"

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

Oh!

Now this is how the beat gonna go

Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!
Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!

Oh!

Y’all came to do that, we came to do this

Writer(s): Carlton Ridenhour, David C. Snyder

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"So Be It"

(feat. Jahi)

And if you don't like this thing, let's get ready to change it!

It got the summer written all over it
It is time, time for it to happen
What the fuck is it? (Get it!)
Some still can't deal with it
Kill fast until they kill it
DJ Lord, Public Enemy, they be killin' it
Still don't get it confused
Shit I be killin' it dude
Elevated
It ain't the shoes
It is what it is
So be it
Ain't just pointin' to my fitted
It's what's inside it (Get it, get it, get it)

It's happenin'
It's got feeling, it's got groove
Power to the people
It's got nothing to lose
You can bob it, weave it
Some love it some leave it
Knowledge is power but
Some keep it a secret
Some really need it
Some say it from the rooftops
It's doorstops and stoops
Till it's livin' and breathin'

Yo
Yo one two
So bet it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

It can be whatever you believe in
It can't stop, won't stop
Not a one size fit
Whatever you want in the world
Start by being it
I'll never star it, spangle it, banner it
Some voted it
It is what it is
Hope got choked out didn't it (Get it!)
Press secretaries in suits that just don't fit

Chuck I got it, can't stop it
Or cock block it
Ignore these false prophets
Blinded by fake profit

It is a damn shame
It is the same game
It is too late to complain
Can't stand it (Get it!)
Loud and proud, too strong to ignore it
Either you against it, huh yeah, or you for it
Lie for it, die for it, do your damn best
At the test, come on uh, yeah try for it
Political landscape morbid
Seen my ancestors forbid it
Jahi and Marcus wrote it

(Wooo-eee!)

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

But you can quote it if I spoke it
I spray words on the target
Hold my pen the same way they hold an AK
Cause you can still lose your life for it
Some belief in me is all that I need
I know it, so be it, it be so, so it be
I never ask for it, that's just me being me

State of the free it
As I see it through world eyes
Not on the demise
Global people on the rise
Don't sit!

You pick up the pieces I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you
You pick up the pieces I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you
You pick up the pieces I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you

One two
One two
So be it and let it be

Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known (Come on!)
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be
Y'all know it
So be it
Then be it so
So it be
Revolution
Then let it be known
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T

So be it and let it be

Get up, it's the moment they fear
Can't stop won't stop
Be the change you wanna be
Be the change you wanna see
Get up, it's the moment they fear
Get up, it's the moment they fear
C-H-A-N-G-E-I-T
So be it and let it be

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Soc Med Digital Heroin"

(feat. Solé)

Digital brain drain hits yo subclavian main vein
For the quick fix
Gotta get rich scheme
That got you insane
Memes hit the track, less than you check facts claim
Emojis that accentuate the lies in your mainframe
Let these bars reflect it, the self disrespected
These Twidiots with one-hundred forty characters disconnected
Complex urls and figures that can't spell check it
Talk to text, non verbal skills auto correct this

I ain't talkin' crack babies lost in the 1980's
Millennial grandkids who these gadgets made lazy
People caught up in the triangle of their lies
All comin' out in the wash, will he survive?
Triangle Twitter, Facebook, Tumblr
Yeah, raised on music and the style that you hear
Instagram, LinkedIn, Snapback, uh yeah, get back
It's high school all over again, so I clap back

Sick, twisted, narcissistic, hubristic
Interjecting your venom while playin' evangelistic
Models and mystics livin' unrealistic
Selfies and disconnection equating to mental sickness
Disjointed ramblings and musings you on some bitch shit
Unwanted mentions, opinions, why would you risk it?
You have no discipline so you cannot resist it
You ending up on that hit list cause karma, she never missed it

Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Damn dumb motherfucker on a smartass phone
Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head

The pain of break ups
Hood fights and make ups
The check up from the neck up
But y'all won't wake up

IPs that drive by
Reality shows a damn lie
This digital heroin is keepin' you high
You need to fact check the fuckery
Cyber sex and sorcery
Chicks bustin' it open with screwed up priorities
That shits disorderly hmm you just ignorin' me
See cause y'all done pledged to this shit like a sorority

Idle chatter and lipstick
Materialistic and postings
For you wanna be rich cliques
With value in the wrong shit
A drop squad at your door
For all you demons in the gossip for likes clique
You powerless, no independent thought so you drifted
Hypnotic rhythm, strangers opinions got you addicted
These habits of ignorance breeds cognitive dissonance
Social media digital heroin and remember it

Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Damn dumb motherfucker on a smartass phone
Damn! SOC MED
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head

Tumblin' down to sleep
Take it to the bed
Strategically hip
Connected to the head
Easy check off
Check in with the feds
Lost in the avatar
Lookin' for street cred
Followin' hollow heads and the trends they tread
Sympathetic to the synthetic
Shakin' my damn head
Lost in the SOC MED
Report to the feds
Till that phone be dead
And the needle in the red
139 characters plus 1 I said
Shakin' my damn head
And what the internet said

Damn! SOC MED

Shakin' my damn head
Shakin' my damn head
Damn!

There have been terrorist attacks that no one knows about

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Terrorwrist"

Put down on that list
They bombin that list
Ballin that fist
Raisin that fist
Like that like that
Like this like this
Scratchin that shit
Terrorwrist pissed
Among and amidst
Avoidin' that trick
Lost in the abyss
Search and got frisked
EDM and got dissed
Track got flipped
Lord on the mix
Ass got kicked
Doctor doctor
This shit is sick
This shit is sick
Doctor doctor
Ass got kicked
Lord on the mix
Track got flipped
EDM and got dissed
Search and got frisked
Lost in the abyss
Avoidin' that trick
Among and amidst
Terrorwrist pissed
Scratchin that shit
Like that like that
Like this like this
Raisin that fist
Ballin that fist
They bombin that list
Put down on that list
Terrorwrist
Terrorwrist
Terrorwrist
Terrorwrist

How can I make you understand
How can I make you understand

How can I make you understand
I get ill on the posse with my goddamn hands

Indefinite patterns
One
An unknown trajectory
Two
Indefinite patterns
Three
Insufficient dock
Constantly changing

The evidence we have gathered all points to a collection of loosely affiliated terrorist organizations

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Toxic"

Toxic

Can't sing a song to save your life
But can you sing a song to save a life
Can a song save the world in this time of 45
45 beyond askin'
Can hip hop survive?
Over a million rappers spittin' now
What we the people be gettin'
Forgettin' armaggedon
Look out love is the message you can bet on
Can culture save humanity when the name of the game
Is narcissism, yo how can musicians get paid?
Curator, caretaker, this creator
Servicing purpose to other creators
Rhymers and beat makers
Blessed by the internet
So I'mma start this war of art
Before they rip this world apart
Toxic

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Looks like 45 done lied again
Grabbin' planets, territories
Not to mention women
Those who voted this POTUS
Killin' kin for the win
Citizens sufferin'

While he be ballin'
If a mule die, they used to say
Buy another one
If a nigga die, they used to say
Try another one
Fifty years we were broke, not broken
Take me to your leader
Even aliens spoke it
Every treaty signed
Their fuckery broke it
Wonder why only a few of us
Thrive as their tokens
Toke this toke that
No joke cause I wrote it
The only thing I hit is the stage, and I smoke it

Yo that
That shit sounded good on the record, what you just did, ahah

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Hindsight 57
So I'm stayin' in my lane
As the young think in hell
And the old prey to pain
This shit is classic like the resurgence
Of the dope on plastic
Vinyl bats backin' the tracks
The millennium's drastic
Synthetic bullshit smokin' up the hood
Bear witness cause y'all know the government's up to no good
You can't drift away from the problems of today
If you're grown 21 and over, tell me where the hell you goin'
Suicidal with an open Bible
Lockdown friendly fire

Or HBO, Home Boys Only, I really never really dug the Wire
They do no hirin'
He keep on firin'
We keep dyin'
The aftermath
Do the math
Toxic!

Writer(s): Ridenhour Carlton Douglas, Aswod Lord

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Sells Like Teens Hear It"

(feat. Sammy Vegas)

Yeah yeah yeah yeah boy
Yeah yeah yeah yeah boy

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

You smell like a mud duck who lived out all his luck
Bugged out now you're stuck slipping like a hockey puck
Perpetrating emcee that's the way it goes
I been rapping on the mic
Since you were shittin' in your clothes
Trying get so fast but you ain't slick
Step back give me room
And kiss my…
I'm gonna tell you once
Ain't gonna tell you again
Don't never in life try to do this again
I'm still the boss, gimme a high five
Gimme the mic live king cold live
Flav don't live on that tip G
But don't get sleep on me
I get it!
Can't nobody do it like me boy…

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

Used to be a joke, big butt and a smile
Screw being broke, substance over style
Try to walk a mile in these old school shoes
Many don't like to walk, old and young, do you?
Crazy when you see it, skateboard guarantee it
A whole lotta love goin' on if you wanna believe it

Millennial hear baby boomers fearing it
Sells like teenagers hearin' it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it
I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

80's 90's real hip hop generation
Classified as art of inducing violence
Media and visions have limitations
Gotta hear out the streets anticipation
What you hear what you get
New souls just hear it how industry sells it
Teens became a target
Dreams for red carpet
Lies but believe it
Take it or leave it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

I'm not the old head who be sideline booing
What my generation call mumble gum chewing
Listen to it closer as you get near it
Smells and sells like teens hear it

You already know

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Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rest In Beats (Parts 1 & 2)"

(feat. The Impossebulls)

Rest in beats from Heavy D to Eazy-E
The Notorious B.I.G., we have lost so many
Still wonder in my Adidas why Jam Master Jay had to die
And Lisa Left Eye
Off top no rehearsal R.I.B. salute
Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal, my man...
Still in shock at the loss of Afeni and Pac
His spirit lives on, it won't ever stop
Scott La Rock, heard a dope story about him from the Blastmaster
Out west RIB Mac Dre and The Jacka
When we die it plants new seeds
For new Big Bank Hanks
And new MC Breed's, remember?
And the Sean P's that spit that raw
J Dilla got all the beatmakers still in awe
I'm not a pimp but Pimp C forever, UGK
Rest In Beats is the way that we say
Salute!

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As the legacy continue, on and on and on (Rest In Beats!)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest In Beats!)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue, on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue, on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on

Now we lost some other things
Besides just life and hip hop
We lost brick and mortar record stores
And really dope diverse tours
R.I.B. Rest In Beats
Original flavor and more
We lost the art of everyone being in the same studio
Rest In Beats

The love of the art now dipped in the dough
We lost real flows to mumbles and memes
We've seen the loss of ideas that we were kings and queens

Where are the groups? Too many going solo
We lost street teams and promo, to YouTube and Vevo
Man, I miss the time when you really had to rhyme
When lines weren't reduced to ghetto, studio and crime
For all that we lost, still the essence is preserved
Through beats, sound stages, dope energy and words

"Everybody listen to this!"

Rest In Beats!

Never cared how doves cry til I heard you die
Now I wanna forget and God knows I've tried
I wished you heaven, I hope that you heard me
We were undisputed there was no controversy
Tired of the changes that life seems to bring
Never feared for silence, the dead still sing
And we can celebrate by dancing in the streets
Your music, your legacy, Rest In Beats!
I'm sick of the scenario man I'm buggin' out
So let's go, let's get loud, let's shout
Nothing but love, yes the good die young
Forever finds a way, your songs will be sung
September now, always got me thinking of you
Remembering the hard times you helped me through
It wasn't your move, but the way you moved me
Your music, your legacy, Rest In Beats!

Apache, Baatin, Big Bank Hank
Big D The Impossible, Big DS
Big L, Big Pun, Buffy from The Fat Boys
Camu Tao, Capital Steez, Charizma
Chris Lighty, Cowboy, DJ Crazy Toones
Dj Screw, Dj Train, DTTX
Eazy E, Educated Rapper, Eyeda
Fat Pat, Father Shaheed, Freaky Tah
Frosty Freeze, Guru, Heavy D, Hussein Fatal
Jacka, Jam Master Jay, Jay Dee
Johnny J, KMG, Kool DJ AJ Scratch
Larry Smith, Left Eye, Lord Infamous
Mac Daddy, Chris Kelly, Mac Dre, Mark B
Master Don, Mausberg, MC Breed
MC Supreme, MC Trouble, MCA
Mike Ski, Mixmaster Spade, Mr. Magic
Ms. Melodie, Nate Dogg
Notorious B.I.G. and Nujabes
Ol Dirty Bastard
Party Arty, Paul C, Phife Dawg
Pimp C, Prince B, Prodigy, Professor X

Proof, Pumpkinhead, Rammellzee, Roc Raida
Scott La Rock, Sean Price, Shawty Lo
Special One, Stretch, Subroc, Sugar Shaft
Sylvia Robinson up at Sugar Hill
Tim Dog, Tony D, Too Poetic
Trouble T-Roy, 2Pac and Yusef Afloat
My Brother DLX
Teena Marie, Lonnie Lynn, Jimmy Castor
Gil Scott Heron, James Brown
David Bowie, Gary Shider
Prince, Isaac Hayes
Yo, Rest In Beats
Mrs. Anna Drayton
Mr. Lorenzo Ridenhour...

That's why you wanna...

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ENEMY RADIO
TRC-931
LOUD IS NOT ENOUGH

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"2020"

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

Always goin' out, new days comin' in
2020, is it clearer to your vision
Say what y'all want, you ain't never gotta listen
Smell something burnin' straight backin' your kitchen
Now another Red Summer before Roaring '20s
Goin' down ghost towns, the good ain't plenty
Where you gonna be when your money ain't gold no more
And the poor come stormin' at your door

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

They turned their back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020

Peekin' 'round corners, it's right around the corner
You can say what you want, but it's right around the corner
A decade, telescopes, outer space
Microscopes in your inner space
2020 squeezin' in a freezer
Millennials still gettin' robbed for Jordan sneakers
Dance in the corner, cancer in the water
One big prison yard, finally, God is hard

They turned their back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020
Turned your back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

See, smell, taste, touch the sound, as a new decade's
Whirlin' around, unshackled and unbound
Watchin' war circus clowns and conductors
2020 nobody helping, lovin' us but us
If you not at the table, then you on the menu
And watch these algorithms tryna get up in you
Not a game or a act, in fact, it's a test
Check your soul and food to find out what's fresh

They turned your back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020
Turned your back to the past with no regret
Deaf to the prison of what is said
Dumb to the future 'cause it ain't here yet
Blind to the time ahead, 2020

Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?
Do you see what I see?
Do you see what we see?

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"STD (Slavery Transmitted Disease)"

I am
Louder than fuck
Mercy wanna curse me
Don't touch that dial
The wild can't rehearse me
RAW
Shit y'all probably heard before
30,000 fanatics rushing through that door
Manimal
On these verses, ripped up the manual
'Cause I'm breathing rare air
Making volume a habit y'all
Can't see how I make these ears hear
Cover up your brains when I get near

N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
N-Word is a STD (What the hell?)
N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
Slavery Transmitted Disease

Like pork I don't eat it or say it
The mind is a terrible thing to waste and nothing to play with
You can change the meaning how it's spelled still a virus can't you tell
The word yelled when they tried to take Black Moses to jail
And say it live on air and get away with it
And call you N-words, change your names into digits
You have a right, in this new day to find new words to say
The truth is that we never N-words anyway

N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
N-Word is a STD
N-I-G-G-E-R (N-I-G-G-E-R)
Slavery Transmitted Disease

In the middle of crossroads, antenna like cornrows
Amazing grace, got it quicker than the kitchen
So I'm loud, see the weak can't get the hang of it
Possibly
So they cannot understand it
The red gettin' through
To those that never read it
The main script on life
So they consider it bullshit
Heads set the standard
Studied but they crammed it
God considered the volume too low
But she's damned it

It flies through the air with the greatest of ease (What the hell?)
The N-Words, a slavery transmitted disease
Not a word to be heard
But it BEs what it BEs
The N-Word is a STD (What the hell?)

It flies through the air with the greatest of ease
The N-words, a slavery transmitted disease
Not a word to be heard
But it BEs what it BEs
The N-Word is a STD
Be a victim to the small picture

[?] Too many victims to the small picture (Nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga, nigga)
I ain't gon' never call another black man, ni-

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"Food As A Machine Gun"

How not to die
By the weapon
Formerly known as food
How not to die

Sugar, sugar, who you talkin' to?
Dirty water who be lovin' you?
Stroke, no joke, musta hit that salt
Don't look at me, 'cause it ain't my fault
I know you want it, say you need it
And you eat it, 'cause you want it
Sugar, sugar, you don't love me
Sugar, sugar, you don't need me
Now, it be eating me (Eat, eat it up)
Got us fightin' diabetes
Stress level, sleepless, emotional, mental
Drugs in the food I love screwin' up my physical
I'll never fall in love again
With this hate on my plate and
Food and drug administration
Is my my hallucination?

Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (They eat it, they don't need it)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun

Sugar, sugar, I know you move me
I know you wanna drink me
You in everything, not just candy
Worse than a pow pow, shoot 'em up, kill 'em up movie
A riot goin' on in that corner
About a word on a bird in that corner
Toxic, yeah, they just box it
Hard to tell the paranoid "Avoid it like a opioid"
How sweet it is
They just line up these kids
How happy is a meal when dancin' with cancer?
With that God bless America FDA romancing
A new old kinda ganster get down
Pesticide chemical get around
Fast food industrial sit down
EPA's a gang, throw it up now

Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (They eat it, they don't need it)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun

Food as a machine gun
How not to die
By the weapon
Formerly known as food
How not to die

Sugar, sugar, call me late at night
By daylight, stomach busted, not feeling right
Back hurting, heart burning, I need oxygen
Sweet and sour more addictive than your oxycontin
GMO's in your new clothes
Food deserts and them corner stores
Salty, salty, where's the reservoir?
Double the price if you black and poor
What kind of plant is in your plant burger?
Pesticides on your organics, and they do it early
Chicken, chicken, chemicals, fossil fuels emissions
Go ahead and ask who is up in the kitchen
Food industry, like music industry, designed
To make you go crazy and just lose your mind
Chips, dip, soda, soda, yo, give me some
Pow, pow, food is a machine gun

Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (They eat it, they don't need it)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun (Eat it up, eat it up)
Food as a machine gun

The real beef is inside you

Enemy Radio Lyrics

"Last Stand Caravan"

Boy still in a hoodie
Knee jerk reactor
Up and down a mudslide
Voted on a tractor

Bike ridin through mars
Center of the universe
Wiped out human life in this verse
Wide range climate
Descending into Houston
Immigration waitin
No defending youth and

Life threatening track
Riders in the storm
Bombs on landfills
Prepare for rainfall

Midterm germs
Asleep at 2 wheels
Wanna punch em in the gdamn face and that's real

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

Who do you trust emotional attachments
Things on the move they attracted like magnets
When its time to roll up your sleeves they all leave
Global wide web got the world deceived
Degrees won't change it system wanna strangle it
Lies and more lies and look how they angle it
Hate is still hate in 4K illuminated

You say you real and strong time to show it no fake it
In the land of clone men and women in fine suits
You can't love the fruit despise all the root
Lies and truth can never occupy the same space and time
At least not in my rhymes
I got forcefield for enemies olive branch for real ones
Oozi still weighs a ton and then some
Online shopping carts produce the art
But we staying on point like pens and darts

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan

It's all just a part of the plan like Smif N Wesson and Daddy-O
Here we go, spittin' the lessons
Dropping bars on guitars like the Prophets of Rage
Praying for my day ones in the coffin or the cage

Doctrine of a slave, masters rot in their grave
Boxed in like a braid, Pumas I'm rocking 'em suede
Down by law, no jewelry upon me
Stand mortified because the foolery's beyond me

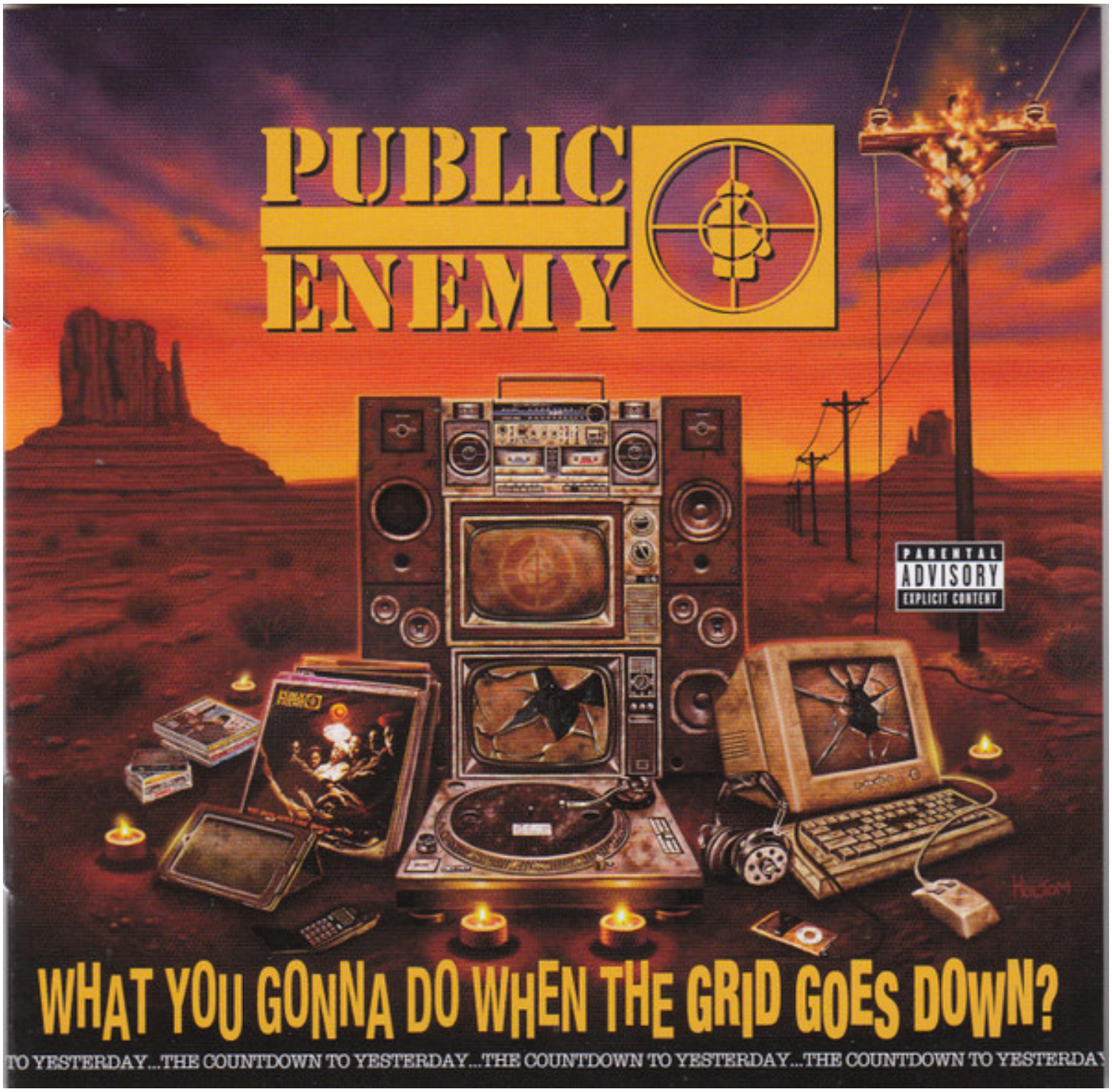
I'm tired of 45 and Giuliani
Assassins who can't pronounce the name Soleimani
The foolhardy ruling party wants to Wisdom Allah's Rule against the truly Godly

Can move me hardly, juice through the arteries
Authority that can't be reduced to a commodity
The proof of prophecy, species are troublesome
Shaytan's wise and speaks with a double tongue

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land

Last stand
Caravan

Lost in a city of so called friends
Up against a wall where it got no end
This land
Your land
My land
This land
Last stand
Caravan


PUBLIC ENEMY
PARENTAL ADVISORY EXPLICIT CONTENT
WHAT YOU GONNA DO WHEN THE GRID GOES DOWN?
TO YESTERDAY...THE COUNTDOWN TO YESTERDAY...THE COUNTDOWN TO YESTERDAY...THE COUNTDOWN TO YESTERDAY

Public Enemy Lyrics

"When The Grid Go Down..."

(feat. George Clinton)

Socially Engineered Anarchy Induced Chaos
Code name SEAIC
All around
Without the sound
Uncle Jam's Army
We are here
Uncle Jam's Army
We are here
What ya gonna do when the grid go down?

How they gonna play us?
One against the other
What ya gonna do when the grid go down?
Son against his mother
Socially Engineered Anarchy Induced Chaos
All around
Can't distract us
UFO's
Socially Engineered Anarchy Induced Chaos
Agent provocateurs
One against the other
Him against his brother
What ya gonna do when the grid go down?
Uncle Jam's Army reporting for duty
We Are Here
With no sounds around
And it's time to get down
Face to face I got yo back
We do it like that

Public Enemy Lyrics

"GRID"

(feat. Cypress Hill & George Clinton)

What y'all gonna do?
Uncle Jam's Army's in, Public Enemy, Cypress Hill
Let's do this

Aww shit, no more GRID (Here we go!)
We all addicted men women and kids
No internet no text and no tweets
We'll look like the 80's (With fiends in the streets)
Aww snap! No apps just maybe perhaps (Where you at?)
No GRID is what we need for new human contact
Not even your own server can save you
We all caught up in the web is so true
No GPS what will you do? (No e-mails or WHATSAPPs coming thru)
Now your phone is just a phone with a camera
No algorithms, huh, to manage us
All your post on IG lost in the cloud with your information
Listen real close to what I'm saying
Folks might have to pick up a book, pick up a pen
Hey, back to basics again
Digital mental health clinics worse than a pandemic
More police brutality but no posts on who filmed it
Aww shit, the GRID is gone
Universal mind blown, c'mon!

What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
The GRID goes down! The GRID goes down!
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What y'all gonna do? (Be real about it)

Communication breakdown it's a take down
Are you awake now or consumed by a fake clown?
World Wide Web keep the spiders fed
Looking at my feed, trolls everywhere but knowledge supersedes
At your fingertips
Clicking all the keys to the locks
Pandora's box, open up
Now you're on the clock
Not a second to lose
Like your life shorter
Addicted to a platform
It's the calm before the storm (Get at me!)

If the GRID goes down you better be ready
Emotional effects may be deadly
Masses to run steady
The depression hits like a Tyson blow
Isolation on another level
Who's responsible? I don't know
I gotta theory if you hear me but you wanna fear me
Dumb us down then divide us up I see it clearly
Pit one against the other even though we're brothers
Make us hate each other while they keep their asses covered

What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
The GRID goes down! The GRID goes down!
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?

Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
That's how they go play us
One against the other
Him against his brother
Fuck one another
Ahhh but Uncle Jam's Army is here
What you gonna do? (Whatever it takes)
What you gonna do? (Whatever the party call for)
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
That's how they go play us
What you go when the grid goes down?
No sound around
But there's still time
To get it on (Come on now)

My style versatile said without rhymes
Which is why they're after me and they on my back
Lookin' over my shoulder, seein' what I write
Hear what I say, then wonderin' why
Why they can't ever compete on my level
Underground status is my domain
Understand my rhythm, my pattern of lecture
And then you know why I'm on the run
This change of events results in a switch
It's the lateral movement of my vocal pitch
It eliminates pressure on the haunted
But the posse is around so I got to front it
Plus employ tactics so coy
And leave no choice but to destroy
Government tricks and what they say
It's all that try to cross my way
Get down

What you gone do Chuck?
Flava Flav, are you still lampin'?
What you gonna do when the GRID goes down?
That's how you feel about it?
Uncle Jam's Army is here
Socially engineered anarchy induced chaos
That's how they go play us?
One against the other
Him against his brother
Girl against her mother
What you gonna do when the GRID go down?
No sound around

Public Enemy Lyrics

"State Of The Union (STFU)"

Whatever it takes
Rid of this dictator
Potus my tail
Ass debator
Primetime
Primo
Rhymetime
Crime like no other
In this lifetime
White house killer
Deadin lifelines
Vote this joke out
Or die tryin
Unprecedented
Demented
Many presioned
Nazi gestapo dictator
Defended
Its not what you think
Its what you follow
Run for them jewels
Drink from that bottle
Another four years gonna gut yall hollow
Guted out dried up broke and can't borrow

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

Mr I am the law
And you are not

In fact, I'm god
I got a lot
Mr these united breaks
Take over, come over
Orange hair
Fear the combover
Heres another scare
Keep them hands in the air
Better not breathe
Dare not dare
Don't say anything
Don't think nothing
Make America great again
The middle just love it
When he wanna talk
Walk yall straight
To them ovens we be
Human beings of collor suffering

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

Better rock that vote
Or vote for hell
Real generals now
Not some usfl
Not a fkn game
I not mention his name
Operation 45
Same thing
Sounds like Berlin burnin
Same thing
Historys a mystery
If yall ain't learning
End this clown show
For real

A state bozo
Nazi cult 45 Gestapo

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

State of the Union
Shut the fuck up
Sorry ass muther fucker
Stay away from me

Pop Diesel Lyrics

"Merica Mirror"

America has brought all of her troubles upon herself
She alone is to be charged with being the cause of the troubled world and people today

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Public Enemy Number Won"

(feat. Mike D, Adrock & Run-DMC)

Yo, Mike D
Yo, what up Ad Rock?
Remember that time in '85 when we were in a van and we're driving through Cleveland and?
Oh, oh, you had that weird rash all over your body
No, I mean, yes, but, no, I'm talking about when Rick gave us the demo tape for Public Enemy
Yo, we played that shit back and forth like about a million times
That shit was nice
So nice, you know I've been thinking
We should call Chuck D on the phone right now
And ask him, "What goes on?"
Well

I'm all in, put it up on the board
Another rapper shot down from the mouth that roared
One, two, three, down for the count
The result of my lyrics, oh yes, no doubt
Cold rock rap, forty-niner supreme
Is what I choose and I use, I never lose to a team
I can go solo like a Tyson Bolo
Make a fly girl wanna have my photo
Run in their room, hang it on the wall
In remembrance that I rocked them all
Suckers, ducks, ho-hum emcees
You can't rock the kid, so go cut the cheese
Take this application of rhymes like these
My raps red hot, hundred ten degrees
So don't start bassing, I'll start placing
Bets on that you'll be disgracing
You and your mind for a beat and a rhyme
A time for a crime that I can't find
I show you my gun, my Uzi weighs a ton
Because I'm Public Enemy number one, one
One, one
One, one, one, one

From the tippy-tippy top never taking a L
Nobody rocks so hot so well
Like the rugged D, the man you see
Rocking to the rhythm of the sure shot beat
Say one for the treble, two for the bass
Rhyme for your mind, shine on your face
Three for the rain and four for the dew
Five 'cause I'm live and straight from the crew
Six for my gear and, nah, I ain't no stylist
Got my whole swag from 2-5th and Hollis
Run got the wisdom D got the knowledge

Straight from the dome, air tight sand polished
Seven to the eight and nine times I say
Run gon' be great, the top 10 today
Eleven MC's, they all tried to flex
When Run grabbed the mic, they took flight and step

There was a time when I was losing it
Alcohol, I was abusing it
The wealth of health, I wasn't choosing it
To help myself, I wasn't doing it
Mom and dad they meant a lot to me
They helped me get where I got to be
Then they told me they adopted me
To help me fulfill prophecy
I did not know I had enemies
Named Jack and Jim and Hennessy
They came with a smile, befriending me
With the intent of ending me
Taking my power like kryptonite
'Cause it is known when I get the mic
I go into a zone and I rip the mic
Just like this rhyme that I spit tonight
You can't understand how much it took
To kick their asses and leave them shook
Kill all the clowns and crush the crooks
'Cause I'm a superhero in the comic books
Well, make believe is your reality
I'm everything I pretend to be
Everything I need is inside of me
And anything else is the enemy

Now here's a little story We got to tell
About a sound so Def, you know so well
It started way back in history
With the Beastie Boys, LL Cool J, Run-DMC, and Public Enemy

Great was a label with two turntables
And a mic, MC's do what ya like
'83 beats in the place to be
'84 rhyming to open doors
Def to the Jammin' of who I am
Stand till they jump and then crack the floors
I got a posse of a force to back me up
Watch out, we got rhythm to match
Ambush attack of my team
Double-team you get creamed
You got it so you don't catch
Wanna hear it again, we got a force
Def Jam down, the OG circuit sound
Public Enemy, LL Cool J, Beastie Boys, Flav, Run-DMC
Check out the protection
Rock the bells in this section
Kick it like Bruce Lee's Chinese connection

On stereo never ever mono
On wax, yes, I'm talking 'bout vinyl
The world said freeze, we unfrozen
They got me Public Enemy #1

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Toxic"

Toxic

Can't sing a song to save your life
But can you sing a song to save a life
Can a song save the world in this time of 45
45 beyond askin'
Can hip hop survive?
Over a million rappers spittin' now
What we the people be gettin'
Forgettin' armaggedon
Look out love is the message you can bet on
Can culture save humanity when the name of the game
Is narcissism, yo how can musicians get paid?
Curator, caretaker, this creator
Servicing purpose to other creators
Rhymers and beat makers
Blessed by the internet
So I'mma start this war of art
Before they rip this world apart
Toxic

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Looks like 45 done lied again
Grabbin' planets, territories
Not to mention women
Those who voted this POTUS
Killin' kin for the win
Citizens sufferin'
While he be ballin'
If a mule die, they used to say
Buy another one
If a nigga die, they used to say

Try another one
Fifty years we were broke, not broken
Take me to your leader
Even aliens spoke it
Every treaty signed
Their fuckery broke it
Wonder why only a few of us
Thrive as their tokens
Toke this toke that
No joke cause I wrote it
The only thing I hit is the stage, and I smoke it

Yo that
That shit sounded good on the record, what you just did, ahah

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Toxic, see em
Sell it and box it
Savage, they
Say we can't stop it
Flav, PE, rock it
Antetokounmpo
No, Mutombo I blocks it

Hindsight 57
So I'm stayin' in my lane
As the young think in hell
And the old prey to pain
This shit is classic like the resurgence
Of the dope on plastic
Vinyl bats backin' the tracks
The millennium's drastic
Synthetic bullshit smokin' up the hood
Bear witness cause y'all know the government's up to no good
You can't drift away from the problems of today
If you're grown 21 and over, tell me where the hell you goin'
Suicidal with an open Bible
Lockdown friendly fire
Or HBO, Home Boys Only, I really never really dug the Wire
They do no hirin'
He keep on firin'
We keep dyin'
The aftermath
Do the math
Toxic!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Yesterday Man"

(feat. Daddy-O)

Yo come on
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are
Who the hell you are
You don't even know
You don't even know who the hell you are

We did it yesterday, and we'll do it again
Tomorrow we'll all still be yesterday men
If you'd like to be more than yesterday boys
Then sit down and listen while they bring the noise

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Some wanna be a spectacle …what happened?
Instead of spectacular …what happened?
Check the sally vernacular …what happened?
Now they mumblin' back at her …what happened?

Kanye marryin' Kim …what happened?
Bruce Jenner turned to fem …what happened?
Is rap still a black CNN? ...what happened?
Is Run and DMC still friends? ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake

From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Yesterday being everything I ever said
Echo of the past comin out of my head
Sayin' new is better
So that new gets sold
They don't want any better
They want different from old
But I ain't buyin' what they wanna sell now
I ain't believin' everything they be tellin me now
Say tomorrow is better
What today got wrong
Right now I'm the man yesterday is the song

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it
Yesterday man

Brooklyn lookin' like it's L.A...what happened?
Sway movin' out of the bay ...what happened?
Eazy singin' Boyz N The Hood ...what happened?
Pac ridin' shotgun with Suge ...what happened?

Common used to love her, did he leave her? ...what happened?
Now it's no love of hip hop either ...what happened?
What the fuck OMG the pain? ...what happened?
I'mma just stay in my lane ...what happened?

Rappers all doin' TV ...what happened?
Kids lookin' older than me ...what happened?
3 Stacks ain't makin' songs? ...what happened?
Cam and Jimmy don't get along ...what happened?

Huh?
They say you don't know where you goin'
If you don't know where you been
Say that I refuse to lose
So I'mma win
And I ain't going to stop quit
Made it a plan for the yesterday man
From Migos to Flash, Rakim to Drake
From Linden Triangle to Livonia and Blake
Yes yes yes yes yes yes tell it

Yesterday man

James Bomb Lyrics

"Crossroads Burning"

What happens if all media networks was dropped and destroyed?
Are you afraid to pick up a book?
Are you afraid to even deal with who you are, as a person?

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Fight The Power: Remix 2020"

(feat. Jahi, Rapsody, Black Thought, Nas, YG)

[Chuck D:]
This is revolution shit
Uh, yeah, c'mon and get down
Uh, yeah, c'mon and get down
Uh, yeah, hey
The year is 2020, the number
A little somethin' to get down
Sound of the funky drummer
Music hitting' the heart 'cause I know you got soul
Brothers and sisters

[Nas:]
The Information Age
Got 'em seein' what's really wrong with these racist days
I honor the strong and pity the weak
Your thoughts run your life, be careful what you think
Haiti beat France, a century, seventeen
Salute Toussaint and Dessalines
And I do love France, know what I mean?
It's the system I'm talkin', nobody's agreein'
They say, "Suicide," when dead bodies are swingin'
Cowards are huntin' black men, that's what I'm seein'
How many Tulsas have been burnt down?
And once Central Park was a thrivin' black town
Yo, Chuck, I'm fightin' the power right now
Thank you, Flav and P-E, puttin' it down
Puttin' your life on the line so I could rap now
The next generation still singin', "Fight the Power"

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, (we got to fight the powers that be)

[Rapsody:]
Police think they reign 6ix9ine over the law (Yeah)
When they give us short sticks but we really need a long
To the boys in the hood, duckin' bullets and batons
From boys in the hood, triple Ks on they arm
Four fingers on my palm screamin', "Fight"
Change the policy, before I buy back our property
You love Black Panther but not Fred Hampton
Word to the Howards and the Aggies and the Hamptons
They book us, won't book us, I'm Booker
T. Washington, George killed, for twenty

Think about it (Think), that's two thousand pennies
The value of black life the cost of goin' to Wendy's
For a four-quarter burger, ended in murder
Fight for Breonna and the pain of her mother, gotta

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, (we got to fight the powers that be)

[Black Thought:]
Yeah, generations just how long we been at war
The revolution on all platforms
You break a man's mind in his back
Yo, solidarity is what I'm wearin' all black for
For comrades who done fought without me
It's not to try and change y'all thoughts about me
Or to redirect your reports about me
Dear white people, you should take a course about me
'Cause, is it the law, for a four-finger ring?
The sciences and the arts, the songs we can sing?
I really wanna know why y'all so scared
Prolly 'cause the promised land, we almost there
But look, I think of images that fuel my youth
Been influenced by Craig Hodges and Abdul-Rauf
Examples like Olympic, Black Power salutes
To Panther troops, I saw as I pursued my truth
If racism is the cancer, black thought's the answer
Gotta get up off the back porch, emancipate your minds
Get your bodies back from ransom (C'mon)
And all black hands up for the anthem

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, we got to fight the powers that be
Yo, yo, check this out, man
Bring that beat back, man (Bring that beat back)
In two, three, four, hit it

[Jahi:]
People, people, stronger than this evil
Smashin' your power structure, melanin royal, regal
System designed to kill and unprotect
Worldwide, hit the streets just to get some respect
Our fight and our rights for freedom will never wane
But justice Breonna Taylor, salute Chuck and Flava
Feel the same anger since Radio Raheem died
Black power to the people, push forward, pride

[YG:]
Fight power like it's the opp, though
Born to fight, I made it off the block though

Thought he had a gun and he was black, that's the combo
The police killed George havin' a convo (George)
They killed Malcolm X, they killed Doctor King (Doctor King)
They gave us guns and dope, they wanna stop our kings
They tryna erase our history, stop and think
History class ain't tell us 'bout Juneteeth
Cops don't give a damn about a negro
Pull the trigger, kill a negro, he's a hero
Fuck livin' life on welfare, the last one who cared was Obamacare
Round twelve, nose kinda bloody, gotta keep fightin'
Trump flew to North Korea, they respect violence
If you ain't tryna have your city on fire
Put some respect on our name, we come from gold and diamonds

[(Chuck D) Flava Flav:]
Fight the power (Fight the power)
Fight the power, (we got to fight the powers that be)
Yo, yo

[Chuck D:]
Elvis was a hero to most
But he never meant shit to me you see
Straight up racist that sucker was
Simple and plain
Motherfuck him and John Wayne
'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud
I'm ready, I'm hyped plus I'm amped
Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps
Sample a look back you look and find
Nothing but rednecks for four hundred years if you check
"Don't Worry, Be Happy" was a number one jam
Damn if I say it you can slap me right here
(Get it) Let's get this party started right
Right on, c'mon
What we got to say
Power to the people no delay
Make everybody see
In order to fight the powers that be

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Beat Them All"

We start controlling the Dow Jones Industrial, and start using niggers in the world bank, and every time the president wanna raise the price of gold, he gotta call twelve of us in and six of them, then we set

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

Hey dude, why you buildin' the wall
Think you got enough balls
You ain't got enough nerves
You ain't got enough gall
Finger pointin' at y'all
Tired of you pickin' my pocket
Sucker sucker you fall
Hear me rage like a prophet
Face to face and who smack it
Hear my point so you got it
See your ass try to stop it
You ain't never improved
Now you fuckin' up food
We the people get sued
Is that arrogance dude
Got you comin' off rude

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all

To the beat y'all, you don't stop

Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
What the fuck is the problem
That your world ain't solvin'
Where your planet dissolvin'
Corporations replacin'
What y'all callin' a nation
Playin' with population
Why the fuck you surprised
45 spreadin' hatred
Lids over the eyes
Push you once, push you twice
When the fuck are y'all ready to fight?

If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em
If you can't join 'em
Know you gotta beat 'em

And hear the beat go

Get the fuck outta here
It's weird engineers
Got millennials
Got 'em got 'em livin' in fear
Strippin' robbin' their years
Peers, digital tears
Drippin' into their beers

Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)
Beat them all (Beat them all)

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Smash The Crowd"

(feat. PMD, Ice-T)

Hooooo!
Come on!

Haters gonna hate
Fakers gonna fake
Breakers gonna break
Neophytes gonna make mistakes
Sleepers gotta wake
I'ma say it again
I'ma say it loud
Gimme a group
Not one man
To smash the crowd
We get panoramic
Across the stage
Like a whole planet dammit
One man or one woman
Can't understand
The group plan
Making of the band
Gimme some bass and guitar and some drums
(God-God-Goddamn!)
I get bored from R&B keyboards
Unless they cut like a sword
I bet on DJ Lord
On two turntables
Do I say willin' and able
A lotta Serato
Revolving from old record labels
Party's over, oops outta time
Smashin' this crowd was designed
(Everybody now)

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

Give it to the man, he know how to rock the crowd

Ice with the enemy
Iceberg's the enemy
Smashers of this mosh pit
Hardcore rap shit
Black mask shit
Pop off get your ass kicked

Or worse, a casket
S1s who blast it
I'm not happy with this soft hippy cotton candy
Bang the crowd hard or get the fuck out my yard
I crash crowds from all angles
Destroy bars like Hell's Angels

Bleed the needle from the left
Bleed it to the right
These vocals gone electric
Loudness for these masses
Keep the catalog from fallin' apart
Reach teaching new tunes from them old masters
(Uh!)
Excuse me?
(Dynamite soul!)
Greatest players playin'
Greatest band in the world
Greatest rhymers be sayin'
Greatest band in the world
But what the fuck is the problem that this world ain't solvin'

It's the get rich scheme
And chasing the fake dream
I spit like a black tech 9 with infrared beam
Been feedin' hip hop fiends since a teen
My mic still blow steam
I'm a mix between
Doc Strange and David Blaine
Spittin' blue flames
Slow Flow smashin' the crowd
Like I smashed Jane
Fear of a black planet
Time to pop the chain
Cause hip hop got them goin' insane

Somebody say hooooo!
Smash the crowd!
Somebody say
Smash the crowd!

Public Enemy Lyrics

"If You Can't Join Em Beat Em"

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

If you can’t join em
Know you gotta beat em

Oh!

Now this is how the beat gonna go

Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!
Ho, yeah!
Ho ho, yeah!

Oh!

Y’all came to do that, we came to do this

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Go At It"

(feat. Jahi)

It got the summer written all over it
It is time, time for it to happen
What the fuck is it? (Get it)
Some still can't deal with it
Kill fast till they kill it
DJ Lord, Public Enemy
They be killin' it

Still don't get it confused, shit, I be killin' it dude
Elevated, it ain't the shoes
It is what it is, so be it
Ain't just pointed to my fitted
It's what's inside it (Get it, get it, get it)
It's happenin', it's got feelin'
It's got groove, power to the people
It's got nothing to lose
You can bob it, weave it
Some love it, some leave it
Knowledge is power but some keep it a secret
Some really need it
Some say it from the rooftops
It's doorstops and stoops
Till it's living and breathing

Yo, yo, one-two
So be it
And let it be

Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it
Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it

It can be whatever you believe in
It can't stop, won't stop, not a one size fit
Whatever you want in the world, start by being it
I'll never star it, spangle it, banner it
Some voted it, it is what it is
Hope got choked out, didn't it?
Press secretaries in suits, that just don't fit (Uh)

Chuck, I got it can't stop it, or cock block it
Ignore these false prophets blinded by fake profit

It is a damn shame, it is the same game
It is too late to complain, can't stand in (Get it)
Loud and proud, too strong to ignore it
Either you against it, huh, yeah, or you for it
Lie for it, die for it
Do your damn best at the test
Come on, uh, yeah, try for it
Political landscape morbid
Seen my ancestors forbid it
Jahi and Marcus wrote it

Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it
Y'all know it, so be it
Then, be it so, so it be
Revolution, then let it be known
Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it

But you can quote it if I spoke it
I spray words on the target
Hold my pen the same way they hold an AK
'Cause still can lose your life for it
Some belief in me, is all that I need
I know it, so be it, it be so, so it be
I'll never ask for it, it's just me being me (Come on)

State of the free it
As I see it through world eyes
Not on the demise, global people on the rise
Don't sit!

You pick up the pieces, I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you
You pick up the pieces, I'll bring the glue
So be it for me, so you can be you

Whatever it is, whatever it be
You just go at it

Mark Jenkins Lyrics

"Don't Look At The Sky"

The meaning of God body is simple
It means you see God when you look in the mirror
And that the body of man is God
And that there's no mystery God in the sky
You are God

Public Enemy Lyrics

"Rest In Beats"

(feat. The Impossebulls)

Rest in beats from Heavy D to Eazy E
The Notorious B.I.G., we have lost so many
Still wonder in my Adidas why
Jam Master Jay had to die and Lisa Left Eye
Off top no rehearsal, R.I.B. salute
Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal, my man
Still in shock of the loss of Afeni & Pac
His spirit lives on, it won't ever stop
Scott LaRock heard a dope story about him from the Blastmasta
Out west R.I.B. Mac Dre & The Jacka
When we die it plants new seeds
For new Big Bank Hank's and new MC Breed's, remember?
And the Sean P's who speak that raw
J Dilla got all beat makers still in awe
I'm not a pimp but Pimp C forever UGK
Rest in beats is they way that we say salute

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest in beats)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest in beats)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on

We've lost brick and mortar record stores
And really dope diverse tours, R.I.B. Rest in beats
Original flavor and more
We've lost the art of everyone being in the same studio, rest in beats
The love for the art now dipped into dough
We lost real flows to mumbles and memes
We've seem to lost the ideas that we were kings and queens
Where are the groups? Too many going
We lost streets, teams, promo, YouTube and Vevo
Man I miss the time when you really had to rhyme
When lines weren't reduced to ghetto studio and crime
For all that we've lost still the essence is preserved
Through beats, sound, stages, dope energy and words (And words)

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on (Rest in beats)
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on
Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on and on and on and on

Salute in tribute, light a candle, play a song
As their legacies continue on

Never cared how doves cried till I heard you died
Now I wanna forget and God knows I tried
I wished you heaven, I hoped that you heard me
We were undisputed there was no controversy
Tired of the changes that life seems to bring
Never feared for silence, the dead still sing
And we can celebrate by dancing in the streets
Your music, your legacy, rest in beats
I'm sick of this scenario, man, I'm buggin' out
So let's go, let's get loud, let's shout
Nothing but love, yes, the good die young
Forever finds a way your songs will be sung
September now always got me thinking of you
Remembering hard times you helped me through
It wasn't your move but the way you moved me
Your music, your legacy, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats
Rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats, rest in beats

Public Enemy Lyrics

"R.I.P. Blackat"

Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
It's like we was from the sandbox, I miss my dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog

It's like back in '94 when we were first met
In Houston, Texas, I was on tour, I'll never forget
You had me come out to Houston to play celebrity basketball games
You had towels and cups and shirts with my name
When Flavor Flav walked in the gym, the gym lit up
I was hot, on fire, couldn't tell a nigga shit! (WHAT?!?)
We became boys and had that connection
All you wanted for me was go in the right direction
I started having my darkest days, up in the streets of
New York secretly diggin' my grave
With the drugs and the thugs, everything that was white
I dug it out the rugs, I was goin'
1700.4 miles per hour
From the top of the Empire State, I seen the Eiffel Tower
Then you came through and you helped save my life
And I'll never forget you my dude, my boy for life

Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
It's like we was from the sandbox, I miss my dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog

Thanks to Blackat he gave me a place to stay
So I could have a chance to take my life another way
Because of the way the shit was goin'
I had money flowin' but I wasn't flowin' like the money was flowin'
So he said come to Houston and see what you could do here
I'll give you a room at the crib and food to share
You ain't even got to pay me no rent
You can stay here with me at the crib bro and get high, get bent
I don't care just long as you're doin' good
You could stay here as long as you could
Whatever you do, I'll never hold it against you
You's a grown man, can't hold it against you
We boys till the end, can't hold it against you

When you need a ticket to New York, I sent ya
I'm your homie all the way to the grave
You could always speak to everybody through your boy Flav

Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog
Tonight I can't sleep, I just stare at the wall
It's like we was from the sandbox, I miss my dog
Rest in peace to Blackat, yeah, I miss ya dog

Ms. Ariel Lyrics

"Closing: I Am Black"

I am black
Woman
Beautiful
Magic
Intelligent
Resilient
Love
Innovative
Powerful
Influential
Unapologetic
And woke
Peace